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HUTCHINGS'

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

ADVENTURES OF AN A. B. IN THE DIGGINGS.....62
ADVENTURE UPON THE ISTHMUS..... 21
ACROSTIC..... 472
ÆOLIAN HARP..... 259
A HOMELESS NATION..... 321
A JAUNT TO HONEY LAKE VALLEY..... 529
ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT..... 187
AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM..... 415
ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII..... 169
ANE AUNCIENT BALLAT..... 200
AN INCIDENT IN HONDURAS..... 163
NNIE WHITTINGHAM..... 177
ANTIDOTE FOR POISON..... 513
A SKETCH..... 551
A SEA-RIOUS RHYME..... 119
A SIGN..... 65
A TALE OF CALIFORNIA..... 122
BAY. BREAM OF CALIFORNIA..... 346
BEREAVED WIFE..... 452
BESSIE TO CARRIE D..... 377
BIRDS OF SONG..... 516
BRANCH MINT OF SAN FRANCISCO..... 145
BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY..... 346
CALIFORNIA..... 409
CALIFORNIA A GREAT COUNTRY..... 120
CALIFORNIA IN 1671..... 108
CALIFORNIA SHRUBBERY—THE CEANOTHUS.....
CAPITAL IN CALIFORNIA..... 130
CAVES OF CALAVERAS..... 296
CHRISTIAN OASIS..... 260
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE..... 154
CLOUD AND SUNSHINE..... 429
CONTRIBUTORS TO.....94, 138, 189, 239, 288, 336, 384, 431, 479, 527, 576
CROSSING THE SIERRAS..... 349
DAGUERREOTYPES ON TOMBSTONES..... 519
DELICATE DIRECTIONS FOR KISSING..... 476
DICKORY HICKLEBERRY, ADVENTURES OF..25, 66, 113, 186, 205, 267, 325, 369, 452, 518
DINNER WITH THE CHINESE..... 512
DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.....36, 90, 112, 183, 225, 278, 322, 374, 565
DOG INTELLIGENCE..... 17
DREAMS—A REVERIE..... 161
EDWARD HAVEN..... 548
ELLA ROBB..... 353
EPITAPH ON A PATRIOT SOLDIER..... 105

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Social Chat with Contributors and Correspondents; Letter from "Sacramento," 44. Letter on Fashion, from Lucy, 92. Letter from Mrs. Metwith, 82. Characteristic Morceau, 94. Waiting, 138. Love Letters, 139. The Benicia Wreath, 143. Revolving Rifle, 188. Second Letter from Mrs. Metwith, 189. Letter from Springfield, 239. Water, 285. The Benicia Wreath, Day Dreams, Good Reading, Fashion, Mental Beauty, 289. Address at the Close of the Year, 333. Water, water, water, 334. California Progress, The Snows, 382. Poison Oak—Treatment, Earthquakes, 383. Letter from Louisville, Ky., 430. Repudiation, Our Homes, 431. Our Future, 478. Our Climate, San Francisco Academy of Natural Sciences, 479. Our Prosperity, 525. Why Shall We be Prosperous, 526. May Day, 527. Our First Volume, 574. The Ladies, The Comet, 575.

FARALLONE ISLANDS 49
FLOATING CITY 73
FLOWERS NOTE THE HOURS 410
FRIENDSHIP 72
GIBSONVILLE 196
GRASSHOPPER TRADE 465
GOOD NIGHT 359
GREAT DEPTH OF THE OCEAN 121
GRIZZLY BEAR 106
HAIR SEAL OF THE PACIFIC 293
HAPPY NEW YEAR 289
HAVE YOU SEEN LITTLE MARY? 570
HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS 558
HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD 305
HOME 265
HOME HAPPINESS 464
HONEY BEE IN CALIFORNIA 252
HOPE 366
HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR 359
HORNED TOAD 58
IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE 24
INDIAN WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS 347
INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE 132
INQUIRY FOR SAFE STEAMBOATS 175
INVENTOR OF STEAMBOATS 43
IRON HORSE 175
I THINK OF THEE 162
IT IS HARD TO DIE! 267
I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY 348
JACKSONVILLE, O. T. 295
JERRY—A DOG BIOGRAPHY 485

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A Fairy Wedding 237
A little story for little folks. 191
Always be grateful 236
Answer to Mary and her flowers 143
Conjectures 381
Don't cry Mamma 141
Flowers 380
Legible writing, correct spelling 47
Little Pickle 521
My dead Mother 192
Our little Pet 47
The Benicia Wreath 143
The Child at prayer 284
The good for nothing 281, 329
Think well on it 95
Valentine to T**** 380
Valentine to C**** 381
Waste not 427

KANAKA CREEK 197
KATE LANSING 231
KNOW NOTHING, A 78

LARGE PEAR..... 203
LAST OF JOLLY TOM..... 515
LEAP YEAR..... 514
LINES TO *******..... 379
LINES TO ***..... 410
LITTLE BELLA DEPARTED..... 515
LIZZIE MEDDLESON..... 406
LOSS AND GAIN..... 313
LOSS OF A WIFE..... 264
LONE MOUNTAIN..... 405
LITERARY NOTICES.

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness, by Miss Beecher;—Plu-ri-bus-tah, by Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B., 46. Life of George Washington, by Washington Irving; Mexico and its Religion, by R. A. Wilson; Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua, 95. Narrative of Exploring Expedition, by Chas. Wilkes; History of the American Privateers and Letters of Marque, by G. Coggeshall, 190. India, the Pearl of Pearl River, by Mrs. Southworth; Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwith; Vagabond Life in Mexico, by G. Ferry, 140. Arctic Explorations, by E. K. Kane; A Hunter's Life among Lions, Elephants, &c., R. Gordon; The Island of Cuba, by A. Humboldt, 238. The Hills of the Shatemuc; California In-doors and out, 333. Poems by Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain; Agricultural Society's Report; Captivity of the Oatman girls by the Indians; Lake Ngami, or Wanderings in Africa, by C. J. Anderson, 477. The State Register and Year Book of Facts, for the year 1857, by N. G. Langley, S. A. Matthews and J. Queen, 572. Travels on the Western Slope of the Mexican Cordillera, by Cincinnatus, 573.

MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR..... 19
MANAGING A WOMAN..... 319, 360
MARRIAGE..... 475
MARY ELTON..... 218
MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO..... 8
MEMORIES TO MY SISTER..... 32
MEMORY'S PICTURES..... 510
MEN AS WE FIND THEM IN CALIFORNIA..... 84
MERRY CHRISTMAS..... 289
MIDNIGHT VISION..... 450
MINER'S FLYING VISIT..... 367
MINER'S WATER SONG..... 20
MONKEYS, TRICKS OF..... 262
MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN CALIFORNIA..... 193
MOUNT SHASTA..... 482
MY DAUGHTER ELLA..... 231
MY MOTHER..... 183
MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR BUT ONE..... 261
MY ABSENT CHILDREN..... 568
MY SISTER..... 264
MUSINGS IN A MAD HOUSE..... 87
MUSHROOMS..... 250
NATURAL BRIDGES OF CALAVERAS..... 488
NELSON'S POINT..... 195
NIGHT BREEZE SONG..... 374
NOT ALL DESOLATE..... 504
OLD ELM TREE AT HOME..... 306
OLDEN TIME..... 212
OLD FORTY-NINE..... 170, 212, 273, 307, 420, 468
ONION VALLEY AND PILOT PEAK..... 194
OUR COMMERCIAL AND MERCANTILE INTERESTS..... 498

OUR FLAG..... 65
OUR INTRODUCTORY..... 1
OUR MOUNTAIN HOME..... 411
OUR NEIGHBOR ON THE RIGHT..... 473
OUR NEIGHBORS OPPOSITE..... 353
OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR..... 43
OUR NEIGHBOR AT THE CORNER..... 552
PACIFIC WHALE FISHERY..... 433
PACKING IN THE MOUNTAINS..... 241
PAGE OF THE PAST..... 159, 253, 311, 397, 449, 497, 545
PASSING AWAY..... 121
PHANTOM FAWN..... 401
POPULAR CUSTOMS AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS..... 255
POISON OAK..... 157, 257, 491
POST OFFICE—A SKETCH..... 22
PROSPECTING..... 554
PURE AIR..... 65
QUAKER LADIES, KISSING..... 496
QUICKSILVER MINE OF GUADALUPE..... 105
QUICKSILVER MINES OF NEW ALMADEN..... 97
REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS..... 300, 371, 423, 458, 501, 556
REMARKABLE COIN..... 137
REMINISCENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO..... 83
REQUIEM OF THE TY-U-GAS..... 355
RIFFLE-BOX WATER-FALL—DEER CREEK..... 292
RISE EARLY..... 414
ROAD RUNNER OF CALIFORNIA..... 201
SACRAMENTO VALLEY..... 493
SCOTT RIVER..... 198
SEA SONG..... 58
SELF-EXPLOSIVE RASCALITY..... 520
SHEET-IRON PENSTOCKS..... 520
SILK WORM OF CALIFORNIA..... 10
SNOW FALL..... 156
SPECIMENS WORTH SAVING..... 41
SPECULATION ON DOMESTIC DRINKS..... 507
SPRING..... 517
STANZAS..... 368
STANZAS..... 458
STANZAS..... 520
STEAMER'S PARTING GUN..... 465
STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY..... 352
STORY OF A LIFE..... 158
SUGAR REFINERY..... 467
TALE OF CALIFORNIA..... 122
TALE WITH A MORAL..... 404
TEA POTS, A STORY OF..... 31
TEREDO GIGANTEA, OR TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA..... 447
THAT BEATS NATUR'..... 20
THAT'S JUST MY LUCK..... 13
THE DEAD..... 132
THE DYING WIFE..... 473

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED HIS OWN FUNERAL..... 74
THERE'S MUSIC..... 235
THE STORM..... 420
THINK OF ME..... 272
TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA..... 411
TO ELLA..... 127
TO MY SISTER..... 264
TOO GOOD TO BE LOST..... 348
TRAGIC CATASTROPHE..... 82
TRICKS OF THE MONKEY..... 262
TRIP TO THE MINES AND THE BIG TREES.....
THE CITY OF OUR GOD..... 547
THE COMET..... 564
THE WAGON ROAD..... 571
TOUCHING DESCRIPTION..... 556
UNWRITTEN MUSIC..... 266
UPPER SACRAMENTO VALLEY..... 493
VALENTINE..... 362
VALE WHERE I WAS BORN..... 514
VIGILANCE COMMITTEE CONSTITUTION..... 15
VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ADDRESS..... 38
VIGILANCE CALL..... 42
VIRTUE, ENERGY AND FAME..... 558
VOICE FROM THE STOMACH..... 59
VINE BY MY FATHER'S DOOR..... 169
VISIT TO A MINER'S CABIN..... 461
WAKE THE HEART'S ECHOES..... 519
WATER! WATER!..... 21, 202
WAYSIDE WATERING PLACES..... 481
WHEN IS OUR GEORGE COMING HOME?..... 173
WHICH IS THE RIGHT TRAIL?..... 127
WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK..... 393
WHERE IS THE WEST?..... 568
WILD BILL OF THE WOODS..... 362
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS..... 33
WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS..... 209
WOMAN'S AFFECTION..... 251
WOMAN'S LAUGH..... 362
WORLD IN CALIFORNIA..... 338, 385
WRITE HOME..... 298
WRITE SOON..... 413
YANKEE GIRLS..... 545
YES WE MISS THEE..... 426
YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY..... 2

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Initial letter, Cal. Quail and Squirrel 1
2. Yo-ham-i-te Valley, General View of 2
3. Yo-ham-i-te Falls..... 3
4. Twin Domes..... 5
5. Indian Lake..... 7
6. Silk Worm of California..... 10
7. Head and Eggs of Silkworm..... 11
8. 1st, 2d, 3d & 4th Stages of Caterpillar 11
9. Full Grown Caterpillar..... 12
10. Chrysalis in Cocoon..... 12
11. Cocoon upon a Branch of the Cean-othus..... 13
12. Our Next Door Neighbor..... 43

13. Farallone Islands, South-east View. 49
14. Delightful Prospect Off the Bar.... 50
15. Sea Lions.... 51
16. Cooking Beans on Disputed Territory 52
17. Murre, or Foolish Guillemot..... 53
18. Murre's Egg..... 54
19. Tufted Puffin..... 54
20. Farallone Islands from West End.. 55
21. Farallone Islands from Big Rookery 56
22. Farallone Islands from NorthLanding 57
23. Horned Toad..... 58
24. Horned Toad's Eggs..... 58
25. Grocey Sore!..... 65
26. Entrance to Quicksilver Mine of New Almaden..... 97
27. General View of the Works..... 99
28. Smelting Furnace..... 100
29. Mexicans Weighing Quicksilver... 101
30. Shrine of Senora de Guadalupe.... 102
31. *Mineros* at Work in the Mine..... 103
32. *Tenateros* Carrying the Ore from the Mine..... 104
33. Grizzly Bear..... 106
34. Before Shaking Up..... 144
35. After Shaking Up..... 144
36. Branch Mint of San Francisco, Front View..... 145
37. Assaying the Chips..... 146
38. Making the Granulations..... 147
39. Drawing Off the Acid..... 148
40. Running the Gold into Ingots. ... 149
41. Rolling and Cutting Room..... 150
42. Adjusting Room..... 151
43. Milling the Planchets... 152
44. Cleaning the Planchets..... 152
45. Stamping into Coin..... 153
46. A Miner's Cabin..... 193
47. Onion Valley and Pilot Peak..... 164
48. Nelson's Point..... 195
49. Gibsonville..... 196
50. Kanaka Creek..... 197
51. Fluming Scene on Scott River..... 198
52. Scene on Mokelumne River..... 199
53. View on the Cosummes River 200
54. Road Runner of California..... 201
55. Large Pear..... 205
56. Pack Train in Motion..... 241
57. Fastening on the Pack..... 242
58. In Trouble..... 243
59. Unpacking Without Assistance.... 243
60. Accidents Sometimes Happen..... 244
61. Pack Train in a Snow Storm..... 245
62. Has a Will of His Own..... 247
63. In Danger..... 247
64. Arriving in the Mines..... 248
65. Camping Scene by Moonlight..... 249
66. Merry Christmas, Happy New Year. 289
67. The Feast..... 290
68. Riffle-box Waterfall on Deer Creek 292
69. Hair Seal of the Pacific..... 293
70. Head of Seal..... 294
71. Jacksonville, O. T..... 295
72. Caves of Calaveras County—Hotel. 296
73. Entrance to the Cave..... 297
74. Bridal Chamber..... 298
75. Grave Under the Pine Tree..... 304
76. Juvenile Department..... 329
77. The Good for Nothing..... 329
78. The World in California..... 337
79. The Indian..... 338
80. The Pioneer..... 339
81. The Miner..... 340
82. The Englishman..... 341
83. The Irishman..... 342
84. The Jew..... 343
85. The Negro..... 344
86. The Hybrid..... 345
87. The Sandwich Islander..... 346
88. Indian Water Bottle..... 347
89. Norwegian Snow Skates..... 349
90. Chinese—Male and Female..... . 385
91. Chilians..... 387
92. Hindoo..... 388
93. Mexicans..... 389
94. German..... 390
95. Prussian..... 391
96. Loafers..... 392
97. Italian..... 393
98. White Breasted Squirrel Hawk.... 394
99. Table Mountain from Green Springs, Tuolumne County..... 397
100. First Night's Camping on the Plains 398
101. Court House Rock..... 400
102. Attacking the Whale..... 433
103. Whaling Implements..... 435
104. The Chase..... 439
105. Cutting in..... 441
106. Sperm Whale..... 442
107. Trying Out of Whale Blubber..... 443
108. Dangers of Whaling..... 444
109. Homeward Bound..... 445
110. Worm Eaten Timber..... 448
111. Timber Worm of California..... 448
112. Chimney Rock..... 449
113. Scott's Bluffs..... 451
114. Sugar Refinery..... 466
115. Way-side Shade and Watering Place 481
116. View of Mount Shasta..... 483
117. Dog "Jerry."..... 485
118. Natural Bridge of Calaveras, Upper Side of Upper Bridge..... 488
119. Natural Bridge of Calaveras, Upper Side of Lower Bridge..... 489
120. Natural Bridge of Calaveras, Lower Side of Lower Bridge..... 490
121. Poison Oak..... 491
122. Effects of Poison Oak..... 491
123. After a Bath of Three Hours..... 492
124. Cured..... 492
125. Sacramento Valley & Lassen's Butte 493
126. Laramie Peak..... 497
127. Devil's Gate..... 498
128. Waterfall on Feather River..... 529
129. The Indians "Guide" us!..... 331
130. A short Voyage in an Indian Canoe 532
131. A slight Back-set to Comfort..... 533
132. Lassen's Butte and Meadows..... 534
133. Honey Lake Valley—Noble's Pass. 535
134. The last Flap-Jack is Fried..... 536
135. We have seen our Course..... 537
136. Diagram of a Comet's Orbit..... 541
137. View of Table Mountain..... 544

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JULY, 1856.—Vol. I.

OUR INTRODUCTORY.

IND READER, this is the first of our greeting and acquaintance. We hope, with your approval, to spend many pleasant hours in company with each other. It is our hope, as it will be our aim, to make our monthly visit to your fireside as welcome as the cheerful countenance and social converse of some dear old friend, who just drops in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening.

We wish to picture California, and California life: to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life.

Whatever is noble, manly, useful, intellectual, amusing and refining, we shall welcome to our columns.

It will ever be our pride and pleasure to be on the side of virtue, morality, religion and progress.

We shall admit nothing that is partizan in politics or sectarian in religion; but, claiming the right to please ourselves, we shall accord to the reader the same privilege.

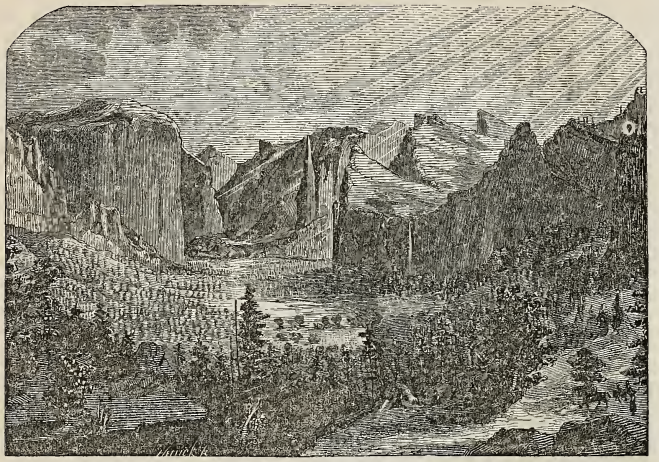
Whatever we believe to be for the permanent prosperity of California, we shall fearlessly advocate, in any way that suits us.

We have no expectation of pleasing every one; nor, that perfection will be written upon every page of its contents, for the simple reason that we are human; but we shall do our best, continually, and those who do not like the magazine are not required to —buy it.

We have commenced its publication with the hope of filling a void—humbly it may be—in the wants of California, and the intelligent reader will see at a glance that the costly manner in which it is gotten up, and the price at which it is sold, the publishers rely upon a wide circulation for their pecuniary reward; but they are confident that altho' placed within the reach of those who could only take *one* per month, that others will be tempted to *take a dozen*.

Therefore, placing ourselves in the hands of a generous public, we make our bow, and introduce to your kindly notice the first number of Hutchings' California Magazine.

THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.

There are but few lands that possess more of the beautiful and picturesque than California. Its towering and pine covered mountains; its wide-spread vallies, carpeted with flowers; its leaping waterfalls; its foaming cataracts; its rushing rivers; its placid lakes; its evergreen forests; ts gently rolling hills, with shrubs and trees and flowers, make this a garden of loveliness, and a pride to her enterprising sons.

Whether one sits with religious veneration at the foot of Mount Shasta; or cools himself in the refreshing shade of the natural caves and bridges; or walks beneath the giant shadows of the mammoth trees of Calaveras; or stands in awe, looking upon the frowning and pine-covered heights of the Valley of the Yo-Ham-i-te—he feels that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

and that the Californian's home may compare in picturesque magnificence with that of any other land.

Among the most remarkable may be classed the Yo-Ham-i-te Valley—surrounded as it is by lofty granite mountains, exceeding thre ethousand feet in height, of the most fantastic shapes; now in appearance like a vast projecting tower; now, standing boldly out like an immense chimney or column; then, like two giant domes; yonder, a water-fall of two thousand five hundred feet; and, as it rolls over the edge of the precipice, its quivering spray is gilded with the colors of the rain-bow, when the sun-light falls upon it.

From the perpendicular sides of that mountain a stunted pine is struggling to live, alone—a mere speck upon the landscape. Every craggy height is surrounded by shrubs or trees—and every spot has its contrast of color and appearance. Upon the mountain's summit is a dense forest of lofty pines—that by distance, look only as weeds or shrubs. In the valley, placidly glides the transparent stream; now impinging the mountain's base; now winding its serpent-like course up the fertile valley; its margin fringed with willows and flowers, that are

ever blossoming, and grass that is ever green.

On desending the mountain, towards the valley, the first object that attracts your notice, and invites your wondering admiration, is "The Giant's Tower," standing on the left, an immense mountain of perpendicular granite, and is three thousand one hundred feet in height, from the surface of the river, to its outer edge—and nearly three thousand five hundred feet to the highest place upon it. On the right side of this view, is a water-fall, of nine hundred and twenty-eight feet, and named "The Cascade of the Rainbow."

Before you is spread the beautiful green valley, nearly covered with trees, with the bright river gleaming and glistening out from among them.

About two miles above the "Giant's Tower," on the same side, is the great Yo-Ham-i-te Falls—two thousand five hundred feet in height. The upper or main portion of this fall is one thousand five hundred feet—the second, or middle, is four hundred feet—and the third, or lowest fall. is six hundred feet, and all of them perpendicular. This is the highest water-fall in the world.

Col. G. W. Whitman, in the spring of 1850, when in search of stock stolen by Indians from around Sonora, stood at the top of these falls, and on looking down into the deep abyss, the idea suggested to his mind was,—'Is this the bottomless pit?'—and as the deep stream rolled its volumes over the edge of the precipice, he gazed with awe and admiration at the terrific chasm before him.

Advancing up the Valley, and threading your way among the trees; now standing beneath the shadowy mountain; or now crossing the river; every few steps presents a change of scene, or some variety of shade and beauty.

At the upper end of the valley stand the 'Twin Domes'—two immense mountains, dome-shaped, and distinct from any of the surrounding ones. The one at the right of the engraving can be seen at a distance of forty miles, and is three thousand two hundred and fifty feet in height. Part of this dome has fallen away, and blocking up the course of the north branch of this stream, has formed a beautiful lake, and is called Indian Lake, being a favorite resort of the Indians, for ensnaring the speckled trout, of which there are vast numbers in its clear, deep waters.

About five miles above the lake, and on the same stream, there is another water-fall of three hundred feet, and which, owing to masses of rock, and bushes, is part of the way rather difficult of access.

About three miles from the head of the valley, on the middle and main branch of this river, there are two other water-falls,

THE YO-HAM-I-TE FALLS, HEIGHT 2,500 FEET.

the first of which is about four hundred feet. The other is reached with difficulty, but its hoarse roaring invites the attempt; and climbing a tree, you secure safe footing, and reach the top,—to witness another magnificent fall, of six hundred feet.

About twenty-five miles above this fall, is the lake spoken of below.

On the east fork, there is another waterfall of several hundred feet, the elevation of which has not as yet been ascertained.

The principal altitudes of the different objects of wonder and interest in this valley, were taken by Mr. G. K. Peterson, engineer of the Yo-Semity and Mariposa Water Company, and are doubtless very correct; and, although the stupendous height of these water-falls could scarcely be realized, they have, by actual measurement, exceeded the estimates given. They now stand forth as realities, which invite the spontaneous admiration of every lover of the sublime and beautiful, who may visit the deep solitude of this interesting and remarkable valley.

It is situated upon the middle fork of the river Merced, Mariposa county, about fifty miles from the town of Mariposa; and about the same distance from Coultersville.

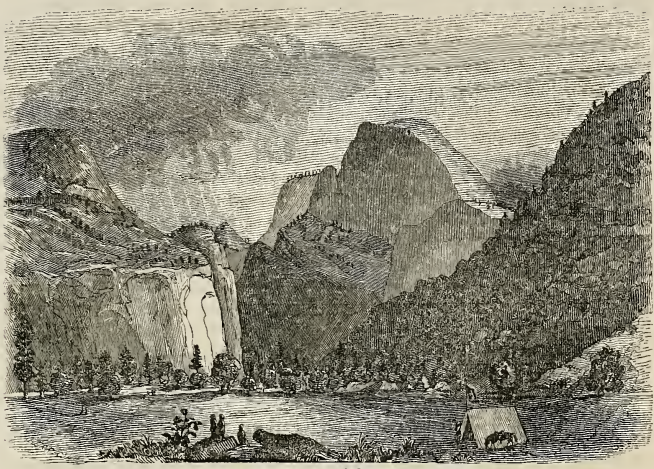
Until the past year this remarkable valley has been comparatively unknown, altho' Major James D. Savage visited it as early as 1848, and was perhaps the first white man that ever entered it.

It appears that Major S., while living with a tribe of Indians inhabiting the lower valleys of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, accompanied them on an expedition to the Yo-Ham-i-te country for the purpose of making war with them. A large party met them near the summit of the mountain, now crossed by visitors on their way to the valley, where a desperate fight ensued, and the Major with his party, finding the Yo-Ham-i-tes too much for them, had to make a hasty retreat in the best way they could without the much prized trophies of Indian warfare—the Indian women—and which is almost invariably the only cause of war among themselves, and with the whites.

Women are considered the most valuable property the Indian can possess; and, for the sole purpose of capturing this desirable property, they invade each other's territory, and make war, that the young men of the victorious party may take them home in triumph, to support their new and lazy husband.

Nothing in particular occurred from that time until the winter of 1850, as they seldom came down among the miners, except at night, to steal horses, mules and cattle; nor could they be induced to adopt our manners, dress, or customs, as did most of the other tribes. In that winter the Yo-Ham-i-tes declared war against the whites, and were joined by most of the surrounding tribes.

A volunteer batallion was soon raised for the protection of the mining settlements, and Major Savage was chosen commander. After a short but vigorous campaign, and by the influence of Major S., the Indians were induced to make treaties of peace, enter the Reservation, and learn the invigorating art of agriculture. Contrary to expectations, they were dissatisfied, and began committing depredations almost daily. From the intimate knowledge of Indian character, the Major was not long in tracing out the aggressors. He immediately fitted out an expedition; and, accompanied by Capt. John Boling's command, and a few friendly Indians, paid the Yo-Ham-i-tes another visit, in March, 1851. After swimming the South fork of the Merced and passing through snow from two to eight feet deep, and encountering all the hardships and privations incident to a winter campaign in the mountains of California, finally succeeded in reaching the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, where they found about six hundred of the Indians encamped; who would have fled, could they have ascended the almost perpendicular mountain walls that hedged them in on every side. There are narrow ledges of rock, that look very small



THE TWIN DOMES.

from below, but, are nevertheless large enough for an Indian to walk upon, carefully, when not excited; but would be present destruction to himself and his valuable property—his wives—to attempt it in haste, as one slight slip would precipitate them thousands of feet below, and thus hasten their departure to the Spirit Land before they might desire to take such a journey.

Finding that they were caught, their discretion, taught them that "the better part of valor" would be to surrender with a good grace, which they did; when they were taken as prisoners to the Reservation farm on the Frezno river.

After a week's residence on the farm, they agreed to enter into a treaty of peace, on condition that they were allowed to return to their mountain home on a short visit, to gather up the remaining portion of their tribe, and the plunder they were so unceremoniously required to leave behind, which, appearing to be very reasonable, they were allowed to go for that purpose.

Soon after their departure, the whole country around the Reservation was thrown into a state of excitement by the constant reports of robberies and murders, committed by the Yo-Ham-i-tes. Major S. then fitted out another expedition against them, composed of about twenty volunteers, and about an equal number of friendly Indians, taken from the farm. This party reached the valley about the 15th of May, (1851,) and, after erecting their encampment, they sent out small scouting parties, in different directions. The Indians, however, having seen them, had moved *their* encampment to the shores of a beautiful lake, some thirty miles above, lying in a north-east direction from the valley, and near to the head-waters of the middle and main fork of the Merced.

The information was immediately taken to camp, by one of the small scouting parties that discovered them, and the whole command marched against them; and, by stratagem, surrounded the Indians, before they became aware of their presence. After killing a few, the whole party of Indians begged for mercy, and surrendered. They were again removed down to the farm, and

there kept as prisoners until the crops were all gathered in.

Their great chief, Je-ne-a-eh, was among the prisoners. He was a man of about sixty-five or seventy years of age; and, as he cast a lingering look upon the home of his childhood—perhaps for the last time—to spend his days among strangers—apparently his enemies—his rage knew no bounds; and drawing his manly form to its full height, his eyes seemed flashing with fire; and with his nostrils distended, and his chest heaving, through his interpreter he gave, in substance, the following address:—

"White men, you are a bad people. You have invaded my country. You have killed my people, and my own dear son, simply because we have stolen a few horses—a privilege granted to us by the Great Spirit—to steal all that we want, wherever we can find it. We steal that we may live—every tribe does it. I know very well that you all steal. You steal among yourselves, that you may be rich: we steal something to eat. You come and steal my country. You steal me and my people from my hunting-grounds. These were given to me and to my people exclusively, by the Great Spirit, that we might hunt and eat; and we have lived here undisturbed for many hundred moons. Yes: when these mountains, now so high, were but little hills, this was our country; and now you come and take us away, that we may look upon them no more. I am astonished at your impudence and presumption."

"When we arrived at the spot," writes Mr. John D. Hunt, late partner of Major Savage, and who accompanied the expedition,—"from whence we saw the valley for the last time, on our way home, his passion arose to its greatest height; and walking up to Capt. Boling, in a voice almost choked with rage, he begged that he might be shot, saying, 'I had rather leave my ashes here, in the hunting-ground of my fathers, than to be a slave to the white man, who has ever been the mortal foe of me and mine.' Then, laying his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me! kill me! murder me! and the echo of my voice shall be heard resounding among these mountains of my native home, for many years afterwards; and my spirit—which you cannot tame—instead of taking its flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around these old gray granite hills, and haunt you and your posterity, as long as there is one of you or your tribe remaining.' Finding that his pleadings were of no avail, he bade the hunting-ground of his fathers an affecting adieu; and, in moody silence, marched on, with a heavy heart, to spend, as he supposed and felt, the remnant of his days among his and his people's enemies.

"We arrived in safety at the Reservation, where he, with the others, were kept as prisoners.

"The canker-worm of grief was busy at the old man's heart, and his fast-declining health, united to his constant entreaties, aroused the sympathies of the Commissioners; and he was allowed once more to go free, when he immediately returned to his favored valley, and joined the remnant of his tribe, that had been left behind.

"The poor old Indian soon found a grave, and his ashes were placed at the side of his fathers. Degraded in his own estimation, the shock was too much for him; and he died broken-hearted."

Nothing in particular occurred after poor Je-ne-a-eh's death, until about the middle of May, 1852, when a party of miners, from Coarse Gold Gulch—a tributary of the Frezno—started for the upper Sierras, on a prospecting trip. They had scarcely entered the valley, when a large party of Indians, that had been lying in ambush, came suddenly upon them, and killed two of their number—one named Rose, the other Shurbon—and wounding a third, named Tudor.

As this was altogether unexpected, and being overpowered by numbers, they sought refuge in flight. The Indians hotly pursued them, when luckily, on ascending the moun-

tains, they came upon a large overhanging rock, from which they could receive protection, and see and fire upon their assailants. Nothing could have been more providential, nor any place better adapted for defense.

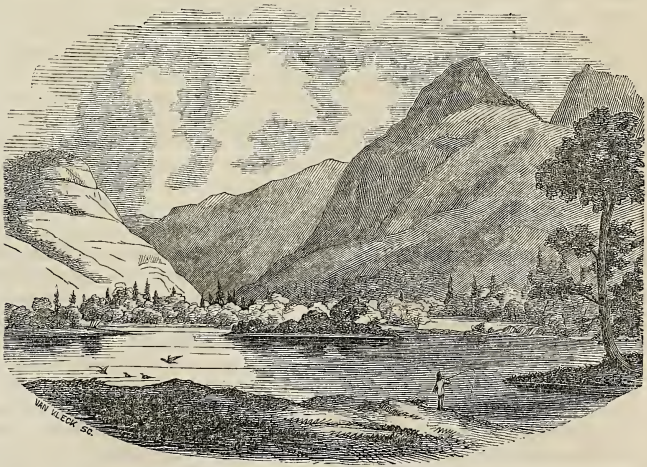
Bravely did this little party struggle for their lives, and one by one did their savage assailants bite the dust, from the unerring aim of the rifle and revolver. Finding they were losing many of their number, and among them their best chief, without even wounding the defenders, they changed their plan of assault; and, climbing the mountain above, commenced rolling down huge rocks, to try to drive them from their secure retreat; but in vain. When night was advancing, black and heavily charged clouds began to roll among the mountain-tops; and before the darkness had set in, the Indians seemed disposed to postpone any further struggle until the morning. Under cover of the darkness, that brave little band crept stealthily out, and set their face towards the settlements, where they arrived in safety, but nearly famished with hunger, having been five days without any thing to eat.

Their tale was soon told, and every able miner in camp shouldered his rifle willingly; and a company of forty men were soon upon the way.

Arriving in the valley, they found the dead bodies of their companions, and gave them burial, the Indians meanwhile shouting taunts of defiance.

This being the season when the melting snows swell every mountain stream, the waters of the Merced river were very difficult to cross; and before the party could reach the opposite side, the Indians had escaped. After several ineffectual attempts, they abandoned, for the present, the pursuit, and returned to their homes.

About the middle of June, Lieut. Moore, with a company of United States infantry, left Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin; and, accompanied by Major Savage, in command of a company of volunteers, started for the scene of the recent murders, to establish a military post in the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, and chastise the Indians. The Yo-Ham-i-tes



THE INDIAN LAKE.

have always been the most hostile of any of the Indians in this section; and have always refused to treat with the Commissioners; but stampeded, and returned to their mountain fastnesses.

On the arrival of Lieut. Moore and Major Savage in the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, with their command, they found the Indians, under the redoubtable chief, 'Ptompkit,' had crossed the mountains, and were wandering about on the eastern side of the Sierras. They immediately started in pursuit. Discovering a new pass at the headwaters of the Merced, they named it Mono Pass, after the Indians of that name. Although several bands of Indians were seen wandering about, little or nothing was accomplished for their chastisement, and the command returned.

Fearing an attack from the whites, the Yo-Ham i-tes remained as guests with the Monos; until the great depth of snow, which fell during the winter of 1852, prevented their return to their native valley. Early in the spring of 1853, they left their hospitable entertainers, the Monos; but, before doing so, appropriated a large amount of their property to their own use.

Whether this was in accordance with the teachings of their Great Spirit, we do not know; but the Monos, demurring to such an interpretation, thought their savage brethren had violated the rules of hospitality; and they immediately raised a large war party, and pursued their theiving guests, even into their own mountain fastnesses,—nearly exterminating the whole tribe. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes, or lived upon any thing they could get in the mining camps of their so-called enemies, the whites.

By the kindness of Mr. Hunt, on the Frezno, we were provided with Indian guides, which took us speedily into the valley; and when we arrived there, scarcely an Indian track could be seen. The trails were overgrown with grass, and nothing remained but the whitened bones of animals, and an old acorn-post or two, to tell of the once flourishing settlement, and numerous tribe of the Yo Ham-i-tes.

This valley is about twelve miles in length, and from one to two miles in width, exceedingly fertile, well timbered, and abounding in game. Before many years shall have passed away, it will become famous as a place of resort; and, those who would see these water-falls in their majesty, should visit them when the melting snows of May swell every stream to its utmost capacity; where, in the calm solitude of mountain life, the excitements of business can be forgotten; and, in the unbroken stillness of this magnificent spot, shall, with deep reverence, commune with the sublime and beautiful, and feel with Moore—

> The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
> My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
> My censer's breath the mountain airs,
> And silent thoughts my only prayers.
>
> There's nothing bright, above, below,
> From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
> But in its light my soul can see
> Some feature of the Deity:

MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The one subject which has occupied the mind of the State during the past month, is the assassination of Mr. James King of Wm., Editor of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, and the occurrences consequent upon that event. Mr. King had risen to a prominent position in the eyes of all in the State. In a few brief months, he had gained more deep and powerful influence, in the sphere which his labors filled, than is often acquired by journals in the course of many years. His personal qualities, his strong repugnance to viciousness and dishonesty, his bravery, his magnanimity, his honor, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his love for the purity of domestic life and the beauty of childhood—all shone through his pages with a winning power. The principal immediate work which he set before himself, was to expose the official corruptions of public men. Never before, perhaps, has a city been subject to such plundering and robbery as this. Mr. King,

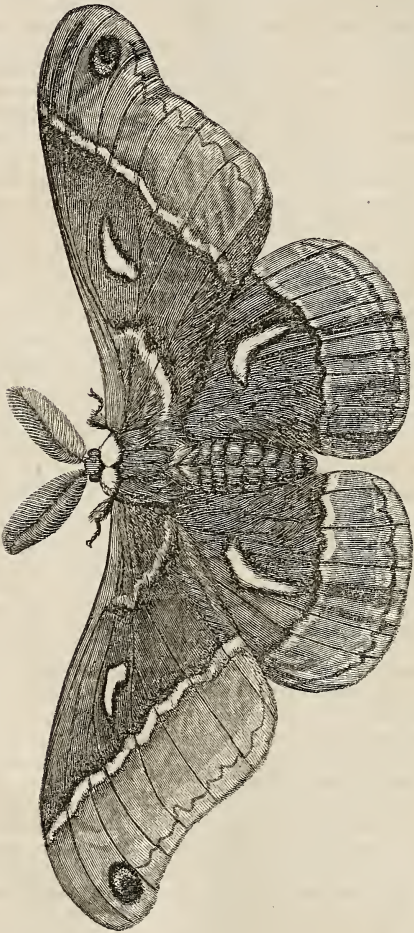
with almost intuitive knowledge of men and their deeds, having the advantage of a long business experience in the city, boldly charged the men with their shameless conduct. Neither money could purchase his silence, nor the threat of brute force compel it. The opening of the war in earnest, was, when parties who knew with whom they had to deal, came, the first week, to purchase an interest in Mr. King's paper. An interest in the paper might be bought, but the *man* was not for sale. All know his course. He became, "A terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

His assassination was plainly the result of a conspiracy. On Tuesday, the 14th of May, at evening, when he had started for his home, Mr. King was shot. The murderer, James P. Casey, was hurried to prison, as to an asylum. Villainous men could scarce conceal their glee. As the news spread over the town that Mr. King was shot, a thousand homes were filled with horror. Crowds poured from every part of the city and gathered around the building in Montgomery street, in which he lay. It was a scene of mingled grief and indignation, such as we never before saw pervade an entire community. Execrations against the murderer were heard on every side. It was only too well known that he was powerfully guarded by those who rejoiced in his deed, and doubtless were sworn, at whatever hazard, to protect him. It was this conviction which called for a new organization of the Vigilance Committee. The call was a spontaneous one, from a people outraged to the last point of endurance, and insulted beyond measure by the course of officers, who ought to have trembled for their own safety. For three days the work of enrolment progressed; crowds pressing for admission. On the Sabbath, 1500 armed men went to the jail and demanded Casey, and Cora also, the murderer of Richardson. Resistance, to a people aroused, was idle. The prisoners were delivered up, and taken to the rooms of the Committee, where they received a long and patient trial.

After days of hope, and again of disappointment, Mr. King died, on Monday the 20th of May, at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock. Instantly, the bells were tolled. The flags of the city and harbor were placed at half-mast, the stores were all closed, and emblems of mourning draped the whole city. Such a spontaneous demonstration of wo is seen only when the great and the good have fallen. His funeral was attended on Thursday, by an immense concourse. About the same time, in another part of the city, in the midst of other thousands, Casey and Cora were launched into eternity.

It seems months ago—so many events have intervened. The Committee made other arrests. One man, through fear and remorse, committed suicide. Six others have been sent away from the State, and as many more have been ordered to leave. Influenced by evil advisers, the Governor of the State finally called for the militia to organize. His proclamation has been treated with contempt. The true men of the State will not arm to butcher their fellow-citizens, for the crime of rising *en masse* against leagued and entrenched corruption, such as perhaps never cursed any other city in the world. It has at times appeared that the few hundred under arms might be fool-hardy enough to attack our citizens; but the voice that has come from the mountains and the demonstrations here of almost unanimous support of the Committee; and the five thousand armed citizens, give them good warning of their fate, should they dare shed one drop of blood. The Committee have published a declaration of their position and their intentions, which is worthy of being preserved as long as a self-governing people shall inhabit these shores; and which will ever be to the virtuous and good "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver," when the stirring events that have called them into being shall have passed away.

THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.—Saturnia Ceanothi.



THE CALIFORNIA SILK-WORM.

For the discovery of a native silkworm in California, we are indebted to Dr. H. Behr, of this city, a German physician and naturalist, of high standing, both here and in Europe.

Experiments are now being made by several gentlemen to raise the caterpillars, and watch the development of the cocoons. The Society of Naturalists of California, are also engaged in this interesting enterprise.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. E. Seyd, a gentleman who takes great interest in everything appertaining to the development of the vast resources of California, and who is now occupied in his experiments on the California silkworm, on quite an extensive scale. He has erected a glass house for their culture, in his garden, where from cocoons gathered from among the surrounding hills, are numerous butterflies, and upwards of ten thousand eggs, beside several hundred worms, now feeding upon the ceanothus bush, the shrub on which they feed.

This silkworm belongs to the class of the *Saturnias*, and is named by the discoverer, Saturnia-Ceanothus. The ceanothus is an evergreen bush, growing in great abundance on nearly every hillside in California, and is easily cultivated from the seed, although it is rather difficult to transplant and preserve its life. Being an evergreen, very bushy and full of leaves, it is often cultivated in gardens, and cut into all sorts of ornamental shapes, for shades or hedges. On this plant the silkworm principally feeds; although it is also found upon the *rhaumus*, and several species of small oak.

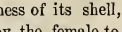
The cocoon of this worm is very large, tough and durable. It is spun in August or September, but the butterflies do not make their appearance until March or April of the following year. These butterflies are large, and of a beautiful design, as can be seen in the engraving—their principal color being of a redish brown, with white, black, blue and yellow spots and lines.

As soon as the chrysalis leaves the cocoon and becomes a butterfly, its seeks its companion of the opposite sex, and they never leave each other until the male dies, which is generally about three or four days, and the female follows the example of the male shortly afterwards; leaving from two to three hundred eggs, in little clusters, similar to those shown in the engraving. These are the size of life, and although small, very much resemble the chicken egg in shape and in the hardness of its shell, and which are fastened by the female to branches of the shrub by a brown gum-like substance.

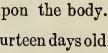
Head of Female.

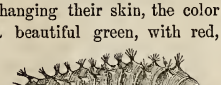
Eggs.

In from three to five weeks the caterpillars come out, and are about one-eighth of an inch in length, having a black body with light yellow hairs upon it. A few hours after their birth they become altogether black, when they commence feeding. After a few days have elapsed they again begin to change, and show bright yellow spots upon the body.



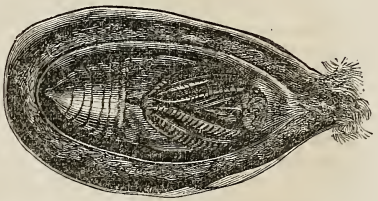
When about fourteen days old they change their skins entirely, and in color, become of a bright golden yellow, with black hair; by degrees this color again changes to a greenish yellow; and, after a few days, upon their again changing their skin, the color changes to a beautiful green, with red, black and white spots. When the catterpillar is fully grown, they are from two to three inches long and about one and a half inches in circumference, and are very sluggish in their movements, and not very inviting in their appearance. They now begin to spin their cocoons, first the outside, and then the inside, which generally takes from three





FULL GROWN CATERPILLAR.

to five days. The cocoons, though large and firm in its outside texture has but few loose threads upon its surface which is not the case with the silkworms of the Bombyx novi species. The cocoons, too, of the latter are spun differently to the Saturnia ceanothi, or California species, inasmuch as they are spun vertically, and the Saturnia horizontally. The threads in both terminating at the top, or small end of the cocoon, leaving a closely fitted and elastic aperture through which the butterfly escapes with demolishing or injuring then cocoon, while the Bombyx mori either knows its way out or by the aid of a fluid exhuding from its mouth destroys the fibre at the top, and thereby leaves the cocoon useless.



Chrysalis in Cocoon.

The manner in which the Saturnia ceanothi spins its cocoon may in some measure retard the successful winding of the silk, although it is a mathemaical truth that if the worm spins a continued thread one way, we ought to be able to wind it off the other.

Mr. S. has succeeded in winding off parts of cocoons but they being old gummy and dry, cannot be considered as a fair test of what can be done when the cocoons are fresh and new.

Some species of the Saturnia—who all spin the same way—have recently been discovered in Asia; and are just like ours, and the French have not only been successfully spinning those cocoons, but give a glowing description of the beauty, strength and durability of the silk, also they are not as large as ours.

The cultivation of the silkworm in California, is a subject of importuance to our young State, and we hope that those gentlemen now engaged in such interesting ex-

Cocoon upon a branch of the Ceanothus.

periments, will, with the assistance of our Chinese population, be enabled to produce and manufacture native silk of such a quality and in such quantities, that it may become a source of profit, as it will be of pride, when the fair ladies of California rustle past us, clad in the beautiful folds of native California silk.

CALIFORNIA SHRUBBERY.

THE CEANOTHUS.

It may not be generally known that there are no less than seventeen species of this most beautiful shrub known to botanists in California; twelve of these have been noticed and described, and five have yet to be. And although they grow most plentifully upon the coast, they extend from the foot hills to the height of six thousand feet above the sea, in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada.

The following list of the names and colors of this shrub, will no doubt be interesting to our readers:

Name.	Color.
CEANOTHUS, dentatus,	deep blue.
" rigidus,	do.
" papillosum,	do.
" cuneatus,	White.
" integerrimus,	Yellow-white.
" incana,	Lilac.
" oliganthus,	Pale blue.
" thrysiflorus	do.
" divaricatus,	do.
" hirsutus,	Blue.
" verrucosus,	do.
" prostratus,	Pale lilac.
" sp., not named,	White.
" sp.	Blue.
" sp.	Bluish purple.
" sp.	White.
" sp.	Blue.

THAT'S JUST MY LUCK.

Seated on a pork barrel, in the store of a small mining town, one Saturday night just after the rainy season had fairly commenced, we noticed that miners came in with smiling countenances to see the first fruits of their labors for the season, and pay off the little debts that by reason of the long, long drought, had been run up there. Miners make it a rule almost invariably to pay their store bills with the first gold dust taken out. They did so now; and as the little parcels, one by one, were cleared and weighed, their spirits soon grew lighter, and in pleasant chat they sat them down discussing topics of particular interest to themselves. "This claim looked as favorable as could be, and paid as well as it

did last year;" in "*that* the blue dirt seemed to be running out, but was believed to be deeper about ten feet from the line of the Bung Hole claim, and that pays big." The bed-rock was "rising" in one, and "pitching" in another. "This company had a deep bank of dirt to clean off, and it would'nt pay the color;" "that, had struck two dollars to the pan, and could get it almost any where upon the rock, and if it would only last, and they could get plenty of water, they'd make their piles in a very little while." Some "would like the chance of making a pile 'once again'—they would—but that wasn't their darn'd luck; they had a good claim once, and did'nt know it; but as soon as they sold out "it paid like all sixty," and those fellows that bought it had made their piles and gone home. That was just their luck."

One young fellow called "Pike," had quietly taken his seat at a small table, covered with a blue blanket, and was busily shuffling an old pack of dirty cards, apparently for amusement, when a gentleman entered, "dressed within an inch of his life," and wearing what is generally called among miners a "stove pipe" hat. Advancing to the table at which sat our friend Pike, he gracefully bowed to him and requested his attention with—

"Mr. Pike, I want to speak to you."

"Well, what is it?"

"The ladies at Mr. Groggins' house, down on the creek, request the pleasure of your attendance with your violin, to play them a tune for a little dance."

"Can't come."

"Why?"

"Because I ka-ant. It's just my darn'd luck, to get an invitation and—*not-to-go!*"

Once upon a time—well, it was in '50—I heard of rich diggings, far away in the mountains, to which men had been seen to go at night, and leave in the night, and were taking out gold in pounds, when *we* could only dig it by ounces. That was the place to go. My cabin was sold, a mule was bought, and soon was packed with pork and picks, blankets and coffee-pots, dried apples and buckskin, pans and frying-pans, beans and shovels, and off we started; but when we got there, all the claims were taken!—That was just my luck.

I was walking a pole that was lying across a race, when my feet slipped and in I went. The force of the current took me down, and just as I reached the wheel it hit me a click on the back of my head and soused me under, and when I came up on the other side I was pretty well "ducked," but wasn't drowned!—Now, that was just my luck.

One very hot day I was experimenting upon the theory, "can a man be his own pack mule," and had my blankets and part of a sack of flour at my back. The sweat rolled off freely without, and I believed that something moist within, would be welcome enough, and seeing a bright, clear spring, bubbling up just in the shadow of a sluice under which I had passed, I took off my pack and measured my length to have a good long "pull" at the sparkling water; but just as my lips touched the soul-cheering element, "bat" came the sluice, right square on my head, and gave a deep "casting" at once of my "human face divine!" in the clayey mud underneath me! Now, why could'nt that sluice have fallen some other time?—But, it was just my luck.

I was once caught in a snow-storm, on the Trinity mountains, and to improve the matter, lost my way and my reckoning, and at last "fetched up" at a town—I mus'nt tell its name—but on going to the best hotel it afforded, was informed that I could be "taken in and done for"—which I was, in a double sense.

"Landlord," said I, "let me have the best bed in your house. I don't care what the price is; but mind, I want the best."

"Very good, sir. What do you think of this?"

He had introduced me to a small room, just twelve feet six by nine feet—for I measured it—with my eye!—and, glancing around, I saw that this sort of "taking in"

was more crowding than comforting, as there were only ten "bunks" fixed up at the sides of the room, like so many cheese-shelves.

"Is that where you wish to 'lay' me for the night?" I inquired.

"Well—yes—if that will suit you."

"But *it don't suit me.* Haven't you one room, with one, or not more than two beds in it, that I can have for to-night, by paying for it?"

"No, indeed, we have not, sir—but just step this way."

This time he led me into a room just eight feet square, with a stove-pipe passing through it.

"Now," said he, "you will find this very comfortable, and there are only six beds in this room!"

"Pretty well occupied," said I, "if they all have sleepers in them."

As this was "the best the market afforded," I turned in to one at the top, and was soon fast asleep. About a couple of hours afterwards, I was awoke by some one—a Frenchman—"punching" at me, and calling out—"Stranger! stranger!—your bunk is breaking at the side: you'll soon be through!"

Wasn't that hard luck? But as I did not feel it breaking, and as I, moreover, felt that if I could not get much sleep, I might perhaps be allowed a joke, I replied—"Well—let her break. I don't care,—if you don't!"

"Yes, sare; but you will fall on top o' me!"

"Very well. I guess that I can stand it, if you can!"

"Yes, sare; but me no wish you fall on me!"

"Do you suppose that I wish it? When you see me coming, just jump out of the way, if you please."

"Sacre—damn! zat is cool!"

"Not so cool as it would be for me to stand up all night *waiting* for the bunk to break."

"Yes, sare; but if your bunk break, you will be sure to hurt me when you drop down."

"Well, never mind that. You will break my fall, and be much softer to fall on, than would be the floor!"

"Sacre—damn! zat is cool!"

"Well, now, you can save all the injury I might inflict upon you, by just jumping out, when you hear my bunk cracking; besides, if you only turn out, when I am *turned* out, I can just turn in to your bunk; for if this breaks, I shall want to get another, that I may have my sleep out by morning."

"Well, well—sacre—damn! zat is cool! but I no give you my bed."

"All right, then: when this breaks, I must hunt up another. Will you be kind enough to call me up again, when it *does* break. Good night!"

Now the little Frenchman must take a look up, and noticing a laugh upon my countenance, he began to chuckle; and putting his head beneath the blankets, the last sounds heard were—"Well, well, zat is cool! zat is cool!"

But as it didn't break—and as I slept soundly till morning,—why—

THAT WAS JUST MY LUCK!

CONSTITUTION

OF THE COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE, SAN FRANCISCO.

ADOPTED MAY 15TH, 1856.

WHEREAS, it has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the laws as now administered, and that by the association together of bad characters, our ballot boxes have been stolen, and others substituted or stuffed with votes that were never polled, and thereby our elections nullified—our dearest rights violated, and no other method left by which the will of the people can be manifested.

Therefore, the citizens whose names are

hereunto attached do unite themselves into an association for maintenance of the peace and good order of society—the prevention and punishment of crime—the preservation of our lives and property, and to insure that our ballot boxes shall hereafter express the actual and unforged will of the majority of our citizens; and we do bind ourselves each unto the other, by a solemn oath, to do and perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly rdministered. But we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, assassin, ballot-box stuffer, or other disturber of the peace, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the object of this association, we do hereby agree—

1. That the name and style of this association shall be the Committee of Vigilance, for the protection of the ballot-box, the lives, liberty and property of the citizens and residents of the city of San Francisco.

2. That there shall be rooms for the deliberations of the Committee, at which there shall be some one or more members of the Committee, appointed for that purpose, in constant attendance, at all hours of the day and night, to receive the report of any member of the association, or of any other person or persons whatsoever, of any act of violence done to the person or property of any citizen of San Francisco; and if, in the judgment of the member or members of the Committee present, it be such an act as justifies or demands the interference of this Committee, either in aiding in the execution of the laws, or the prompt and summary punishment of the offender, the Committee shall be at once assembled for the purpose of taking such action as a majority of them, when assembled, shall determine upon.

3. That it shall be the duty of any member or members of the Committee on duty at the Committee Rooms, whenever a general assemblage of the Committee is deemed necessary, to cause a call to be made in such a manner as shall be found advisable.

4. That whereas an Executive Committee has been chosen by the General Committee, it shall be the duty of the said Executive Committee to deliberate and act upon all important questions, and decide upon the measures necessary to carry out the objects for which this association was formed.

5. That whereas this Committee has been organized into sub-divisions, the Executive Committee shall have power to call; when they shall so determine, upon a Board of Delegates, to consist of three representatives from each Division, to confer with them upon matters of vital importance.

6. That all matters of details and government shall be embraced in a code of By-Laws.

7. That the actian of this body shall be entirely and rigorously free from all consideration of, or participation in, the merits or demerits, or opinion or acts, of any and all sects, political parties, or sectional divisions in the communfty; and every class of orderly citizens of whatever sect, party or nativity, may become members of this body. No discussion of political, sectional or sectarian subjectsshall be allowed in the Rooms of the Association.

8. That no person accused before this body shall be punished, until after fair and impartial trial and conviction.

9. That whenever the General Committee have assembled for deliberation, the decision of the majority upon any question that may be submitted to them by the Executive Committee, shall be binding upon the whole: Provided nevertheless, that when the delegates are deliberating upon the punishment to be awarded to any criminals, no vote inflicting the death penalty shall be binding, unless passed by two-thirds of those present and entitled to vote.

10. That all good citizens shall be eligible for admission to this body, under such regulations as may be prescribed by a Committee on Qualifications; and if any unworthy person gain admission, they shall on due proof be expelled: And believing ourselves to be executors of the will of the majority of our citizens, we pledge our sacred honor, to defend and sustain each other in carrying out the determined action of this Committee at the hazards of our lives and our fortunes.

A LATE Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Mary L. Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them," after a while.

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The marvellous sagacity of dogs is a subject which engages all the enthusiasm of the naturalist and rhapsody of the poet. The poor Indian, whose creed is, that—

> "Transported to some genial sky,
> "His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

is not singular in his belief. Its intellectual capacity is such as to settle at once the question that sagacity must have some process similar to human reasoning—"to examine and decide." Indeed, so close is the connection, and so small the line of demarcation between canine sagacity and human reason, that psychologists have declared that where human reason ends animal sagacity apparently begins. Many of the phenomena of the human mind, dogs seem to have in an especial degree. We have often observed, after a hard day's hunting, a favorite hound, in the midst of a sound sleep at his master's feet, before a blazing fire, suddenly prick up his ears, start up, light up his eyes, and send forth a furious look and howl—the effect of some dream. Almost all the mental passions, too, such as fear, hope, joy, sorrow, anger, love, &c., are as strongly developed in some dogs, as they are in some of the human species.

The following narratives, gathered from respectable authorities, exhibit the thinking power in such a light as to render it impossible to refer its agency to any other source:—

One Davis, formerly a respectable grazier of Headcorn, in Kent, wished to exchange his horse at the neighboring fair, for a more serviceable one. As a precaution against interruption, and a safeguard in his beastly sin of drunkenness, he took his trusty dog, a Newfoundland shepherd dog, with him. Coming home as usual, dead almost with intoxication, on a wrong road, miles away from home on a strange horse, he fell to the ground as one dead. His dog, after four hours' travel, judging from the distance and time he left the cattle and horse fair, was seen at the door of the farm house, leading the horse with the bridle in his teeth, at three o'clock in the morning, when all around was as dark as Erebus. The farm superintendent, at once saw the dog's object in bringing the horse; and springing upon his back, and guided by the faithful animal running before, he arrived almost in a direct line, through hedge and ditch, to where the sot in a sound sleep lay, in the middle of a wood, and in the only pathway through it.

My friend Allen, also a farmer, who lived sometime in a Catholic family abroad, where that religion, in all its feasts and fasts, was most rigidly observed, declares that the house dog, also a Newfoundland, knew the Sabbath day as well as the inmates, and all their celebrated festivals; and assures me that this knowledge was not arrived at by any early preparations of the family, but from some unknown instinct in the animal. On Thursday, preceding Friday, he would invariably bury his superabundant meat in a favored hole, not having any predilection for fish, upon which only the family invariably lived on that day.

An officer in the Royal Navy, stationed at Plymouth, in Devonshire, purchased a remarkable dog from a costermonger, who had been once convicted of theft, and who had, it appeared, returned to ways of honest living. This dog would follow his new master into the little shops of the neighborhood, hear the orders given, and fetch them all the next day in a basket, and always returned with the right change. The instructions his master gave with regard to money matters were most amusing. "Bring back this in money," he would say, holding up a piece of pencilled paper. A laughable incident respecting this creature once occurred while the officer was on parade. The dog had forgotten some sausages which had been written for, and on his master scolding him for his stupidity, he (as it was proved afterwards) made directly for the shop, and observing no one at hand, seized upon a long chain of them and scampered off with them trailing behind him, with curs of all sorts following at a respectful

distance; nor did he stop until he had made up to his master and laid them at his feet, to the infinite amusement of all on parade.

Another incident is worth relating. Mr. French's dog, a poodle, formerly the property of one of Astley's circus company, while in one of the provinces, had the misfortune, in his cagerness to lick the savory remnants of some soup, left in a tin pot to slip his head in, in such a manner that the animal, with all his efforts, could not extricate it. In vain he thumped and bumped upon every stone and post in his way, the pot still clung to his jaws. After several ineffectual attempts, accompanied by sundry expressive howls, another dog, a well known associate, was observed to coax him from the spot, pulling a part of the pot where he could get a hold of it towards the road; some bystanders followed the pair, and to their astonishment they saw the friendly dog leading his blind companion to the only tinman in the village. What is more remarkable, there was no sign whatever of this man's calling observable outside of his home; only the thump-a-tap-thump could signify his trade.

How many anecdotes have been authenticated of dogs starving themselves, after the death of their beloved master. The following affecting instance of canine sympathy occurred in a friend's family:—

Their dog, a Newfoundland of gigantic size, quite a pet with the youngest daughter, always used to bring the baby's red shoes for her to put on before she went out to take her accustomed walk. This the animal did without bidding—a strange proceeding, otherwise unaccountable, as he only received several pulls and mauls by the little one while her shoes were being put on. Sometime after, the baby died, and after the mournful ceremonies were gradually giving place to things of earth, the dog was observed to be missing—no one had seen him for upwards of a week. After several ineffectual searchings, he was at last discovered in a lumber-room, where the child's cot had been removed by order of the physician, lying underneath in a state of great exhaustion, with the two red slippers between his paws, and which no one attempted to remove. The dog made this his sleeping-place to the day of his death, depositing the red slippers during the day where he might find them. And many proofs of the animal's sincerity of affection were given by sometimes withdrawing one or other of these mementoes, when the animal would become so restless as to make it observable to every one of the inmates of the house.

"During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him; but on arriving in the capital was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.—Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter of the prison, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master on seeing his dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailor fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands; and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of readmission, he departed at the call of the jailer. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and to the surprise of

the court there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs or demons. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat, was doomed to be guillotined ; and in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him ! The condemned man with his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman it is needless to inquire ; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy. Morning dawned ; the hour of execution arrived ; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted ; next minute the axe fell and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his frame became more attenuated, his eye more glassy.

Occasionally he uttered low moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands. *And her punishment is not yet done !"*

A MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR.

Bonnet, in his *Histoire de la Musique*, gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanician, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Alix, after many years' study and labour, succeeded in constructing an automaton figure, having the shape of a human skeleton, which by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, after having tuned in perfect unison two guitars, placed one in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its hands in a position where it could be seen from the street. He, then taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same time that the movement of its wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion. This strange musical feat drew crowds around the house of the ill-fated artist; this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumor arose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court *La Chambre de la Tournelle,* to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. In vain the ingenious but unfortunate artist sought to convince his judges, that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other eqally unmagical contrivances, and that the marvellous result produced was nothing more criminal that the solution of a problem in mechanics. His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or

failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

THAT BEATS NATUR'.

I was busily engaged, tending my sluice, at White Rock, El Dorado Co., when a well built, sturdy looking man came towards me and made the following enquiry:

"Say, stranger, whar does that ar water come from what runs in that mersheen?"

"We get it from that ditch, above."

"I don't see nothin o' no ditch."

"Well, you just look in this direction. Don't you see yonder a dark line running past those tree stumps, and around those hills?"

"Wal, yes, I see that ar plain enough stranger."

"Well, then, that is the ditch, and that is where we get our water from, to work our claims."

"But, man, how does it come thar?"

"Oh! we dug a ditch in the ground for about three miles, and then turned the water into it from a cañon, and it runs around those hills, in the ditch, until it gets here."

"Wal, darn me now ef that ar don't beat Natur'—it does, I swow."

MINER'S WATER SONG.

There is joy in the miner's camp to-night,
There is joy, and the miner's heart is light;
There is mirth and revelry, shouting and song,
For rain has been falling all the day long.

Hark, hark! how it pours, pit, pit, patter, pat,
What music to miners is equal to that?
It comes down in earnest, we've no need to pinch,
As it falls by the bucketful—not the short inch.

We'll have water plenty, and water to spare,
Enough for each miner to have his full share;
The sluice will be full, and the ditch overrun,
And the goal of our hopes will be speedily won.

Then fly round my boys, as we need not complain,
But don our best smiles tho' we work in the rain:—
Such bountiful blessings now drop from the skies,—
The water without seems to swim to our eyes.

To wash out our gold and pay all we owe,
Makes our hearts, like the ditches, with good overflow:—
Then hurrah, boys, hurrah! for such rainy weather,
May ourselves, wives, and sweethearts, hurrah altogether.

CARRIE D.

May 26th, 1856.

WATER.

"The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which Beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every ten hundred tons of earth, which a landlord has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breath contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one, seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, deffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingled no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quater pints of water a day and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales in 172 days about 100,000 grains of water."

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE ISTHMUS.

One the 29th of Nov. 1852, we left San Juan del Norte for Virgin Bay. During the whole day, we had heavy showers at intervals of about half an hour; such showers too, as can be seen nowhere except in the Tropics. The sun would shine out through the thick clouds occasionally, and glare upon us with terrible power. The night was rainy, but the full moon dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have fallen like a dark pall upon the five hundred passengers crowded upon the boat.

Not far from two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Castillo Rapids, where we were obliged to land. and take another boat. Having been exposed to the rain all the day, we rejoiced to see the clouds pass away and the moon shining brightly. We were not then well acquainted with the whims of tropical weather.

In passing through the place some three months before, we had noticed an old fort, nearly in ruins, on the summit of a hill, near by the boat's landing-place. As the moon shone out in her queenly beauty, we caught a sight of the old gray walls of the fort, festooned with the gorgeous drapery that that sunny clime twines so gracefully around tree, cottage or tower.

We said to ourselves, how grandly magnificent that old ruin must look by moonlight. The thought had scarcely found a resting-place in the mind before we were ashore, ready to commence the ascent—the hill was very steep, and covered with a low shrubbery that soon interfered seriously with our progress. After climbing up for some ten minutes or more, tearing our hands until the blood was trickling pretty freely, the summit was gained, but not the fort. To our dismay we found that there was a deep moat around the outer walls. The luxuriant growth of vegetation, had hidden the rough points so nicely, that we commenced the descent fearlessly,—the bottom, some fifteen feet from the surface, was reached with only a few scratches and a bruise or two. Now the difficulty commenced; for it was fifteen feet to the base of the fort. When near the foot of the wall, grasping a large bush to help in the ascent; somehow, we turned a nice, and upon the whole, rather a civil monkey, out of his bed, and spoiled his morning nap. Though quite polite, he showed his teeth and went off berating de los Yankos, (for they surely must talk *Spanish!*) for disturbing quiet, honest monkeys at that time of night.

Nothing daunted, though we must confess quite disposed to be very civil to all monkeys and other "*varmints*" that were disturbed by our movements, we continued

to climb. When near the top, a stone was loosened from its place, and down we went to the bottom, rolling over rocks and bushes, one arm badly bruised, and many other contusions found upon the body. We thought a civil war had broken out in earnest—monkeys chattering, serpents hissing, and macaws screaming. We had heard of the boa-constrictor and expected every moment that his cold and slimy form might wind around us, when, oh horror of horrors, a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the rain in a moment came down in torrents.—The lightning leaped and flamed around us, the rattling and crashing thunder seemed enough to crush a world; between its terrific peals it appeared as though all the wild beasts and birds of the country were keeping the *Fourth of July* on a grand scale; each one going on "his own hook." The storm abated as all storms do; but our ardor to see the old ruin by moonlight had cooled off wonderfully. The great question now was, how to get up from the ditch.—One arm was nearly useless, the hand on the other badly cut and torn with thorns. After half an hour's toil, and many falls, the summit was gained, in good time to receive a second edition of the shower, "enlarged and greatly improved." After wandering about for sometime, often *crawling* under the tangled vines, we came suddenly upon some twelve armed men sitting under a thatched roof. In a moment four muskets were pointed at us,—this was worse than the storm. We could not understand their Spanish; and they *would* not understand our English. We told them plainly enough in good old Saxon, that we came up to see the fort by moonlight—"no sabe,"—*that is plain—the fort by moonlight*—"no sabe *Los Americanos.*" Two others now came forward very fiercely, presented their muskets and cocked them. It began to look rather squally, for a moment; we held a *council of war*—alone,—it resulted in the full belief of the expediency of immediate diplomatic negotiations: so holding out our hand (the sound one, we said in the best Spanish we could command: "Very well, all right, very good." The extended hand was grasped in a friendly manner, and at the same moment, with the other, we slapped another man upon the shoulder, and gave a hearty laugh; all now joined in uproarious glee, and we had quite a good old fashioned jollification together.

After staying with them some ten minutes, we *carelessly*, of course, inquired the way down to the Rio San Juan. They all arose and walked with us some fifteen paces and then pointed to the path leading to the river. Thanking them, and bidding them adieu, in ten minutes, we were on the boat; having been absent over three hours. Since that night, we have never been very anxious to visit old ruins in the tropics by moonlight. J. B.

THE POST OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

This is the goal of hope to many travelers from the sacred spot called home, and where so many meet, from every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where men of every land repair, to learn good tidings of their absent friends.

Upon the arrival of the semi-monthly mail from the Eastern States, and long before the busy clerks have time sufficient to distribute letters to their proper places, may be seen lines of expectant faces gathering in the lobby, in Indian file, each new comer falling into line behind, and woe to that man, who, through ignorance or daring, attempts an advance of his proper turn.

Happy is he whose turn is nearest the window, for the line is often many hundred yards in length, and many, perchance are standing in a drenching rain.

What an anxious looking crowd, whose earnest countenances too plainly tell the doubts and fears within despite their efforts to the contrary. There are no aristocratic feelings among them; for "first come, first served," is true here.

Now the long-watched little piece of board is withdrawn—the mail is ready for delivery.

The first applicant seems to be a hardy son of the mountains, upon whose weather-beaten brow I think I can trace the word MINER. Ah! there are his letters—no small package; and his hand, though rough and firm to handle pick and shovel, trembles as he clasps the precious treasure—now he pulls his hat more closely over his eyes, and is lost in the crowd. How one's heart longs to follow him and in secret, watch the tears—the manly tears—of joy or of sorrow that moisten those eyes, as he reads the lines from his much loved home. His feelings are too sacred for the profane gaze of stranger eyes—so let us pass on.

The next one is pale and slim, see how his nervous and almost transparent hands catch at the window frame; how his knees tremble, and his weak and weary limbs almost refuse to bear him up. Ah! there—he too has letters, I heard his fervent "thank God."

But look at that aged man, whose silvery hair bespeaks the frosts of many winters. One almost regrets to see so old a man in so new a country. He reaches the window and bears upon his mansanita cane, for he needs its support just now: his voice is weak and so are his knees, as he asks the momentous question What!—"no letters"—is there *none* for that poor old man—ah! those words,—and no wonder—have nailed his aged form to the spot on which he stands. Be careful stranger, jostle not in haste or rudeness against that venerable and disappointed fatherly old man. Have you no sympathy for him as those convulsive twitches come and go upon his care-worn face? Yes, we know you have. Nature has come to relieve his agony, for the silent tear steals slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek. As the oak is bent and torn by the tempest without, so is he by the tempest within. No letters—mark his anguish—What! has that child of his heart forgotten him? Has the dear distant daughter, whose tiny footsteps he had so fondly guided in infancy, and watched with such parental pride to blooming womanhood—has *she* forsaken him—no, oh no, it cannot be; but, there is no letter. Heavy-hearted he retires to the solitude of his own room, where unseen, he may weep, or think of his beloved and absent child.

Watch the fate of that spicy looking young gentleman now at the window—judging from his dandyish air of self-possession, he must be a new importation. His hat is of the latest fashion, and is placed jauntily over hair that is soft, sleek and curly. His moustache and whiskers are the objects of his peculiar care; his coat and pants are what we call Shanghai, and those alone—to say nothing of his gold spectacles, immaculate white kids and perfumed handkerchief, bespeak him an exquisite. He lisps an enquiry for letters, and twirls his gold-headed cane with apparent indifference, as he awaits the reply. "None, sir!"—"None—what no letter th? impothible thir, you mutht have made a mithtake—I aththure you there mutht be letterth for Richard Livingthon, Ethquire." Then to hear the quiet and decided answer of the clerk, "There are no letters for you sir," while the impatient crowd around him call out "get out of the way there," "hustle that greenhorn off"—"oh my, what whiskers," "does your mother know you're absent?" "what a nice young man" as he contemptuously takes his leave.

There goes a rough-looking stranger, whose brawny hand tells you that he knows what labor is—but he is carefully opening the letter—he cannot wait until he gets to his lodgings, and, forgetful or indifferent to the world around him, he looks at the little world of love from home, and in sight, and must read it. One moment a tear glistens in his eye—the next a smile has spread over his face—no wonder that he has forgotten the scenes and the crowd around him, in the joy of hearing from an absent wife and darling little ones. Who can contemplate such scenes unmoved? or who tell the joy or sorrow given by a single letter, or express the

heart-sickening disappointment as the ominous word NONE falls upon the ear.

We will not stop at the box department, where can be seen mercantile men of every country, tradesmen, and others eagerly elbowing their way to the boxes which belong to them respectively. But let us go to

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Here too, you see a long line of the sterner sex, who have come on the pleasing mission of seeking letters for their lady friends. There are many ladies too, who, anxious for the precious lines from dear ones far away, are making their way to the front—for they, by courtesy, take precedence of the gentlemen, and step fearlessly forward of every man in the ranks—but when they reach their own sex, are as careful of their turn as are the men.

Now a consequential looking specimen of manhood has reached the window, and although he has no doubt heard the slight cough at his elbow, he passes on and asks for letters—the clerk calls his attention to a lady just behind him, and with an "excuse me," he makes way for her in front. Look at her pale cheek and sable garments, and contrast her sorrowful countenance with that of the fair young girl that has just come up behind her—one speaks of buried hopes, —the other has mirth and love looking from her eyes, and her whole face has such an irresistible happiness and witchery in it that you can scarcely look at her without being affected by the merriment which seems to be a part of herself. They both have letters. The pleasant smile of gratitude of the one, and the laughing, sparkling, blushing gladness of the other, betray the contrast in their future prospects. Let us hope that the one gives comfort and consolation to the bereaved; inspiring her with renewed courage to tread alone the thorny path of duty: that the other precious letter, she so joyfully folds to her bosom, and which evidently is from the one beloved, may be as a fountain of living water ever gushing at her feet, and bringing perpetual green to the landscape of her young and earnest love.

Oh what a place of contrasts is this.—At this spot congregate the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the aged and the young, the joyous and the sad, the hopeful and the determined—all wanderers from the land that gave them birth, all seeking to be rich—and, thank God, there are but few upon whose countenance there is not written, Hope for the future, and contentment for the present. Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and flowers, is ever the earnest prayer of CARRIE D.

"Lawyer Kirby, would you please to write me a letter to my friends?" "Certainly, Mr. Harris, with the greatest possible pleasure —where shall I address it?" "Ah, there's where I am at a loss—if I knew *where* to address it, *I* could write the letter!"

WHAT IS A LETTER?

A silent language, uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A tie to bind where circumstances part—
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart;
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain,
And bear at once, along each precious link,
Affection's life-pulse in a drop of ink.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

The Life, Adventures, and Misadventures, Fortunes and Misfortunes, Scrapes, and Escapes, of Mr. Dickory Hickleberry, *sometime Brass and Tin Candlestick Maker, in the city of London; in his memorable passage from the Seven Dials, London, to San Francisco, California; setting forth why, how, when, and what, he got there.*

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC AND OTHER TROUBLES—FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

"Please sir, mother says, the two and tup'pence you charged her for mending her sarcepan, don't you wish you may get it? cos how, mother says, mother Barnes borrord it, mother Barnes used it, mother Barnes made the hole in it, mother Barnes broke the handle off it, and mother Barnes must pay for it."

"Who's mother Barnes, gal?" said Dickory Hickleberry, "and where does she live?"

"Dun-no, somewhere in our street, or sum'mer else," replied the animated shock-head of hair, just peeping above the counter, displaying at the same time, a marvellous stock of shrewdness and low cunning, from one of so small a growth.

"Oh!" said Dickory, after a short pause, "any thing else?"

"No, nuffin else, on'y mother says you're an old cheat, and ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Any other compliment to add to that 'un?" replied Dickory.

"No, no other, as I knows on,—good mornin'," said the girl, walking off.

It was manifest that Dickory was a little out of sorts that morning, something unusual had ruffled his temper, and this episode of the "sarsepan," and the sarse with it, added not a little to his discomfiture.

"What next, I wonder," said he, snatching hold of a dirty, well-thumbed *Weekly Dispatch*, which he never dispatched spelling and reading until the end of every week; indeed this luxury, added to half a pint of porter and a pipe, for about an hour every evening, at the "Dog and Whistle," an opposition public to the "Cat and Bagpipes," where used to assemble the same three wits, to hear the same three stories, and interchange the same three civilities, constituted pretty much the whole pleasure of his monotonous life.

"'It never rains but it pours!' What next, I wonder?" Here the man of letters, or the "blue collar boy," as he was called by his friends, (the postmen), he being one of the trio aforesaid, made his appearance; and throwing down three letters—

"I deal you out a tray this time, old fellow!" ejaculated he, "how goes it this morning?"

"O, very bad, surely," rejoined Dickory, "the missus has been kept up all night with the tooth-ache and ear-ache, and little Adam is a cuttin' his teeth, and thinks it necessary that all in-doors and out-o'doors should know of it. I ha'nt had a wink o'sleep all this blessed night, but ha' been sittin' bolt upright, a rockin' o' one and consolin' o' t'other till I'm a most worn out."

"Some of the sweets of matrimony!" said that functionary, binding up his letters, and turning the corner abruptly, so as to cut off part of the last word, thereby showing a lamentable want of sympathy for the ordinary troubles of life.

"Three on 'um this time," mused Dickory, and eyeing the letters askant, and betraying a fear of their contents,—"It never rains but it pours." Opening one, he read thus:

"Sir—I am desired by my client, Mr.—— to apply to you for two years' rent now due, amounting to the sum of £180, which, together with the costs of this application, I request you will settle by to-morrow, in order to avoid unpleasant consequences.

Y'rs, truly, James Short,
Att'y at Law."

Opening the second, thus:

"On H. M. Service—Sir,—You are requested, on or before the 17th inst. to pay into our office, the sum of eleven pounds, thirteen shillings and seven pence, three farthings; amount of poor rates due last March;

or to show cause there and then, why this amount should not be levied on your property to discharge the same, &c., &c."

The third ran thus :

"Dear Dick—If you could send us the two suffrins you promised, in part payment of your debt, we should be obliged, as me and my husbun is out of work, and have bin a most thro' the winter. So no more at present from your sister-in-law,

DEBORAH DO-LITTLE.

"So no more at present—God forbid there should be!"—muttered Dickory. "One trouble's enough at a time, in all conscience, but in this blessed country, there's one down, and another come on, afore you can breathe agin. One hundred and eighty pounds!—Whew!—Let me see!—But the lodgers 'll pay sixty of that; and forty for the 'prentis, when his indenters are signed, make a hundred; then there's eleven pounds odd for taxes. Bless the Queen, but cuss her taxes, says I. Well, Dickory, you've got into a precious mess this time, and the subject next for consideration of your getting in, must be of your getting out of it." Here a stamping noise over head was heard :—

"Can't you keep that there child quiet a moment, while I get a bit o' sleep?—What's the matter with him now?"—bawled his wife from up stairs.

"He's smashed his nose agin the bellows, and is now bellowing for the loss of them, and the pain on it. I can't keep him quiet, and what's more, I won't;" and angrily he turned to his paper again and read :—"Brutal assault upon a wife—six month's imprisonment with hard labor—Suicide by jumping off London bridge." Thus he read on until his heart reproached him for the harsh expression that he had just uttered to the partner of his joys and sorrows. Amidst all his vexations he was rarely heard to utter an unkind expression to her, and she knew that there must be something unusually annoying to irritate him thus, and was silent always upon such occasions. "Poor wretch! muttered he to himself, after having spelt through the last event,—"your troubles are over for one while. You'll have no more taxes to pay:—no doubt you've paid all the debts you owe, by this last debt of natur." Tossing once more the paper from him, he seized his thumb-worn day-book; and what a dreary account of debts was there arrayed before him. "I'm earning doubtful pence, while my expenses are certain pounds," said he. In a sort of dogged humor he tossed his book from him, and in a fit of desperation filled his pipe, thrust himself down upon his three-legged stool, leaned his back against the wall, raised his legs to the height of the counter, thereon deposited them, and gave himself up, (now he had silenced his wife, and the bellows, his child—who had cried himself to sleep) to a profound reverie. But this humor did not last long. His mind no doubt was soothed, but not satisfied with the pipe, so snatching once more the paper, his eye, after a time, alighted on a piece of information, that appeared to astound him. His stubble-like hair stood erect, his eyes opened wider and wider, and his mouth followed the example; his face grew first pale, then red, then pale, alternately. His whole frame shook with wild emotion, the hand could scarcely hold the paper. At last he uttered, or rather shouted—"Why, what do I see! Yes 'tis, no it is'nt! It can't be! Yes it can! Let me read again:—

"If the heir or next akin to Jacob Hickleberry will apply to Messrs. Suit & Nabb, No. 25 Furnivals Inn, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. The said Jacob Hickleberry, somewhere about the year 18—— left London for New York, leaving behind him, in St. Martin's Workhouse, his two sons, Dickory and David; the elder, it is supposed, was drowned in the Paddington Canal, having run away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was bound apprentice. The other son, David, left about the same time, the workhouse aforesaid, and was never more heard of. Any party or parties in possession of information relative to the said family, are requested immediately to apply to our office, where he or they will be amply rewarded for their trouble."

"Hoorah! Hoorah!! Hoorah!!!—One! Two! Three!—Hip! Hip! Hoorah!! Hoo-

rah!!!— Fol-lol-di-rol-o-tol-de-rol — Hi-tol-der-rol-o-tol-de-ra—God be praised! Here's an end to all my troubles," shouted poor Dickory, and in the uncontrolled state of his phrenzy, he leaped upon his counter, and commenced dancing a fandango, kicking all the pots and jars, candlesticks and fire-shovels, towards every point of the compass. His wife, hearing so unusual a noise, made her appearance in her *robe-de-nnit*, with her *poor* head bound up, representing much the appearance of an enormous Christmas pudding, clothed and ready-bound to be tumbled into the boiling festive pot

"Dickory! dear Dickory!" said she, in the kindest mood, "what is the matter with you? Your many troubles have turned your poor head and driven you mad. Don't Dickory, don't. You frighten me! I'll not be unkind again, indeed, I won't!"

"Don't disturb me, Doll! I'll tell you all. Let me have my fling out," with this utterance, he still continued to kick and smash every tin utensil he could lay his hands on, as if to wreak his vengeance upon a business, that, with all his daily and unceasing efforts, from five o'clock in the morning till dark at night, through many dreary years, had scarcely afforded him an honest loaf of bread.

When Dickory's legs had had their full fling out, the wife, with tears in her eyes, after surveying the wholesale destruction and confusion around her, meekly again opened the enquiry, "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?—Nothing in the world's the matter, only that you're a gentleman, and I'm a lady, that's all. Read that!" said Dick, pointing to the advertisement in the paper.

"Dear Dick! You know I can't read. Dear! dear!—I wish somebody would call in a doctor!"—"A what"—said Dickory; "is Adam ill? O! I had forgot your tooth-ache, and ear-ache. You shall have Sir Peter Testie to it, and he shall extract your ear, and poultice your tooth, after the most approved fashion of chloriform; or in any other form you please, my duck!"

"Dear Dicky, but what about the news-paper?" enquired Dorothy, in utter amazement, in which doubt and fear formed the greatest part of her excitement. "Do pray read it!"—

Dickory, thus solicited, read the paragraph, and if he showed much agitation, the wife betrayed much more; the news appeared to bereave her of her senses for a time, and it was doubtful whether the paroxysm would end in hysterics, or hydraulics. However, the latter came abundantly to her relief, and crying and sobbing by turns, and now and then embracing her Dickory, the first words she uttered were—

"Now then, I can have the ostrich feather to my lavender bonnet, that I have set my heart so long upon. Dear Hicky! forgive me. I am an ungrateful wife, for with all your distress for money, will you believe it, I have hoarded up nearly a pound by odd farthings and ha'-pence, without your knowin' on it. Do forgive me!"

"Ostrich feather, Mrs. Hickleberry! you shall have a dress made of porcupine quills, if you like; but don't forget now your sittivation as a lady, for as sure as you are born, we shall live to beat the Higginses holler, and right sorry they'll be that they have cut our acquaintance, because I had nothing but my old coat, and you your old gown, to appear in at their stuck-up Christmas party. Kiss me, Dolly, and then I'll go and have that infernal tooth out o' your head, that's deprived us of sleep for these blessed three nights."

"Dicky, believe me, it's all gone, like magic; and so is my face, my ear I mean. Now, what will you do Dicky?

"Do!—What will I *not* do! Why, I'll go first to our dear old friend Hobbs, who, you know, has trusted us all along for a whole two months, with groceries, and never as'd us for a blessed penny. And the last time I saw him at the Dog and Whistle, and venter'd on the sore pint, he squeezed my hand, the good old fellow did, and said, Hickleberry, I know you to be an honest man, and that's as good as payment any day

in the week. I never lost a penny in my life by any honest critter, whatever might be appearances; and something tells me that you are sure to get out o' my debt all the time you keeps your courage up, and your tin hammer a goin'. Bless his heart, he shall go along with me, and arrange the business with the lawyer man. So do you get the chops ready for dinner, with the ostrich feather money, and we'll have sich a breakfast, and sing, *O be joyful*, for grace, in sich a style, as shall astonish the natives of Old Seven Dials."

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY IN THE MINES.—ANOTHER HERO.

"I wonder what they are doing at home to-day," said a rough-hewn, athletic son of the mountains to one of his cabin-mates. "How I should like to be there. To-day is my birth day. In my mind's eye I think I can see father as plain as if he were before me, just shaving himself in the little parlor, ready for church. Mother is stirring up the fire to air his shirt, which hangs before it on a chair. Sister Mary is just cutting off a mutton-chop and preparing it for breakfast. I can hear the kettle singing. Brother George has just come in from feeding the pigs and poultry, bringing in his hand a number of fresh laid eggs. I can almost hear him say, I wish Tom had some of these, as he proudly shows them to Mary; and she answers with a sigh—'Oh! what would I give if I could but see poor Tom sitting down in his old chair by mother's elbow there; I wonder what he is doing at this moment; if we could but just peep in at his cabin door.' Susan keeps bobbing in and out, with her fiery-red cap-strings flying, as she passes rapidly backwards and forwards, to remind them that it is getting late for church; moreover, it is her Sunday out, and her sweetheart is waiting at the well-known stile, at the end of the long lane that leads to the church. 'Father,' says mother, with tears in her eyes, 'tis dear Tom's birth-day.' Father stops stropping his razor suddenly, and with a trembling voice recollects that 'so it is.' Then follows a long pause. At last George interchanges the same thought—'I wonder what he is about at the diggings? 'Tis strange that we have not had a letter from him since last November!' 'Why, how can you expect it?' father says; 'letters don't fly through the air like pigeons, and you forget he can't write himself; God forgive me. Dear Tom—how we shall remember him in our prayers at church, on this, his birth-day.'"

"For mercy's sake, stop dwelling on that picture," cries one of his mates, "unless you wish me to go and hang myself. I have but you two friends, my dear fellows, in the wide world. My earliest recollections of home, such as it was, are misery itself. Born almost in a workhouse, the only faces that glare upon me at this moment, are the hard-hearted master, the surly matron, and the touch-me-not parson; where human creatures were looked upon, treated and fed like so many useless cattle; or, in a worse light, as incumbrances on the community. Your picture of home maddens me by its contrast to mine."

"Well, after all, to give the devil his due, the parish did that for you, though, which my parents could not do for me, with all their efforts—for it gave you a tolerable education. I wish *I* could say as much."

"Talking of parish schools, Who do you think I saw the day before yesterday?"

"Aye, I intended to ask you, for such a hang-dog expression I never saw before in any man. You were in close converse together I observed, and he turned away rather down in the mouth I thought."

"Well he may, for who in the name of the seven wonders do you think it was? And to find such a fellow *here*, of all the places in the world;—one of the laziest rascals in creation."

"I can't say."

"No less a person, I assure you, than the very overseer himself of St. Martin's workhouse, where I first drew conscious breath."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed.—I knew the fellow in a moment, from his slouch, loafer walk, his dark, scowling, and suspecting look, and I never was more gratified with any interview in my life. Many are the blows that fellow caused to be laid on my back from mere caprice; aye, the very recollection left behind brings with it a shudder, and for weeks after those thrashings, his ugly face haunted me in my dreams."

"What did he want with you now?"

"What should he but a job, for that with him meant money; he had had no luck in the mines, and was nigh giving up the ghost. I knew it all resulted from idle loafing, but I relieved his mind by giving him a five dollar piece; and after I had heard his shower of "God bless ye my fine fellow," "May ye have all the luck in the world," May it be my turn some fine day to do the like to ye," &c., &c., &c. I turned suddenly round upon him, and fixing my eyes searchingly upon him said, "I want but one favor from you."

"What's that, my dear fellow, consider it done, if in my power; you dont know how I and my daughter have suffered of late, and your generosity has set me up, and will make a man of me once more."

"Well, then, my favor is this:—If you should ever be overseer of a parish poorhouse again, don't set the example of bullying the little helpless creatures that Providence happens to cast in your way."

"What can you mean?" said he, suddenly changing color.

"You were overseer once of St. Martin's poorhouse, in London, were you not?"

"Yes; I can't deny it."

"Then ask yourself what I mean.—You should have seen the fellow's expression as he sneaked off like a whipped dog, with his once proud tail between his legs."

"Is that child his daughter?—What in the world could he bring that poor thing here for? Of all the odd things in life, what could induce the fellow to bring a young creature like that to the mines, without being willing, by labor, to provide her a living?"

"I never saw her; is she like him? She must be a beauty if she is."

"As like as a spinning-jenny is to a jack-screw.—When I lived up at Red Dog diggings, she used often to borrow little matters, and I used to notice that while she stood answering my questions, she would turn her face in an opposite direction, with fear and trembling, as if she dreaded a beating from her father, if she answered them."

"How old is she, do you think?"

"Oh! she is quite young—not more than twelve or so. We never could get many words out of her, nor know where she came from, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, ceased asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself inquisitive. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words can speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicions."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out.—I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly enquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must re-

turn immediately. Can I trust you, kind sir, to get us a doctor as soon as you can?" said the poor child, looking up in a confused manner to the one who had proffered his services.

"That you may, certainly, child; but point out to me first where you live, and my friend here will see you home, for the road is not safe for such young folks as you, at this time o' day."

"I live at Gopher Hill, about half a mile beyond the Red Rose Ranch, on the trail leading to Coarse Gold Gulch. I am not afraid, sir, to go back without any one, for you see I am provided with a companion and a friend,"—half disclosing at the same time a neat revolver, and pointing to a bluff and fierce dog, who had been reclining under a dwarf pine near the door-way, watching her every motion with the most intense anxiety.—"I thank you, sir, truly, for your kindness," added she; "I know you will not be gone long,—I shall be looking out for you. Come, Rawbones," said the child, "let's be off before 'tis quite dark."

"You decline, then, my services?" said the other man to the girl.

"I had rather go home alone, sir, as my father perhaps would'nt like it. I assure you, with Rawbones, and this loaded pistol, I shall be perfectly safe."

The dog seemed to understand and devour every word the child uttered, and rose to depart, wagging his stump of a tail as if impatient of delay. They appeared a queer couple. The one the gentlest of her sex, with a sweetness of face that a stoic could not pass without noticing and admiring. The other, one of the ugliest of all his ugly species. His head was nearly as big as his body, and as broad as long. His red mouth stretched almost from ear to ear; his jaws displaying immense power, and his formidable teeth sticking out from his under mandible, seemed to grow with the object of making himself felt in cases of emergency. Over these were surmounted a pair of round black staring wild eyes, that might cow and appal the most ferocious of beasts, and the most courageous of men. Well might the child look upon the brute as a safeguard! however much she might esteem the pistol as a friend.

"There is something in the wind about that old villain," said the miner, as he prepared to fulfil his promise to the child. "There's something there, that's about to be divulged, depend upon it! Think I'd better bring a parson with me, as well as a doctor?"

"Do so," replied the other, "and in the event of your not being successful, you, my dear fellow, are quite capable of taking a confession and offering dying consolation—so don't forget."

A Neapolitan nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death-bed, a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of that poet. "Father," answered the dying man, "to tell the truth, I never read either Dante or Ariosto."

Barnum, in a letter to the Providence *Journal*, says: "I loved to make money, but not better than I loved to spend it. I gave $20,000 per annum in charity for the last ten years, and, if I had not been a *jackass*, impulsive and *confiding*, I should not have been ruined."

A note, of which the following is a verbatim copy, was recently sent to the shop of a druggist in the neighborhood of Barnsley: "Cer,—I hev a Bad Kowld and em Hill in my Bow Hills and Hev lost my Happy Tight."

Mr. Ferguson says there is no country in the world where wives are more wor shiped than they are in France. He regrets to say, however, that all the adoration comes from somebody else's husband.

The expense of one trip of an ocean steamship across the Atlantic, is over forty thousand dollars.

A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

When Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unattainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope at the door when you step over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often as ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. But of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four rigiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without *a* tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family-plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island the position was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme, and many a day poor Mrs. R—— was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than exposed herself to be eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot. Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs. A——had it, Mrs. B—— was obliged to go with out it; and when Mrs. C——sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs. D——'s maid had just carried it away. Then of course it only circulated amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn out of it; they had all heard of it—they knew that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community when, one fine morning, a small trading vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought anything that was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G——desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L——on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots!

'What have you got?' said he.

'Tea-pots?' said the captain.

'You'll have plenty of custom, then, my fine fellow,' said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread the news. 'It's the most providentialist thing,' he observed 'that ever happened;' and, indeed, so thought everybody.

The blessed intelligence ran like wild-fire. In ten minutes, every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen rushing across the esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, less the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied.

'Which is the ship?' cried a chorus of eager voices to Sergeant L——, who, flushed with conscious importance, headed the procession.

'This is her,' said he, as he stepped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing, whilst the unfortunate candidates gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice vociferating: 'Tea-pots! tea-pots! shew us the tea-pots!'

'Tea-pots!' echoed the captain, nodding his head affirmatively.

'Where *are* the tea pots? we all want tea-pots,' cried the English.

'Tea-pots!' said the captain, with a smile

and a bow and the crew repeated after him 'tea-pots!'

But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who happening to have a smattering both of English and Romic, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter.

'He says he's freighted with tea-pots,' said Sergeant L——; 'do make him produce them.'

'What have you brought?' said the cook to the captain.

'Tea-pots!' replied the captain.

'Ah,' said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, 'he says he bring *tipotas*—dat mean, in his language, *noting!*'

MEMORIES—TO MY SISTER.

BY MONADNOCK.

Do you remmeber, my sister,
Our home in the "Old Granite State,"
In the days ere our family circle,
Was ruthlessly broken by fate?

Do you remember in spring time,
The carpet of beautiful green,
That was spread out before the old farm-house,
While snow on the hill-tops was seen?

Do you remember our rambles,
After sweet-scented, modest May Flowers,
That nestled in green pasture hillocks,
And smiled in the warm April showers?

Do you remember the garden,
And apple trees branching and strong,
Where the beautiful red-breasted robins,
Built their nests singing all the day long?

Do you remember, dear sister,
The Bible that lay on the stand,
And how we all knelt down together
And prayed in a family band?

Do you remember, one evening,
How we knelt by our father's bedside,
How kindly and fondly he blessed us
Before he so peacefully died?

These remembrances haunt me, my sister,
In the vales of this far off gold land
And memory oft brings together
The *loved* ones and *lost* of our band.

San Francisco, May 30th, 1856.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY ALICE.

We all know that the spring-time and summer are hailed with delight, and passed with pleasure, by the denizens of the mountains of California.

Each succeeding month brings its balmy breezes, rosy slumbers, vigorous health, and rural happiness, unequalled in any other land. When SUMMER'S flowery reign has ended, the mountaineer—like the grizzly monster—moves away to closer and more comfortable quarters, where within his cozy cabin-home, he can bid defiance to the Winter King.

Those who are compelled by circumstances to remain, are often surrounded by vast fields of impassable snow—towering forest-pines, covered to their summits with the frozen mantle of the storm. In this deep prison solitude, one feels the loss of kindly converse and companionship with kindred spirits, and pleasant thought-exchanges with mankind. Yes, even the awful majesty without—at other times so truly beautiful and sublime—is looked upon in cold indifference, if not with disgust.

A little California adventure of mine happened in the winter of 1850, high up in the Sierras, some twenty miles from the dividing ridge. All around, the mountain slopes descended, now gently, now abruptly towards the "Rio Sacramento," where that beautiful valley lay nestling warmly with its teeming thousands, at its base. The summer months, like their myriad flowers, were wasting away; and autumn, with its scattering foliage and lengthening shadows, followed in quick succession, leaving its trailing glories behind. Winter—stern winter—was hurrying at our heels, with but a scanty supply for its coming severity. Unused to a mountain life, we were ignorant of the quantity that would be consumed, and consequently we were but poorly prepared for it. Unskilled as my pen is in description, I will nevertheless attempt to tell you how my home really looked.

It was a neat little canvas tent, sheltered by a wide-spread pine, which had undoubtly withstood the pelting storms of centuries. Near to it was a craggy point of rocks, with its numerous sister pines skirting a little valley that opened before us. My tent, being only ten feet by eight, and a family in addition to myself being its occupants, we were compelled to do our cooking outside. This was done by the side of a roaring fire, made of dried wood, beside a log; a coffee-pot, dingy with smoke; a frying-pan, loose at the handle; a camp-kettle for bean-cooking, which sometimes were burnt and unsavory; but withal we thought ourselves lucky to have even thus some of the comforts of life. And this kind of supper was eaten—where do you think? In Nature's large drawing-room—not upon a mahogany table; but on a big flat stone, around which we sat, like so many tailors, to eat. Those never-to-be-forgotten days of beans and potatoes! They were considered a luxury, which was plainly to be seen by the eagerness manifested by all to get the greatest share. And when dried fruit was added to this feast, each one was blessed with the sight, and was often tempted to leave a spoonful, for manners' sake. We had our winter supply piled against the pine-tree that sheltered our tent. These supplies had been packed in over the mountains, only to be stolen by the wild savages, whose hideous yell is still ringing in the deep gorges and glens of the Sierras. They are a straggling remnant of the Pah-Utah tribe, who wander about with a *mahala* or two, in sparse settlements, for rummage and spoliation. They proved no friends to us, for they stole nearly all our winter store one night, as we lay dreaming in fancied security, and were off before the first streak of the next morning in their winter quarters, in the defiles of the mountains. Now, how were we, with starvation staring us in the face, to extricate ourselves from this dilemma, but to put the *apparahoes* on the

mules, and make a "pilgrim's progress" to the nearest mining town, which lay distant about thirty miles, where we might replenish our larder? This thieving tribe has become nearly exterminated, and we consoled ourselves with a wish that their death-struggle might be a pang or two the longer for stealing our camp-kettles, pork and beans. Our train was at last seen wending its way down the mountain side. An hour or two soon found us beside our friends at home, with an adequate supply, beside a huge crackling fire, against a pine log, for special benefit, earnestly discussing the merits of a hearty supper, hastily prepared for themselves, not forgetting us. Winter, with its snowy blanket, already began to spread its covering on the distant hill-tops. My better half took warning by the yellow leaf of the willows, that hung upon the margin of the streamlets. The timid deer and antelope were seen scampering away, with the strong grizzly, out of the dominion of the winter tyrant, which went whirling, shrieking with its fitful blast, through the glen. He was to take the mules below for better grazing, and return in a few days to his sequestered home, before the trail was blockaded with snow; and when I saw him seated on his mule, ready for departure, snugly ensconced in his *serapa*, I felt a presentiment of coming calamities, that his encouraging tones could not dispel; for surely "coming events cast their shadows before," especially when the sun of comfort appears about to set. Mule after mule disappeared around the hill, until the last of him was seen, waving an adieu with his slouched hat. All now, that was dear to me, was gone: the merry jingle of bells in the train, and the loud, stentorious "Hip-ah! hip-ah!" that resounded through the forest of tall pines, fell upon my ear like a funeral dirge.

Our cabin was now nearly finished for my reception. The idea of once more having a home of my own, to shelter me from the inclemency of the season, engrossed my whole attention; therefore, I had no time for long despondency or sober reflection. The gray dawn of misty morning found me wending my way to my new home of coming suffering. The snow-flakes were falling slantingly upon the frozen ground, obscuring the light of the morning sun, struggling to pierce the misty clouds that beset the snowy horizon. A furniture moving-day isnot of much importance to one who lives so far removed from fashionable life in a populous city. My cabin was not unlike "Uncle Tom's;" for it had a shake door, fastened with a peg, to keep out the bears, coyotes, and Indians. I had no trouble in arranging my furniture to my taste: it was not cumbersome nor extensive. It consisted of my little white-pine table, three or four upright stools, a fancy bedstead, with the posts (large sticks) driven in ths ground; for we had no floor; and these poles were covered with riven shakes for a cord, which, covered with bushes, made a rude bed. My carpet was indeed of a curious pattern—not of bright, large flowers, clustering warmly together, with a green sprig now and then, to make the contrast more strikingly perceptible; but in its stead, it had the genuine gunny potato-sacks, and which, when sewed together, and the ground levelled down, made us quite comfortable. But the first night's lodging we took in our cabin, was any thing but agreeable; for it had no "chinking," and the crevices were spacious enough to have thrown a good-sized calf through, provided he went feet first. I awoke the first morning, I remember, to find my bed with about two inches of snow for an outside counterpane, which had been drifted by the wind through these "chinks." But my noble, generous brother, and my own ingenious aid, soon affected a remedy. Taking boiling water, he thawed the ground, and made a mortar, which I handed to him, as he daubed it upon and over the crevices of the house. We began to feel quite grand in our snowy location, as we sat, at night fall,

beside a big fire, roaring in our huge cabin fire-place, and which reflected heat and light to our little household.

I was one morning startled from a pleasant reverie, by a good-natured looking fellow, stamping the snow from his feet, at the door, who came to invite us to a Christmas dinner, to be given by a very estimable lady, who lived a mile distant. I felt surprised to find that Christmas had rolled around so soon. I accepted the invitation, and arrived in time to partake of the luxuries, that were set on a few pine slabs before us, and which consisted of stuffed ducks and geese, a dish of real dried apples, boiled beans, some stale butter, and a dessert of hot biscuits—all which were despatched by the curious looking guests, without ceremoay, or fastidious airs, which, as every one knows, are useless commodities in the mountains. All the ladies in the little valley were in attendance, each with her "bib and tucker" on. There was a young girl among the number, who was considered a little divine in those days; and she felt her importance, by the soft, coquettish words and gestures, that no doubt turned the heads of the awe-struck gentlemen, who bent low to catch "the faintest murmur that fell from her parting lips." This accounted for their *boiled woollen shirts*, as they called them, looking cleaner; their unshorn faces looking brighter: in fact, their manners were changed from those I had ever seen before. So much for woman's angelic charms, whose genial influence is felt by the rough mountaineers, rar away from similar attractions of his once happy home.

But I must break in upon my story, to tell you that our little party's cheerfulness was suddenly damped, by the return of a few of our exiles, from the funeral of one, who, only the day before, was shot through the heart, in a dispute about a claim he held to some land, which quarrel ended with his life. He was buried without ceremony, on the hill-side, by a few rough hands, as one alone, uncared for, whose grave will never be watered by a tender mother's or sister's falling tears; and a few stones were piled upon him, as a safeguard from the wild beasts that wander about nightly for their prey. This revolting scene was soon forgotten by the group; and jest and jeer, joke and merry song—such is life—were passed around; and "all went as gleeful as a marriage bell."

The sun, next morning, had risen in splendor, and fell upon the sparkling snow, dazzling our eyes; but in the afternoon it became obscured by masses of falliug snow, which precluded all hope of the absent one's return that night, from beyond the mountains; and while I was feasting abroad, I afterwards learned that the coyotes were feasting on my two chickens at home, which I had brought thither from the valley below. It snowed, without cessation, for three weeks; which entirely excluded us from the valley world below by an impenetrable barrier of huge snow-drifts, which lay in the mountain trail, at the depth of fifty feet. Day after day, would the sun rise behind purple clouds of snow, and set in misty vapors. In this way, weeks rolled on, and no letters came, nor tidings of my own dear absent husband, over whom, I often imagined, the wolves might be holding a dreadful carnival, in some snowy den. It was then that I felt a certain uncansciousness and loneliness of heart, such as I never felt before. How often did I invoke sleep, as the type of death, to still my heart's deep throbbings!

However, weeks came and went; our little store of provision was nearly exhausted. Time sped on meanwhile; I know not how; for I lost the reckoning of the day of the week. All days were alike, tumbled together in agonizing bewilderment, The tall pines swayed to and fro upon the hill, by the side of our rude cot, sounding like wild beasts eager for their prey. I thought of the freezing travellers of St. Bernard, in the frozen Alps, turning their glassy

eyes heavenward, when the film of death was shutting the loved ones from their view. Such might soon be our fate; for all our winter store had gone, but a few pounds of rice. I had not, for weeks, tasted a cup of coffee or tea, or any other civilized luxury. However, after hours and days of loneliness and bitter privation, spring, gentle, balmy spring, came again, chasing before it the ugly impediments of the traveller's path, making all nature look gay; and with it came the dear storm-stayed, long-wished for one, gladdening my heart with his wonted smiles, and my little home with all that I wished for to make life comfortable; for he had brought with him a train of mules, heavily laden,—not even forgetting the smallest item, which I had commissioned him to bring.

On looking back upon the scenes through which I had passed, I cannot help being reminded of the poet's lines:—

"Oh, heavens! 'tis a fearful thing,
"Beneath the tempest's beating wing,
"To struggle on like stricken'd deer,
"When swoops the monarch-bird of air:
"To breast the loud wind's fitful spasm,
"To brave the cloud and shun the chasm,
"Like some poor pelted shallop's sail,
"Between the ocean and the gale."

Doctor Dititdowns in search of the Picturesque, Arabesque, Grotesque, and Burlesque.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

On my way to Ballinomuck I stumbled upon an odd scene—an Irish hedge school. It was held behind an old dilapidated barn; of which, its side, and two untrimmed wild hedges, formed a triangle. Expecting something worthy of my note book, I stood behind the barn unseen and awaited the commencement of the dominie's scholastic exercises.

"Judy my darlint," said the professor, have ye brought the big bunch of turnips the mother of ye promised last week, case how no turnips, no goggrify. Och, does she think a man's brains are like the father's blessing to be had for the axin. Get along with ye and bring your quid pro quo. Blood and tunder Paddy O'Dooly, Is that the way you enter the house of larnin' jumping over the hedge in that way, so as to knock the master off his cintre of gravity, as if he was no better nor a ninepin. Go round to the gate like a christian, and do your gentilities, and show the difference twixt a cow and a gintilman, as I taught ye's. Teddy Rourke, do you know ye spalpeen ye got a dangerons thing under your arum (arm) jis now; which same I tould you, before to-morrow, little was the use of it.

"Please Sir," 'tis my book.

"Book do ye call it? bythe powers it requires no dissarnment, I tell it ye, to see 'tis a dangerous thing, for the holy Pope, the poet says—

"A little larning is a dangerous thing," and your book as ye call it has only two laves, and they are only the kivers of it. Molly O'Flaherty come and con the letters child; sure, some day if ye make sich rapid progress, ye'll startle the world as a man of letters. What's that thing that stands a top of the hill that leads the way like a straddling handpost and points to the Great Timple of all the Sciences?"

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no"—what's dried grass what horses eat?"

"Wuts?"—(oats.)

"Wuts—no, hay. The next in order of succession"

"Dun'no."

"What's the little thing wot stings?"

The girl looking up grinning,—Your huckle switch.

"Och, and don't ye desarve it for your attempt." "No," that same is B. Bee.

The third—"Dun'no that?" What do I do with my eyes?

"You squints."

"Oh!" Well, if the master miss the mark with his eye the scholar shall see strait this time. Whack! Whack!! Tell the mith-

er when ye gets to the home, that ye'll never learn your A. B. C. case as how, yer D. E. F. to my instruction, blazes take ye. Here Biddy take this ganius and hammer into her, if ye wish to be sillibrated as a ganius yersel, the first half-dozen of the alphabet. Billy O'Toole come up and prosade wid yer spellin'. Och, an ye know that ye know your alphabet backards, and forards, and sideways, and if so be aven, oopside doon too ye puzzler. What's that letter?—(Pause.) What lays eggs?

"Cock."

"Cock!—Cock lay eggs!" Did iver any one hear the like of that. Cock lay eggs. (Loud laughter by all the alumni.) Holy Vargin! Has your father's wife any more sich son's? By the soul of St. Patrick there is one consolation for ye. Ye'll be some fine morning, if not a Solomon, the next door to it, a Solon.—Prosade wid the next—"What's that round thing with a hole in it?"—

"O."

"The next—(long pause)—What grows over Father O'Grady's tomb in the big church of—no matter where?" Give us a brace of 'em an ye'll guess that same"

"Can't say."

"Yew—double yew—N. O. W." "What's the next thra legg'd thing?" "M"—good for you, N. has two legs remimber that my jewel. "What's next—the thing that's sittiwated in the right and left centre of your face, somewhere between the ragion of he chake and the forehead?"

"I."

"Och honey yer in luck this day. What's next?" "Dun'no?"—"Try again.—Where will the blaggard go that stole my pig, whin 'twas jist the dicky to pay the rint?"

"L."

"'Tis jist that same. Now for the foot of it? The word—not the pig I mane, ye ganius?'"

"Dun'no."

"Och honey, put the steam up and ye'll complish it."

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no? What's wanting to the door that's locked when ye'd have it open in less than no time for the pratees?"

"A Kick."

"Och murther ye've missed, when I made ye hit it as plain as a pick."

"A Kay ye ninny. Does'nt a Kay lock the door win 'tis shut and unlock 't win it's open?"

"Now my jewel, look out for the fine work, put 'em all tegither every mither's soul o' 'em, and tell me like a mou the sum tottle."

"M-I-L-K."

"Good for ye, patting his head, O but ye're destined some of these fine days to be the historian of Ballinomuck, and all nations will bow doon to ye like old Phari of old."

"Now dove-tail 'em all thegither and tell me, my son, the full amount of all the day's work?"

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no. Och! honey! whew! Stars and blankets yer wits are gone to look afther one anither.—What does the mither put into her tay?"

"Mother puts rum, father does the whisky."

'Och faith, that's while the cow's gone to grass. Well, no bad substitute for that same."

"'Tis Milk my son. Milk, Now look out for the next comer; but I'll tell 't ye to save extraordinary exartion, and to same time in gettin over the ground?" The—

"The."

"Now by your grandfather's shillelah look out for squalls, here comes a poser, but what's that rum customer ye'd be afther takin' by the horns afore he'd make mince meat o' 'ye darlint?"

"Bull."

"Good for ye now prime boy. One more pull, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull althegither now. What's the bull's lawful wife called? Don't be afther spakin' afore the thinkin', seein' and heerin'. For ye know that ould natur' the darlint, has

gave ye two eyes, two ears, and a peck of brains to on'y one tongue. For that same raisin ye should sae twice, hear twice, and think a peck o' things afore ye'll be af'ther spakin' at all, at all—barrin the guesses.

"Cow."

"Och honey, ye've made the bull's eye like a larned marksman, as ye are, and now ye're in the right direction for the Great Timple of Fame. Tell me darlint—If a sack o' pratees cost as much as 'll fill up a pocket-hole, how many miles it's from Ballinomuck to Christmas?"

"He! He! He!"

"Whisht, by St. Bridget ye're no fool, for the masther can't make ye one. My blessin' on you Billy O'Toole.—Saints presarve us, ye'll be gettin' ould Ireland out of debt, or be payin' off the thunderin' one of the Sister land afore the world's awake, when ye've left off the boy's brogues one of these fine days.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and others, that "An is an indefinite article."

Bare Wine.—A wine has been lately advertised under the name of Naked Sherry. If naked sherry is like naked truth, there can be no objection to its nudity. We dare say it is very good tipple; and one thing seems clear, which is, that if a wine is really naked, it must, at least, have some body.—*Punch.*

"You look like death on a pale horse," said a gentleman to a toper, who was pale and emaciated.

"I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I'm death on pale brandy."

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own! Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?"

"To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will take a joke from a friend."

ADDRESS

Of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, June 9th, 1856.

To the People of California: The Committee of Vigilance, placed in the position they now occupy by the voice and countenance of the vast majority of their fellow-citizens, as executors of their will, desire to define the necessity which has forced this people into their present organization.

Great public emergencies demand prompt and vigorous remedies. The people—long suffering under an organized despotism, which has invaded their liberties, squandered their property, usurped their offices of trust and emolument, endangered their lives, prevented the expression of their will through the ballot-box, and corrupted the channels of justice,—have now arisen, in virtue of their inherent right and power. All political, religious, and sectional differences and issues, have given way to the paramount necessity of a thorough and fundamental reform and purification of the social and political body. The voice of a whole people has demanded union and organization, as the only means of making our laws effective, and regaining the rights of free speech, free vote, and public safety.

For years they have patiently waited and striven, in a peaceable manner, and in accordance with the forms of law, to reform the abuses which have made our city a byword. Fraud and violence have foiled every effort; and the laws, to which the people looked for protection, while distorted and rendered effete in practice, so as to shield the vile, have been used as a powerful engine to fasten upon us tyranny and misrule.

As Republicans, we looked to the ballot-box as our safeguard and sure remedy. But so effectually and so long was its voice smothered, the votes deposited in it by freemen so entirely outnumbered by ballots thrust in through fraud, at midnight, or nullified by the false counts of judges and inspectors of elections, at noonday, that

many doubted whether the majority of the people were not utterly corrupt.

Organized gangs of hired men, of all political parties, or who assumed any particular creed from mercenary and corrupt motives, have parcelled out our offices among themselves, or sold them to the highest bidders:

Have provided themselves with convenient tools to obey their nod, as clerks, inspectors, and judges of election:

Have employed bullies and professional fighters to destroy tally-lists by force, and prevent peaceable citizens from ascertaining, in a lawful manner, the true number of votes polled at our elections:

And have used cunningly contrived ballot-boxes, with false sides and bottoms, so prepared, that, by means of a spring or slide, spurious tickets, concealed there previous to the election, could be mingled with genuine votes!

Of all this we have the most irrefragable proofs. Felons from other lands and States, and unconvicted criminals equally as bad, have thus controlled public funds and property, and have often amassed sudden fortunes, without having done an honest day's work with head or hands. Thus the fair inheritance of our city has been embezzled and squandered; our streets and wharves are in ruins, and the miserable entailment of an enormous debt will bequeath sorrow and poverty to another generation.

The jury-box has been tampered with, and our jury trials have been made to shield the hundreds of murderers whose red hands have cemented this tyranny, and silenced with the bowie-knife and the pistol, not only the free voice of an indignant press, but the shuddering rebuke of the outraged citizen.

To our shame be it said, that the inhabitants of distant lands already know that corrupt men in office, as well as gamblers, shoulder-strikers, and other vile tools of unscrupulous leaders, beat, maim, and shoot down with impunity, as well peaceable and unoffending citizens, as those earnest reformers who, at the known hazard of their lives, and with singleness of heart, have sought in a lawful manner to thwart schemes of public plunder, or to awaken investigation.

Embodied in the principles of republican government are the truths that the majority should rule; and when corrupt officials, who have fraudulently seized the reins of authority, designedly thwart the execution of the laws, and avert punishment from the notoriously guilty, the power they usurp reverts back to the people from whom it was wrested. Realizing these truths, and confident that they were carrying out the will of the vast majority of the citizens of this county, the Committee of Vigilance, under a solemn sense of the responsibility that rested upon them, have calmly and dispassionately weighed the evidence before them and decreed the death of some and banishment of others, who by their crimes and villanies had stained our fair land. With those that were banished, this comparatively moderate punishment was chosen, not because ignominious death was not deserved, but that the error, if any, might surely be upon the side of mercy to the criminal. There are others scarcely less guilty, against whom the same punishment has been decreed; but they have been allowed further time to arrange for their final departure; and with the hope that permission to depart voluntarily might induce repentance, and repentance amendment, they have been permitted to choose, within limits, their own time and method of going.

Thus far, and throughout their arduous duties, they have been, and will be guided by the most conscientious convictions of imperative duty; and they earnestly and prayerfully hope, that in endeavoring to mete out merciful justice to the guilty, their counsels may be so guided by that Power before whose tribunal we shall all stand, that in the vicissitudes of after life, amid

the calm reflections of old age, and in the clear view of dying conscience, there may be found nothing we would regret, or wish to change.

We have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, no private ends to accomplish.

Our single, heart-felt aim is the public good—the purging from our community of those abandoned characters whose actions have been evil continually, and have finally forced upon us the efforts we are now making. We have no favoritism as a body; nor shall there be evinced, in any of our acts, either partiality for, or prejudice against, any race, sect, or party.

While thus far we have not discovered, on the part of our constituents, any indication of lack of confidence, and have no reason to doubt that the great majority of the inhabitants of the county endorse our acts, and desire us to continue the work of weeding irreclaimable characters from the community, we have, with deep regret, seen that some of the State authorities have felt it their duty to organize a force to resist us. It is not impossible for us to realize that not only those who have sought place principally with a view to public plunder, but also those gentlemen who, in accepting offices to which they were honestly elected, have sworn to support the laws of the State of California, find it difficult to reconcile their supposed duties with acquiescence in the acts of the Committee of Vigilance, since they do not reflect that, perhaps, more than three-fourths of the people of the entire State sympathize with and endorse our efforts; and as that all law emanates from the people, so that, when the laws thus enacted are not executed, the power returns to the people, and is theirs, whenever they may choose to exercise it. These gentlemen would not have hesitated to acknowledge this self-evident truth, had the people chosen to make their present movement a complete revolution, recalled all the power they had delegated, and re-issued it to new agents, under new forms.

Now, because the people have not seen fit to resume *all* the powers they have confided to executive or legislative officers, it certainly does not follow that they cannot, in the exercise of their inherent sovereign power, withdraw from corrupt and unfaithful servants the authority they have used to thwart the ends of justice.

Those officers, whose mistaken sense of duty leads them to array themselves against the determined action of the people, whose servants they have become, may be respected, while their error may be regretted; but none can envy the future reflections of that man who, whether in the heat of malignant passion, or with the vain hope of preserving by violence a position obtained through fraud and bribery, seeks, under the color of law, to enlist the outcasts of society, as a hireling soldiery in the service of the State, or urges criminals, by hopes of plunder, to continue, at the cost of civil war, the reign of ballot-box stuffers, suborners of witnesses, and tamperers with the jury-box.

The Committee of Vigilance believe that the people have entrusted to them the duty of gathering evidence, and, after due trial, expelling from the community those ruffians and assassins, who have so long outraged the peace and good order of society, violated the ballot-box, overridden law, and thwarted justice.

Beyond the duties incident to this, we do not desire to interfere with the details of government.

We have spared and shall spare no efforts to avoid bloodshed or civil war, but, undeterred by threats or opposing organizations, shall continue, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, this work of reform, to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Our labors have been arduous, our deliberations have been cautious, our determinations firm, our counsels prudent, our motives pure; and, while regretting the imperious necessity which called us into action, we are anxious that this necessity should

exist no longer; and when our labors shall have been accomplished—when the community shall be freed from the evils it has so long endured—when we have insured to our citizens an honest and vigorous protection of their rights,—then the Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people, from whom it was received.

[Published by order of the Committee.]

33, *Secretary.*

{Seal of the Committee.}

"SPECIMENS" WORTH SAVING.

We cannot refrain from clipping the following beautiful sentiment from 'Meister Karl's Sketch Book,' entitled 'The Night of Heaven,' it is so full of touching tenderness and feeling:

'It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the results of long years swept cruelly away by the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him, even here on earth, gleams of light in heaven!

'It is dark, when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the little pattering feet no more resound without the threshhold, or ascend, step by step, the stairs. Dark, when some well-known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice, now hushed in death! Darkness, indeed; but only the gloom which heralds the day-spring of immortality and the infinite light of heaven!

'It is dark, when, in later life, we tread the scene of long-vanished pleasures—pleasures pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilled our soul—whose voices, like those of some phantom-band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder than when chiming with the after-echo, 'We return no more!' Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there are loftier joys awaiting in the golden Eden-Land, which lies beyond the sunset of life, and is gladdened by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark, very dark, when the grim hand of sickness has passed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic stroke, and left behind the life-enduring sorrows of blindness, decrepitude, or debility. It is dark, sadly dark, when we are neglected for the fair and comely, who abound in this gay and heartless world. Cheer up, thou poor sufferer; for there be those among the angels who love thee, and thou wilt yet shine fair as they, when touched by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark in the heart of man all over this fair, green world. It is dark beneath the noon-day sky—dark in the sun-ray, the moon-beam,—the star-light. But for the true heart and trusting soul, who lives in the life of love and gentleness; there beameth ever, a light of joy from Heaven!'

"I WONDER what has become of the snuffers?" said Mrs. Johnson, "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them high or low."

Nobody could give any information.

After a while the hired Dutchman getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots preparatory to going to bed.

"All dis day," said he, "I tink I got some little grable stones in my boots, I kess I kit 'em out now."

He turned up his boot and poured out the snuffers.

"PA, I planted some potatoes in our garden, and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No, sir-ee, there came up a drove of hogs and eat them all."

LOST! A lawyer's conscience, somewhere between the court house and the post office; but as it was nearly worn threadbare, no great reward will be paid for it.

THE VIGILANCE CALL.

Away, away to duty, no longer linger now,
Merchant leave the counting-room, Farmer leave the plow;
Miner drop the heavy pick, Trader leave thy wares,
Artizan, Mechanic, now, assume your country's cares;
The Ballot-box is naught to thee, 'tis wrested from thy power,
Thy fathers purchased it with blood, and left it as thy dower;
But villains of the darkest dye, have wrested it from thee,
And now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Who fill thy posts of honor? are they honest men and free?
Will they ever be found faithful to thy country or to thee?
Are they men of sterling wisdom? elected by one voice?
The best men in the nation? the people's only choice?
Blush now to own the truth, and hang thy head with shame.
Thy rulers have been rowdies—and disgraced to thee thy name,
Loafers bribed by hireling gold—knaves of a foreign shore,
Murderers, convicts, bullies—how I blush to name them o'er.

Freeman be up and doing, thy country calls for thee,
No longer look discouraged, no longer bend the knee;
Dare to assert thy rights—fight for them if ye must,
And yield not till your life's blood is mingled with the dust;
Upon the pine-clad mountain, deep in the fertile valę,
Is heard the infant orphan's cry, the widow's bitter wail:
And villains of the darkest dye would take thy life from thee,
But rise up *now* a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

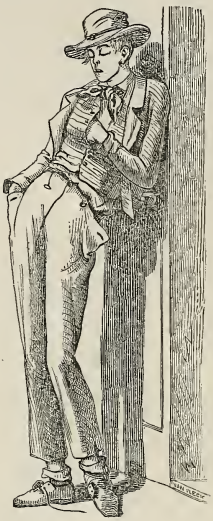
Then husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, ALL vigilant be now,
For curs'd is he who would look back with hand upon the plow;
The work of reformation has scarcely yet begun,
Then shrink not back from duty, till faithfully 'tis done;
The FUTURE of this golden west is now within thy hands,
Wilt thou give it noble freedom? or succumb to knavish bands:
Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters are pleading now for thee,
So now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Then away, away to duty, 'tis woman bids thee go,
Though her soul is full of sadness—her heart with deepest woe;
Oh! 'tis a fearful thing we know—we've thought it o'er and o'er,
Yet, though we love *thee* dearly, we love *thy honor* more.
Then come to us thou nobly brave, we'll gird thy armor on,
And then go kneel in prayer, till the battle's lost or won:
Yes, women will thy armor bring, and gird it on to thee,
Then stand up *now*, a *freeman*, or *forever* bend the knee!

San Francisco, May, 1856. CARRIE D.

THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

From advance sheets of Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory, we see that he gives the credit of the invention of the steamboat to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton. He produces good authority to sustain him in his assertions, and the friends of Fitch will no doubt be glad to find justice will be done in this work. It appears that John Fitch invented and made a successful trial trip with his steamboat at Philadelphia, in 1786, which averaged nearly eight miles an hour, and that afterwards, while he was in Paris, trying to obtain aid from the French government to further his objects, he met Robert Fulton, who was there with his submarine battery for blowing up ships; and Fulton, by pretending to take great interest in John Fitch, obtained plans and drawings of his steamboat by giving him some milk and water letters to various persons. Poor Fitch remained in Europe some time, trying to get capitalists to advance him funds to prosecute his great invention, but without success. They called him crazy, little dreaming of the prize they were losing. Meantime, Robert Fulton returned to New York, and obtaining funds from Chancellor Livingston, built the steamer "Clermont," on the North River, in 1806, using in her one of Watt's improved steam engines ordered from England. This was fully twenty years after John Fitch had demonstrated the practicability of stemming the mighty Mississippi with the steamboat. In 1811, Robert Fulton and Livingston claimed the exclusive privilege of navigating the Ohio and Mississippi by steam. Several boats were thus tied up, but at the great trial in New York, it was satisfactorily and conclusively proved that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, but to John Fitch belonged the high honor of first moving in this wonderful discovery.—*Cincinnati Times.*



OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

The above interesting specimen of humanity was our next door neighbor in Forty-nine: we ought, perhaps, to say that he lived next door, but he never crowded life so much as to *live* anywhere—he merely staid there. His appearance generally reminded you of a pair of sugar tongs, with a jacket and hat upon them, his legs having monopolized three-fifths of the individual; moreover, he was capable of enduring a vast amount of ease, but his greatest enemy could never accuse him of being caught at work, for the conclusive reason that he did not like work well enough, even to lie down beside it; lest it might entrap him unawares to doing any. He was once invited to engage in it for exercise, but he gave the beautiful answer—"nary time, not as I noze on."

Having a desire to be rich—for that whispered of shady trees, on sunny days—like many others he resolved to try his luck at "monte," and to raise a stake he crept

stealthily to his father's pockets, on a prospecting trip, while he was asleep, and took the money; always leaving the industrious old man without any.

A neighbor residing in the adjoining cabin, after telling us the exploits of "that lazy cuss," wound up his story with "ef that ere boy b'long'd to me, I wouldn't like to kill the boy edzactly, but darn me if I wouldn't trade him for a dog, and I'd kill the dog—sure!"

Editor's Table.

SOCIAL CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our social chat this month will be very short for two reasons; first, because we have but little to say, and next, because we have but few contributors; and they are our old acquaintances and friends—with whom we have spent many gossiping hours and hope to do again. We shall be happy, however, to increase the number, and hope that many will take an interest in our Magazine, and send us their sunny thoughts with which to brighten and enliven its pages.

We wish to make it as truly Californian as we can, in every feature. We hope that many of our old acquaintances in the mountains, will write us something racy, and terse, and good, and when they get off a good joke, to send it to us. When they have a good story, let them give ourselves and our readers the benefit of it. We shall allow the ladies to abuse the gentlemen, and give the gentlemen an opportunity to defend themselves, or get some lady friend to do it for them; and we—with their permission—will see fair-play. We wish to encourage intellectual sport, and to scatter good humor freely, and, with your assistance, kind reader, we hope to make our Magazine as welcome to all, as would be a ray of sunlight on a cloudy day.

We cordially invite contributions from ladies and gentlemen of literary taste and education, upon any and every subject interesting to Californians. And as we wish to present as great a variety as possible, we would suggest brevity—in their favors.

To our juvenile friends, we wish to say, that we shall reserve a little corner for their compositions, as we wish to encourage them to cultivate a taste for writing.

We have received the following, and insert it, by way of commencement:

TO MY FLOWERS.

You pretty little beauteous things,
I wonder if in Heaven,
Angels wear you on their wings,
Or but to us are given.

MARY.

We think that the thought is very pretty, Mary; and, that by-and-by you will do much better.

We would make a few suggestions to our young friends. Let your communications be short, and to the purpose. If you have but one thought, express it clearly, and then leave it—do not spin it out to make more of it, as that is a very bad habit—rather seek to add other thoughts to the one expressed.

From our friend Sacramento, we have received an interesting description of a "Wedding Tour," and we don't wonder that they enjoyed it:

"Imagine a party of four old bachelors—all professional men, [we should think so,—but why haven't you proposed, as well as professed?] leaving the lively sounds of city life at the Capitol, on a journey of eighty or one hundred miles to witness—what they have so long sought in vain—the marriage ceremony.

"You can and will appreciate our embarrassment, as you have had many years of experience, [don't expose us, Sac.!] in our way: but we believe you are not beyond redemption, as your praiseworthy un

dertaking will, doubtless, bring you intimately with the soul-stirring constellation—some of the bright stars of which are known as 'Kattie King,' 'Jennie,' 'Bessie,' 'Stella' and a host of others, and this being Leap Year there is a faint hope left us, [Sac. ! Sac. !] that we may yet be smiled upon; our modesty thus far having prevented us from making any serious demonstration. But to the subject. Our party, after a six hour's ride on the banks and through the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, arrived in the flourishing city of M——, and here we remained for the night.

"At early dawn, the following morning, our barouche was rattling through the streets, and on our way to the festive scene. The sun soon arose in unclouded brilliancy above the snow-capped Sierras, and we continued our journey through a paradise of beautiful flowers; the choral songs of birds giving melody, life, and joy to the occasion.

"Among our party might be classed the Judicial, Musical, Medical and Legislative departments: and as we all felt gay, the merry laugh, and pleasant joke, made our morning ride one of great pleasure and enjoyment.

"We next find ourselves seated at breakfast at B., about 10 miles from M——. The landlord and lady seemed more than usually attentive, the table was loaded down with chickens, eggs, pies, cakes and sweetmeats of every kind. Our city caterer was 'nowhar.' If such was to be our reception everywhere, we only wished our friends would marry often.

"We now began to thread our way among the craggy hills and deep cañons; new and varied scenery was continually presenting itself, until we arrived at B–ville, the place of our destination, here we were received with equal, if not more cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. K., and the bridal party, who were ready and waiting for our arrival. The trying time was at hand; when we were to meet the bridal pair, (two couples) for the last time in a life of single blessedness.

"Now appeared the brides and bridegrooms, the former beautiful in appearance. Many regretted they had not themselves proposed, but it was now too late, all was lost! O! 'procrastination, thief of time' and happiness! How often have I been ruined by thee! [served you right, eh !] We resolved to object to the ceremonies, 'all was vanity,'—we were doomed to remain a little longer in old *bachelordom, but* it's not *our* fault. It is Leap Year and we are ready and willing to receive proposals [!!!]

"The two couples were united with the one ceremony. They passed through it bravely. Next came the salutations and congratulations of the bridegrooms, and kissing the brides. This latter was declared to be the most interesting, touching, and satisfactory portion of the whole ceremony. All was life and merriment until the wedding-supper, which served to increase the joy of the large company assembled. Toasts went the rounds. The great objects of attention were the bridal pairs. [We do not doubt it.] They were dressed in most tasteful array.

"We all seemed enchained to our seats by some magnetic power, until "music arose with its voluptuous swell," when, with one unanimous bound, the spell was broken, and the dance began.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
"And all went merry as a marriage bell.
"On with the dance: let joy be unconfined.
"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet"—

was the sentiment beating in every heart. Each separated, believing his cup of joy had been filled; and many a confirmed old bachelor resolved to reform this night, and become a man.

"Now, dear Ed—, if you will give us an introduction, through your columns, to Bessie, Jennie, Katie, or any of those philanthropic spirits, who have so frequently, through the *press*, thrown so many sunbeams into the "social circle," you will greatly oblige; and I will communicate with you again, *poco mas*, upon my matrimonial prospects. Adieu, SACRAMENTO."

[We should be happy to give you an introduction through our columns, "Sacramento," to the fair ladies named—with their permission—but we regret to say, as yet, we have not had that pleasure ourselves, and as you are better looking than we are, we might prefer the first chance—is that right?]

CHEATAGE.—This is a new word, coined to meet the exigencies of political parties. "Cheatage" is considered one of the most profitable perquisites of office, as well as the main stay in political tactics. Politicians cheat each other, cheat the people, and not unfrequently cheat—themselves. But there is one Old Fellow they can't cheat–he is sure to get his own!

Literary Notices.

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness, by Miss Beecher.

Allen & Spier have kindly placed upon our table this instructive little volume. To our readers, we can cordially recommend it as one of the most useful books of the present day. It is familiar, clear, and comprehensive. The lady has evidently entered upon her task with a desire to be useful to all—especially to her sex. There is nothing tedious in it; there is no false modesty about it, but its earnest teachings and common sense facts speak home to the better judgment of all. If you would have health in preference to sickness, beauty to deformity, cheerfulness to melancholy, read and practice the contents of this little volume.

To the Noisy Carrier Co., we are indebted for a hearty laugh over

Plu-Ri-Bus-Tah, a Song that's by no Author—A Deed without a Name—Perpetrated by Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.

We are tempted to give the following extracts :

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

I refuse to apologize.

When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belie history, to outrage common sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dignitaries, persons, places, and events, without the slightest regard for truth or probability,

I have done it.

I intended to compose a story without plot, plan, or regard for the rules of grammar

I have done it.

I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of prosody, and of the public.

I have done it.

I intended to upset all commonly received ideas of Chronology, and to transpose dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience.

I have done it.

I intended not only to make free with the heathen Gods, and to introduce some of them into our modern "Best Society," but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up home-made deities to suit myself.

I have done it.

I intended to slaughter the American Eagle, cut the throat of the Goddess of Liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation, and break things generally; and I flatter myself that—I have done it.

If you are discontented with the story—if the beginning does not suit you—if the middle is not to your taste—if you are not pleased with the catastrophe—if you don't like my disposition of the characters—if you find fault with my imaginative facts—if you think the poetry is n't genuine—if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the doorkeeper and get your money back, for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologize.

What are you going to do about it ?

INTRODUCTION.

Don't you ask me, whence this burlesque ;
Whence this captious fabrication,
With its huge attempt at satire,
With its effort to be funny,
With its pride in Yankee spirit,
With its love of Yankee firmness,
With its flings at Yankee fashions,
With its slaps at Yankee humbug,
With its hits at Yankee follies,
And its scoffs at Yankee bragging,
With its praise of all that's manly,
All that's honest, all that's noble,
With its bitter hate of meanness,
Hate of pride and affectation.
With its scorn of slavish fawning,
Scorn of snobs, and scorn of flunkies,
Scorn of all who cringe before the
Dirty but "almighty dollar ?"
Don't you ask—for I shan't tell you,
Lest you, too, should be a Yankee
And should turn and sue for libel,
Claiming damage, God knows how much.

In the language of "The Great Author" we advise

"Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,
Love the stilted lines of burlesque,
Want to read a song historic,
Want to read a song prophetic,
Want to read a mixed-up story
Full of facts and real transactions,
Which you know are true and life-like—
Also full of lies and fictions,
Full of characters of fancy
And imaginary people,
Buy this home-made Yankee fable ;
Buy this song that's by no author"

At the Noisy Carrier's.

Juvenile Department.

The following examples will show our juvenile friends the necessity of legible writing, correct spelling and punctuation:

A sailor, being about to start on a voyage, his wife sent the following note to the clergyman: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation;" whereas it should have been, "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The corporation of a certain city, not far from the capital of the principality of Wales, deputed its learned clerk to write to a certain innkeeper to prepare a suitable dinner for his mare and twenty of the principal burglars (burghers) of the city. To which, in due time, answer came that said mare would find plenty of oats in the stable, and said burglars lots of pistols to give them a warm reception.

"When you reseve this the fust thing you do mind is to take the new colt I baut lass week and get him shot," wrote Lord N*****, a notorious bad speller, to his groom, and to his consternation he found a fine animal a victim to his fine spelling, meaning the word "shod" instead of "shot."

Some Suffolk farmers sent an enormous turnip to George the Fourth as a present, who wrote back an acknowledgment; and mentioned that he would, in return, on a certain day, send them an *equivalent*, which the good clods made out to be an *elephant*, and accordingly provided a large house and pasture ground for his mightiness; but when the gift turned out to be a small gold snuff-box, they thought themselves mightily aggrieved, and his Majesty no gentleman.

The late Duke of Grafton's gamekeeper wrote to his friends: "The Duke of Grafton does not intend to shoot himself nor any of his tenants this year, owing to the rainy season of last year." It should have been, "does not intend to shoot, nor do any of his tenants, this year."

A learned blacksmith wrote on a notice-board, "Any parson cotched on my lot arter this nottis, I will guv him a duke in the hoss pond, for this road gose nowur, an if you can't read inquire at the blaksmith-forge."

OUR LITTLE PET.

One evening when seated by the cheerful fireside, and surrounded by the pleasant family of a friend, I noticed that more than ordinary attention was extended to a very intelligent blue-eyed girl of almost nine years, who still sat in the circle after the lesser juveniles had retired for the night. I could conceive that she was a favorite with both father and mother, and, what was rather singular, with all of the children—I cannot say that I approve of "favorites" in a family, as it too often brings discouragement and jealousy between them: but she *was* a favorite, and I must admit that in this family the utmost loving gentleness, and harmony existed. Presently she retired for the night, and as soon as the door had closed, her father drew his chair closer to mine, and pointing to the door by which she had left us, in a low voice he thus began. "You noticed little Lela who has just given us her good-night kiss, and retired?"

"Yes." Here his eyes filled with tears and deep feeling almost prevented his utterance.

"She is our favorite," he continued—"our loving pet."—A few years ago, I had the misfortune to lose every dollar I possessed, for I had borrowed money at a high rate of interest and my creditor was an unrelenting, cold-hearted and immoveable man of iron—iron in the soul; a man without feeling, without sympathy; who could never have known the luxury of one kind act—or its remembrance would have pleaded for my family. The mortgage was foreclosed and I and mine became powerless, houseless,

and hungry wanderers. By the kindness of an old acquaintance, I saw them sheltered in a very humble dwelling, and in the hope that I might save a little—if it were but a little, from the wreck of my fortunes, that I might give bread to the dear little ones that nightly gathered around my knee, I worked day and night—in vain. That credulous unrelenting hand took everything away.

"How I loved my family, and how I suffered, no heart can ever know—but, driven to despair—with shame I confess it—in a few months I became a wandering inebriate, but——"

Here he sobbed deeply, and the big tears rolled down his manly cheek, as he continued—

"But, on returning home about daylight one morning, after getting a little sobered by sleeping in a stable, I crept quietly within the house, and had scarcely set my foot, noiselessly, upon the stairs, when I heard a voice—her dear voice,—I listened—and that dear voice was nearly choked with sorrowful, and beseeching anguish as she prayed—'Oh Father, pity, oh! pity, my poor dear father—oh bring my dear, dear father back to us again, save my dear, dear father.'"

"I could hear no more, I sunk back almost involuntarily upon the floor, I sobbed aloud, and in a few moments her dear little arms were around my neck, I thought my heart would break, and for the first time since I said that beautiful prayer, 'Our Father" at my mother's knee, I knelt beside her little angel form, and the father and daughter were together pleading forgiveness at that Mercy Seat, where the prayers of the oppressed and penitent heart never ascend in vain."

"I cannot tell you all I felt in that hour of agony, but as soon as our humble morning meal—provided by the kindly sympathy of comparative strangers—was over, I resolved, though much ashamed, to unbosom my heart and seek the council and assistance of a friend."

"He heard my story in silence; what a burden of doubt was removed, when he took me warmly by the hand, and with deep feeling said:—'You are just the very man I want, to keep my books; for yesterday, my clerk commenced business on his own account, with a very intimate friend of his, and I am now without one; nothing could have been more opportune.'"

"From that day I became a new man, I devoted my whole attention to the interests of my employer; and by a kind Providence I have arisen step by step from a clerk to a business partner in the firm: and thank God we are doing a flourishing business; we are all happy together; and, I believe it almost impossible for any man to have his cup of joy so full to overflowing as is mine, and with such a pleasant family, and such a little angel in it, do you wonder that we make her 'our little pet.'"

If children would think how much joy they can give their friends by their gentle and loving thoughtfulness, there would be many more "little pets," and happy families than there are—"Don't you think so, children?"

Take the bright shell
From its home in the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
From its home and the hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

In every material action of your life consider well its probable result.

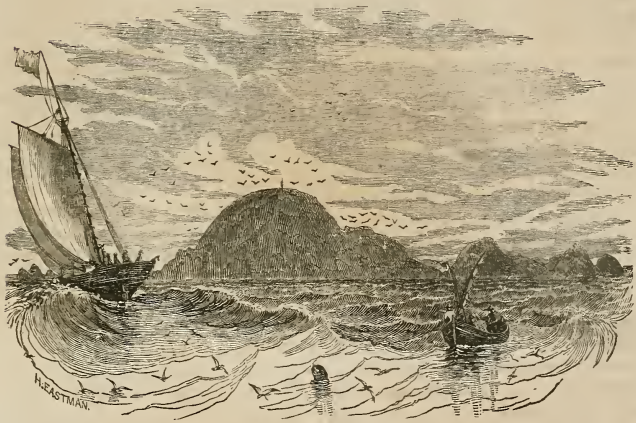
A woman's heart is a true place for a man's likeness; daguerreotype-like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow, and change, cannot efface it.—*Eliza Cook.*

A WESTERN editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

No. II.—AUGUST, 1856.—Vol. I.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE FARRALONE ISLANDS.

THE FARALLONE ISLANDS.

This is the name of a small group of rocky islands, lying in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty-seven miles west of the Golden Gate, and thirty-five miles from San Francisco. These islands have become of some importance, and of considerable interest, on account of the vast quantity of eggs that are there annually gathered, for the California market; these eggs having become an almost indispensable article of spring and summer consumption, to many persons.

By the courtesy of the Farallone Egg Company, through their President, Captain Richardson, the schooner Louise, Captain Harlow, was placed at our service, for the purpose of visiting them; and, in company with a small party of friends, we were soon upon the deep green brine, plowing our way to these "Isles of the Ocean."

To the dwellers of an inland city, there is music in the ever restless waves, as they murmur and break upon the shore; but, to sail upon the broad heaving bosom of the ocean, gives an impression of profoundness and majesty that, by contrast, becomes a source of peaceful pleasure; as *change* be-

comes *rest* to the weary. There is a vastness, around, above, beneath you, as wave after wave, and swell after swell, lifts your tiny vessel upon its seething surface, as though it were a feather—a floating atom upon the broad expanse of waters. Then, to look into its shadowy depth, and feel the sublime language of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships. *There* is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon Thee: that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled." "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof."

"They mount up to the heavens; they go down again to the depths. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Bright and beautiful slept the morning, as a light breeze, blowing gently from the mountains, filled our sails, and sped us on our way. Object after object became distant and less, as we left them far, far behind us.

"Yonder blows a whale!" cries one.

"Where?"

"Just off our larboard bow."

"Oh! I see it—but——"

"But! what's the matter?"

"Oh! I feel so seasick."

"Well, never mind that; look up, and don't think about it."

"Oh—I can't—I must——"

Reader, were you ever seasick? If your experience enables you to answer in the affirmative, you will sympathise somewhat with the poor subject of it. Yonder may be this beauty, and that wonder, but a

ARE ENCHANTED WITH THE DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT OFF THE BAR.

SEA LIONS.

HE THINKS HE WILL TAKE A YOUNG CALF HOME, BUT ITS PARENTS RAISE OBJECTIONS.

"don't-care*ishness*" comes over you, and if all the remarkable scenes in creation were just before you, "I don't care" is written upon the face, as you beseechingly seem to say: "*Pray* don't trouble me—*my hands are full.*" Whales, sea gulls, porpoises, and even the white, foamy spray, that is curling over Duxbury Reef, are alike unheeded.

"How are you now?" kindly asked our good natured Captain, of the one and the other.

"Ah! thank you; I am better."

"Here, take a cup of nice hot coffee."

"No; I thank you."

The mere mention of anything to eat or to drink is only the signal for a renewal of the sickness.

"Thank goodness! I feel better," says one, after a long spell of sickness and quiet.

"So do I," says another; and, just as the "Farallones" are in sight, fortunately, all are better.

Now the air is literally filled with birds—birds floating above us, and birds all around us, like bees that are swarming;—we thought the whole group of islands must have been deserted, and that they had poured down in myriads, on purpose to intercept our landing, or "bluff us off;" but, as the dark weather beaten furrows, and the wave washed chasms, and the wind swept masses of rock, rose more defined and distinct before us, as we approached, we concluded that they must have abandoned the undertaking—for upon every peak sat a bird, and in every hollow a thousand; but, looking around us again, the number, apparently, had increased, rather than diminished; and, the more there seemed to be upon the islands, the greater the increase round about us—so that we concluded *our fears* to be entirely unfounded!

The anchor is dropped in a mass of floating foam, on the southeast, and sheltered side of the islands, and, in a small boat, we reach the shore; thankful, after this short voyage to feel our feet standing firmly on *terra firma.*

Looking at the wonders on every side, we were astonished that we had heard so little about them; and, that a group of islands like these, should lie within a few hours sail of San Francisco, yet not be the resort of nearly every seeker of pleasure, and every lover of the wonderful.

It is like one vast menagerie. Upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, repose in easy indifference, thousands—yes, thousands—of *sea lions* (one species of the seal,) that weigh from *two to five thousand pounds each*. As these made the loudest noise, and to us were the most curious, we paid them the first visit. When we were within a few yards of them, the majority took to the water, while two or three of the oldest and largest remained upon the rock, "standing guard" over the young calves, that were either at play with each other, or asleep at their side. As we advanced, these masses of "blubber" moved slowly and clumsily towards us, with their mouths open, and showing two large tusks, that were standing out from their lower jaw, by which they gave us to understand that we had better not disturb the repose of the juvenile "lions," nor approach too near; or, we might receive more harm than we intended, or wished. But the moment we threw at them a stone, they would scamper off and leave the young lions to the mercy of their enemies. We advanced and took hold of one, to try if the sight of their young being taken away would tempt them to come to the rescue; but, although they roared, and kept swimming close to the rock, they evidently thought their own safety of the most importance. One old warrior, whose head and front bore scars of many a hard fought battle—for they fight fearfully, among themselves—could not be driven from the field; and neither rocks nor shouting moved him in the least, except to meet the enemy, as he doubtless considered us.

All of these animals are very jealous of their particular rock, where, in the sun, they take their *siesta*; and, although we remained upon some of these spots for a considerable length of time, while their usual tenants were swimming in the sea, and perhaps had become somewhat uneasy, they were not allowed to land on the territory of another.

AN OBJECTION RAISED TO COOKING BEANS ON DISPUTED TERRITORY.

Most of these young seals are of a dark mouse color, but the old ones are of a light and brightish brown about the head, and gradually become darker towards the extremities, and which are about the same color as the young calves. Most of the male and the young female seals leave these islands during the months of October or November—and generally all go at once—returning in April or May, the following spring; while the older females remain here nearly alone, throughout the winter—a rather ungallant proceeding on the part of the males.

There are several different kinds of seal that pay a short visit here, at different seasons of the year.

The Russians formerly visited these islands, for the purpose of obtaining oil, and skins, and several places can be yet seen where the skins were stretched and dried.

The Murre, or Foolish Guillemot.

The birds, which are by far the most numerous, and on account of their eggs, the most important, are the *Murre*, or *Foolish Guillemot*, which are found here in myriads, surmounting every rocky peak, and occupying every small and partially level spot upon the islands. Here it lays its egg, upon the bare rock, and never leaves it, unless driven off, until it is hatched; the male taking its turn, at incubation, with the female—although the latter is most assiduous. One reason why this may be the case, perhaps, is from the fact that the *Gull* is watching every opportunity to steal its egg, and eat it. The "eggers" say that when they are on their way to any part of the island, the Gulls call to each other, and hover around until the Murre is disturbed by them, and, before they can pick up the egg, the Gull sweeps down upon it, and carries it off.

When the young are old enough to emigrate, the Murres take them away in the night, lest the Gulls should eat them; and, as soon as the young reach the water, they swim at once. Some idea may be formed of the number of these birds, by the Farralone Egg Company having, since 1850, brought to the San Francisco market between three and four millions of eggs.

On this coast these birds are numerous, in certain localities, from Panama to the Russian Possessions. On the Atlantic, they are found from Boston to the coast of Labrador; differing but very little in color, shape or size.

It is a clumsy bird, almost helpless on land, but is at home on the sea, and is an excellent swimmer and diver, and is very strong in the wings. Their eggs are unaccountably large, for the size of the bird, and "afford excellent food, being highly nutritive and palatable — whether boiled, roasted, poached, or in omelets." No two eggs are in color alike.

The bird of most varied and beautiful plumage, on the islands, is the *Mormon cirrhatus*, or *Tufted Puffin;* and, although they are rather numerous on this coast, they are very scarce elsewhere.

In addition to the *Murre*, *Puffin* and *Gull*, already mentioned, there are *Pigeons*, *Hawks*, *Shag*, *Coots*, &c., which visit here

during the summer, but — with the exception of the *Gull* and *Shag* — do not remain through the winter. The *horned billed Guillemot* has been seen & caught here, but it is exceedingly rare.

THE MURRE'S EGG—FULL SIZE.

Now, with the reader's permission, we will leave the birds and animals—at least if we can —and take a walk up to the lighthouse, at the top of the island, three hundred and fifty-seven feet above the sea. A good pathway has been made, so that we can ascend with ease. If you find that we have not left the birds, nor the birds left us, but that, at every step we take, we disturb some, and pass others, and that thousands are flying all around us, never mind—when we reach the top we shall forget them, at least for a few moments, to strain our eyes in looking towards the horizon, and seeking to catch a glimpse of some distant object. Yonder, some eight miles distant, are the "North Farralones," a very small group of rocks, and not exceeding three acres in extent—but, like this, they are covered with birds.

THE TUFTED PUFFIN.

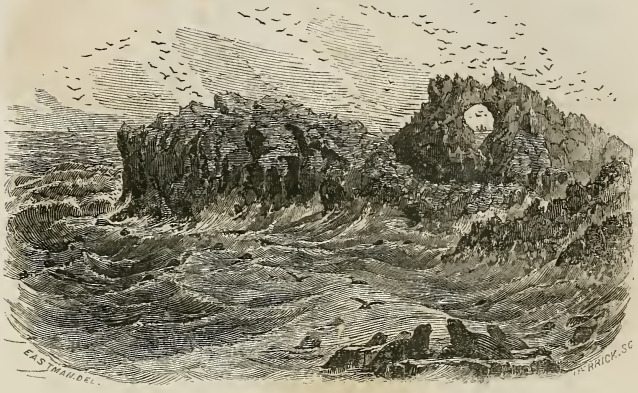
Now let us enter the lighthouse, and, under the guidance of Mr. Wines, the superintendent, we shall find our time well spent in looking at the best lighthouse on the Pacific coast. Everything is bright and clean, its machinery in beautiful order, and working as regular in its movements as a chronometer.

The wind blows fresh outside, and secretly you hope the lighthouse will not blow over before you get out. Here, too, you can see the shape of the island upon which you stand, mapped out upon the sea below.

Let us descend, wend our way to the "West End," and pass through the living masses of birds, that stand, like regiments of white breasted miniature soldiers, on every hand;—and it might be well to take the precautionary measure of closing our ears to the perpetual roaring, and loud moaning, of the *sea lions*, for their noise is almost deafening. A caravan of wild beasts is nothing, in noise, to these.

Let us be careful, too, in every step that we take, or we shall place our foot upon a nest of young *Gulls*, or break eggs by the dozen, for they are everywhere around us. We soon reach the side of the "Jordan," as a small inlet is called, and across which

we can step at low tide, but which is thirty feet wide at high water. To cross it, however, a rope and pulley is your mode of conveyance; so hold tight by your hands, and you 'll soon get across. Safely over, let us make our way for a glimpse of the *West End View, looking East.*



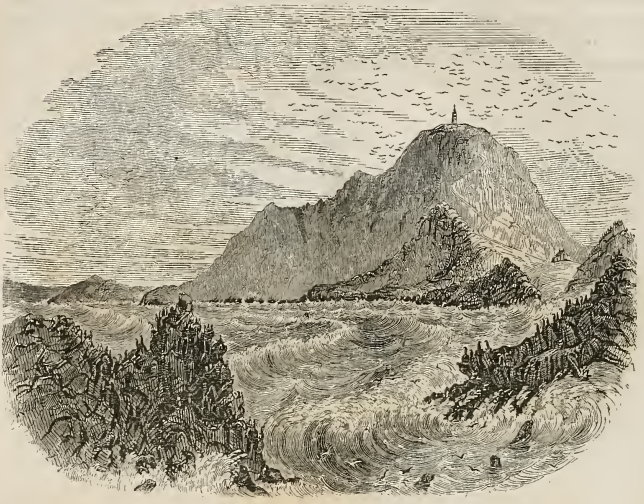
VIEW FROM WEST END, LOOKING EAST.

This is a wild and beautiful scene. The sharp pointed rocks are standing boldly out against the sky, and covered with birds and sea lions. A heavy surf is rolling in, with thundering hoarseness, and as the wild waters break upon the shore, they resemble the low booming sound of distant thunder; while the white spray curls over, and falls with a hissing splash upon the rocks, and then returns again to its native brine; while, swimming in the boiling sea, amid the foam and rocks, just peering above the water, are the heads of scores of sea lions. Let us watch them for a moment. Here comes one noble looking old fellow, who rises from the water, and works his way, slowly and clumsily, towards the young which lie high and dry, sleeping in the sun, or are engaged lazily scratching themselves with their hind claws; and, although we are very near them, they lie quite unconcerned, and innocent of danger. Not so the old *gentleman*, who has just taken his position before us, as sentry. Experience has doubtless taught him that such looking animals as we are behave no better than we should do, and he knows it!

There are water-washed caves, and deep fissures, between the rocks, just at our right; and, in the distance, is a large arch, not less than sixty feet in height, its top and sides completely covered with birds. Through the arch you can see a ship which is just passing.

Now let us go to the "Big Rookery," lying on the northwest side of the island.

This locality derives its name from the island here, forming a hollow, well protected from the winds, and being less abrupt than other places, is on that account a favorite resort of myriads of sea fowl, who make this their place of abode and where vast numbers of young are raised. If you walk amongst them, thousands immediately rise, and for a few moments darken the air as though a heavy cloud had just crossed and obscured the sun light upon your path. But few persons who have not seen them can realize the vast numbers that make this their home, and which are here, there



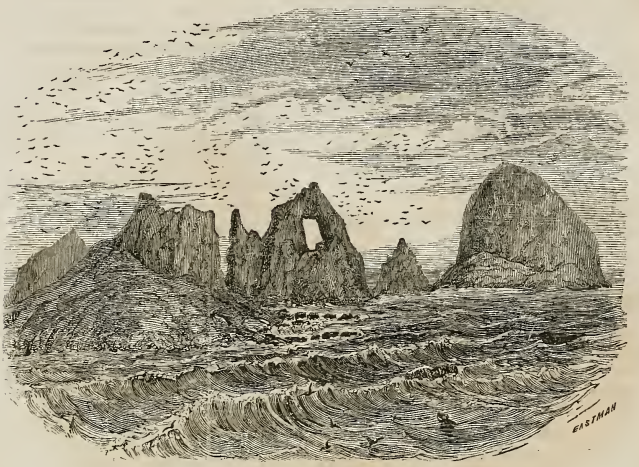
VIEW FROM THE BIG ROOKERY, LOOKING EAST.

and everywhere, flying, sitting and even swimming upon the boiling and white topped surge among the seals.

Here, as elsewhere, there are thousands of seals, some are suckling their calves, some are lazily sleeping in the sun, others are fishing, some are quarreling, others are disputing possession, and yonder, just before us, two large and fierce old fellows are engaged in direful combat with each other—now the long tusks of the one are moving upwards to try to make an entrance beneath the jaw of the other—now they are below—now there is a scattering among the swimming group that have merely been looking on to see the sport, for the largest has just come up amongst them, and they are afraid of him. Now appears his antagonist, his eyes rolling with maddened frenzy, they again meet,—now under, now over—fierce wages the war, hard goes the battle, but at last the owner of the head, already covered with scales, has conquered, and his discomfitted enemy makes his way to the nearest rock, and there lies panting and bleeding, but he may not rest here, for the owner of that claim is at home and has possession, and without any sympathy for his suffering and unfortunate brother, he orders him off, although "only a squatter," and he again takes to the sea in search of other quarters.

From this point we get an excellent view of the lighthouse, and the residence of the keepers. Everywhere there is beauty, wildness, sublimity. Let us not linger too long here, although weeks could be profitably spent in looking at the wonders around us, but let us take a hasty glance at the *View from the North Landing*.

Here there is a fine estuary, where, with a little improvement, small schooners can enter at any season of the year; and where the oil and other supplies are landed, for the lighthouse. Like the other views, it is singular and wild—each eminence covered with birds, each sea-washed rock occupied by seals, and the air almost darkened by



VIEW FROM THE NORTH LANDING, LOOKING NORTH.

the sea gulls, skimming backward and forward, like swallows, and by the rapid and apparently difficult flight of the murres.

From this point we can get an excellent view of the *North Farallones*, that, in the dim and shadowy distance, are looming up their dull peaks just above the restless and swelling waves. From the sugar loaf shaped peak, and the singularly high arch, and bold rugged outlines of the other rocks, this view has become a favorite one with the "eggers."

Upon these islands, of three hundred and fifty acres, there is not a single tree or shrub to relieve the eye, by contrast, or give change to the barrenness of the landscape. A few weeds and sprigs of wild mustard are the only signs of vegetable life to be seen upon them. To those who reside here, it must be monotonous and dull; but, to those who *visit* it, there is a variety of wild wonders, that amply repays them for their trouble.

Some Italian fishermen having supplied our cook with excellect fish, let us hasten aboard and make sail for home.

Before saying "good bye" to our kind entertainers, and again leaving them to the solitary loneliness of a "life near the sea," we will congratulate them upon their useful employment, and ask them to remember the comforting joy they must give to the tempest-tossed mariner, who sees, in the "light afar," the welcome sentinel, ever standing near the gate of entrance to the long wished and hoped for port, where, for a time, in enjoyment and rest, he can recover from the hardships, and forget the perils, of the sea.

On our left, and but a few yards from shore, is an isle, called *Seal Rock*, and where the sea lions have possession, and are waving their lubberly bodies to and fro, upon its very summit; and from whence the echoes of their low howling moans are heard across the sea, long after distance has hidden them from our sight.

After a pleasant run of five hours, without any seasickness, we were again walking the streets of San Francisco, abundantly satisfied that our trip was exceedingly pleasant and instructive.

SEA SONG.

BY MONADNOCK.

Like a thing of life
In joyous strife,
Our ship bounds light and free:—
As a sea gull springs
With snowy wings
In her course o'er the trackless sea.

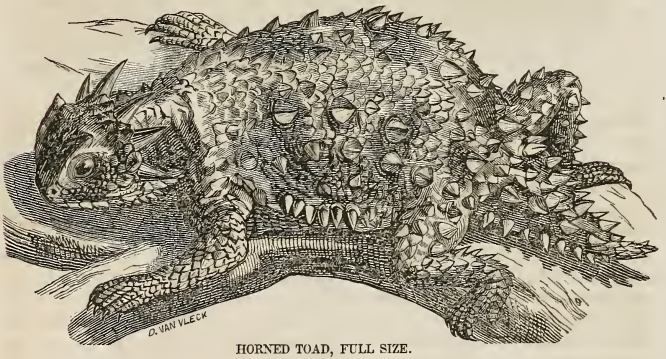
Some love to dwell
In the quiet dell,
But the scene that delights my view,
Is a vessel proud,
With her canvass cloud,
As she sweeps the billows blue.

Some love to go
Where rivers flow
Through valleys green and fair;—
I love the frown
When night comes down
'Mid the lightning's lurid glare.

Some love a sky
Like a maiden's eye
When it beams in the starlight hour:
I love the waves
When the storm king raves
And the white seas rise in power.

A home for me
On the trackless sea
In a vessel swift and free,
Where the whistling gale
In the swelling sail
Is raising its ocean glee.

San Francisco, July 23, 1856.

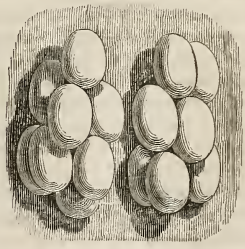


HORNED TOAD, FULL SIZE.

THE HORNED TOAD.

This singular little member of the lizard species is certainly a *native* Californian. Upon nearly every dry hill, or sandy plain, it is often found; and, although in some districts of this State, it has become somewhat rare, in others it is still common. There are several varieties and sizes of it, and all perfectly harmless. It lives chiefly on flies and small insects.

The writer had a pair of these *picketed* in front of his cabin for over three months; and, one morning, the male toad *committed suicide!* by hanging himself over a small twig, and the same day the female followed the example of the male. Upon a "*post mortem* examination." fifteen eggs were discovered, in shape and size like those in the engraving below.



A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.

"Yes! a voice from the stomach. Why should n't I have a voice? Heaven knows that I need a voice, as loud as a fire-bell, to speak of abuses to which I am called to submit—and even then it is a question if I should be heard. But I *will* speak; for the way I am treated would make the dumb to speak, and that 's myself. If you suppose I am going to stand it any longer, you are mistaken; and you 'll find you are—you will.

"I have gently hinted that *this* don't suit me, and *that* don't please me; that *this* comes too late, and *that* too soon; that you give me too little of this, and too much of that; and, rather than complain without cause, I have worked off load after load, time after time, until I can bear it no longer—and I won't. I hate to complain, as much as you hate to hear me; but if you take me to be a sausage mill, and able to chaw up anything—from a rat to a sea lion; or, from sheet iron beef steak to india rubber cheese—I say, again, that you are mistaken.

"Now, I want to unburden my mind—and I am going to do it—and you need n't snigger and cough, at the idea of me—a stomach—having a mind, any more than at a miser, or a politician, not having any bowels—you need n't. And what is more, I shall prove to you, before I have done with you, that I have at least as much *mind* as you have of *conscience*—judging from the way you have treated me, at any rate.

"Now, I want to ask you, in all candor, what you take me to be? A stomach—yes, verily, a stomach—to digest food—to make whatever you choose to give me into good, healthy blood, so that you may have the materials for building up a vigorous and healthy body, and which my neighbor, the heart, can receive, and circulate to every part of it, for that purpose.

"Now, let me ask why you—knowing me to be a stomach, and a *stomach* only—will impose upon me the duties of the *teeth?*

"Would *you* like to do another's work, when it is quite as much as you want—and perhaps a little more—to do your own? No; I know you would n't. Then why do you seek to compel me? *You don't compel me?* But I know you do; at least, you leave me but one alternative—to digest whatever you like to give me, in whatever shape it comes, or pass it to my neighbor for him to work off; and, rather than do *that*, I have many times *cast up my accounts*, and *thrown up* the contract; and I want you to understand that, if we are your servants, we are not your slaves—or, at least, we ought not to be—and, as we are fellow-servants, we do not wish to be so mean as to shirk our part of the labor—to put it on the shoulders of the next beneath us—and it is *your* fault that the teeth do it, and *they* are not to blame.

"*You hav' n't time?* Shame on you! Have you time to live? time to suffer all the pains that we necessarily inflict upon you? You find time to loll about; time to pick your teeth; time to smoke cigars, or chew tobacco; in short, you find time to *do nothing*, yet everything you should n't.

"Then, again, do you suppose that I can make good blood out of anything? or everything? or nothing? *You don't suppose it?* One would think that you did suppose it, by the vast varieties of odds and ends you give me, but which, often, your dog would not eat! Do you think, for instance, that I need such hot and indigestible things as mustard, peppers, spices, pickles, and fifty other things, of the same kind? No, indeed; not if I am in a healthy condition—and, *if I am not* in a healthy condition, then so much the worse. It is true, when you have been misusing and abusing me, by making me a distillery of 'brandy punches,' 'gin slings,' 'rum toddies,' 'egg noggs,' 'sherry cobblers,' 'whisky punches,' and all that sort of thing, besides vast quantities of the 'raw material,' that, although I have often *thrown it in*

your teeth, I have sometimes tried to bear it, and work it off, and the consequence has been, the next morning I hav' n't felt like work, and then you tried to coax me into it, by giving me all such viie trash as I have mentioned."

"Now, I want to be a reasonable kind of stomach, and a good servant, and it may be possible, that, if you are willing to do what is right by *me*, I may do my best to serve *you;* and, as I do not want to be all the while grumbling, and giving you headaches, cholic, dyspepsia, and, in short, nearly every disease to which men are subject, but wish to lead a peaceable life, with you, as well as with my neighbors, let us have a good understanding together, and do what is mutually right, and for each other's welfare and prosperity.

"Very good!"

"We will premise, then, before going farther, that I am a good, healthy member of the body politic, and that you wish to keep me so. Is that right?"

"Very well."

"Let us, then, commence with the day. Of course you rise early."

"Not very."

"Well, then, you ought to do so; and as soon as you are out of bed give me a glass of good water."

"In about half an hour after that I suppose *you'll* want your breakfast, and *I* some work to do, as I don't believe in working with an empty stomach any more than you do, when I am well. You sit down then to breakfast, and give me something tender and nutritious as meat, and something light and wholesome as bread; and I suppose *you* would like a cup of coffee, but *I* don't *need* anything of that sort. Be sure to be very moderate. Do not, as the head of the firm, keep importing cargo, because there happens to be plenty, nor keep *stowing* it down as though the warehouse was made of India rubber; because if you do, I have no alternative but to put it in some place that does not belong to me, or unship it by the way it came; neither of which is very pleasant either to yourself or to me.

"At dinner, also, be very moderate. Soup, if good, is not amiss, as I prefer this to cold water, for the reason that cold of any kind lowers my temperature, so that I cannot work willingly until I am warmed up again.

"Then, after soup, take something that I can do something with. Don't load me with all sorts of messes and mixtures, from all parts of the world, merely because you would appear of importance to those who may be on a visit to you. I am, in such a case, and at such a time, of much more importance to *you* than can possibly be your guest, and I wish you to remember that; and the moment I begin to be felt, let nothing tempt you to giving me more, for I have then as much as I know well what to do with.

"At supper—be most careful, for as the day draws to a close, I, as well as other members of the firm, am weary with my day's labor, and do not like to be taxed with additional work when I should be at rest; therefore, give me something very light to do, and something that does not want steam employed for its transit, that I may not torment you with horrid dreams, or tossing and unrefreshing sleep. What I have suffered from this cause no one can fully tell, for, will you believe it, even late at night, I have been obliged to bear piles of heavy and indigestible cake, that I could not dispose of in a morning, without fatiguing me with more labor than I ought to be called upon to perform all day. But that was not all: hard pork steaks are stuffed down, that will take, upon the best of healthy stomachs, at least five hours to digest, and, if weakly, will not digest at all. And then my next door neighbor lays the blame at my door. If all sorts of diseases arise, as they do, from my being abused, do you not think the "time" and attention well employed that is bestowed upon me?"

"Yea, verily it is; and when you arise next morning with a violent headache, and

a mouth uncomfortable, with heaviness and langor having possession of your whole body, don't you put the blame on me, for *you* are to blame, and *you only*. For, if you will overload and overtask, and abuse me in all sorts of ways, by all kinds of things, then remember *that sooner or later I shall serve you out*—perhaps in some way you don't expect me.

"Then, again, when you—my professed master—are doing comparatively nothing, do you suppose that I need just as much to supply me, and those who receive their supplies from me, as though you were a hard working man?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet you have acquired the habit of eating much, when, perhaps, you worked at the hardest kind of labor—such as mining, for instance—and follow the one habit—that of eating—after you have abolished the other habit—that of working. Now I say that you ought to be more consistant—you had. I must say, too, that I am always better, healthier and stronger with a working man than I am with a man that don't work. The *worker* always has good, plain, wholesome food, (excepting some very heavy bread sometimes,) and as soon as he has finished his meal, he don't keep eating all sorts of foolish and indigestible messes, as some do. And, moreover, with him who labors I am always at home, for *his* labors very much assist mine.

—

BUT NOW A WORD WITH THE LADIES.

"Of course, everybody wishes to be a favorite with the ladies, and I do not differ from others. But, I must be plain with the ladies, as well as with the gentlemen. *They* cannot do without me, and one would suppose that they would prefer a fine, bright and clear complexion, (without the use of pearl powder,) to a sickly and sallow one. Yet the truth is, they abuse me almost beyond belief. Shakspeare says: 'He that hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart;' and often have I wished to Heaven that I could depart—I know it is considered unchristian, 'to wish to fly the company of the fair;' but I could wish it, as the conflict is more than I—a stomach—can bear.

"First, I am squeezed up—I say nothing of other tenants—by buckram and whalebone, and laced into a shape that no more fits my contour than my lady's hooped dress fits her cap or bonnet box. How the medical fraternity can connive at this monstrosity, and hypocritically go on prescribing internal remedies, for external mismanagement, I am at a loss to conjecture. Then, how ladies can make such a wide mistake, I cannot divine; for, it is a fact that everybody knows—and I challenge all the gallipots in the world to contradict it—that the natural development of my functions is more in accordance with the graceful curve of beauty, the less sudden it may be.

"Look at the lovely 'Venus de Medicis,' and notice the exquisite pair of harmonizing lines that bind the sphere of my existence. And, I tell to you, that PARIS, a master in his art, and who was as handsome a fellow as any auburn haired Adonis, and a judge of female beauty, declared that he would as soon marry an animated skeleton, as one of these would-be beauties.

"Then a man cannot help supposing it possible that the waspish figure, with which he may be waltzing, might, from some unlucky step, become two parts, and while he may be gracefully twirling the one half about the room, the other may be rolling on the floor!

"These foolish ladies, who look upon their Chinese sisters with compassion, at the unnatural practice of torturing their feet, in attempting to make them small, and by which they are condemned to 'toddle' all their lives, yet practice the same tortures upon the waist, by which they become unhealthy; and perpetuate the same to future generations.

Now, this follows from abusing me, and expecting me to work, without allowing me

my natural room to work in. Shame—ladies—shame!

"Then, again, only suppose a beautiful creature sitting down to dinner—does she not choose the most unwholesome of all viands, as if it were on purpose to annoy me? Instead of dining off only two courses, soup and flesh, the bill of fare must include soup, fish, flesh, fowl, pies, puddings, sweetmeats, nuts, and other fruits—and, to 'cap the climax,' forsooth, must take a dish of ice cream—and, sometimes, the majority of these are crowded upon me at night—late at night. Now, what can I, a simple stomach, do, under such a load?

"This is not all my sorrow. To these, are often added pickles, of the most acrid kind; and then, often, soda water, champagne, or other wines; and frequently, reasoning that that which is good for the gander ought to be good for the goose, they give me brandy—yes, and sometimes whisky or other liquors. With such treatment, who can prosper?

"I know that I cannot but—I have done."

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THE DIGGINGS.

—Started from Oxford University, tired of Greek hexameters, and the everlasting 7 o'clock bell for prayers.

—Make arrangements for packing up. Carry the whole of the Bodleian Library to chase the blue devils, in case they should run up against me; said Bodleian, consisting of 150 volumes and upwards.

—Encumbered with hosts of presents from aunt's of useless forget-me-nots, white pocket handkerchiefs embroidered with learned ciphers, fit only to be used once at the court of crowned heads, and any quantity of fine linen. At Liverpool an unruly trunk took it into its head to part from its bottom, leaving me in the middle of a street to gather up the fragments, after affording foot-balls to the passers by.

—Slept a whole fortnight without intermission, and without once dreaming of the Bodleian or any thing else, and should have slept most probably till unshipped as dead cargo at Philadel'a, had not a fat and drunken old sea-captain, one night, broke through the laths of his crib, and flattened me into a human pancake. Saw no charm, though wide awake, in the poetic description given by somebody, upon something about the wide and pathless ocean, believing that he had never made such an experience as fell to my lot.

—Just about to land at Philadelphia: the sun celebrating our entrance with all the force at his command, showering his warm favors on our devoted head, till what little brains were left from the somniferous influence of the lulaby of the sea were nigh being tile-baked. Remember kicking our five and twenty shilling Golgotha into the sea, determining never to adopt the "stove-pipe again.—Think the Americans the most eminently practical people in the world.

—Get shaved, having been scared out of our wits at the inhuman monster bear-like shape of ourself in a reflex of the side-mirror of a jeweller's store, made to show an endless duplicate of articles.

—Remember having been tripped up like a lamb, dumb before the shearer, and making a slight mistake, under the influence of a first essay of "cock-tails," of placing our head where our heels ought to be.

—Put up at the Girard House—no available accommodation—house being more than full. Remember being more than overcome, else why! take a fancy to lie sentinel before the door, causing every late comer to tumble over ourself, by way of diversion on entrance.

—Leave suddenly for New York, know but little about its whereabouts or wonders, being obliviously unconscious all the time; careless of time, place, and circumstance. Remember splitting our skull half a dozen times by running, in our hurry for dinner, against a huge revolving cylinder, somewhere in the neighborhood of the engine. Unable to distinguish soup from tea, or tea from soup; breakfast from dinner or dinner from breakfast. Our brain being in a constant whirl of confusion from internal and external mismanagement of ourself.

—Somniferous influences again prevail, dream of college examinations, Indian skirmishes, brandy cock-tails, cold bishops, scollop'd oysters, lobster salads, gown and town rows, bowie knifing, proctor bonneting, Vauxhall ballooning, sea serpent, whale fishing, crystal palace, iceberg meeting, shipwreck, sea fight, police, smashing windows, breaking soda water, champagne, Gravesend shrimps, cider cellars, Barnum's show, Surrey Gardens fire works and a host of other incongruous subjects, with as much

classification as if put into the mortar of the brain and stirred round with a stick.

—Awake again to renewed life, to be entertained with three small children's efforts to make themselves agreeable, as far as hooping-cough, measles and cutting teeth are able to elicit; remember the agreeable monotony, being somewhat relieved by a fight between two sailors with pipes in their mouths—might as well take the pipes out. Endeavor to remember if our trunks came on board, if so, how many we had—conjecture their whereabout, wondering if the Bodleian were safe, and who had the benefit of the books.

—Have a faint idea of some rapids somewhere, named after some castle, somehow. Remember denying in toto that Wellington ever had anything to do with them—no such fool, or Nelson either—nothing but liver hot, liver cold, to be had—no beer, no wine, no anything, but bananas and oranges.

—Land with scarcely any life at San Francisco—which appears very much like Greenwich Fair, on an extensive scale. Flaunting sign-boards, gongs booming, bells ringing, flags flying; expecting every moment to see Harlequin and Pantaloon, and to hear the "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, now's your time to see the live lion stuffed with straw." "The live giant fifty feet high." "The celebrated Miss Biffin without any feet at all." "The lilliputian Dwarf wot goes thro' a ladies ring without squinting or flinching," &c. &c. &c., of the voluble showman.

—Suddenly recollect, at some rather remote period of our journey, having some trunks, one of which contained the whole Bodleian Library; doubt whether it may not be a dream. Call on board of the steamer next day, find no tidings of the same, threaten something to somebody about it.

—Go to my lodgings, and find one trunk, containing half the Bodleian, but how it came there, or who brought it, must remain a mystery for all time.

—Find after a week's sojourn, the bill for sleeping and waking, eating and drinking, quite out of the pale of all rhyme and reason. Make up our mind that the Bodleian ought to go to support the body, and sell the whole Library—"at a tremendous sacrifice."

—Another week brings a clean sweep out.

—Am amazed at the utter neglect of a classical education among the miners. Find that Latin distichs and Greek hexameters not worth their salt; that the public care no more for Xenophon and Cicero than a pig for skittles.

—Begin to think we have driven our pigs to a pretty market, and wish that the Plaza might open, that we like a Curtius, might be selected to signalize and celebrate ourself, and end our sorrows at one and the same time at all events; it being a fine *opening* for a young man under such circumstances.

—Find ourself at the Southern mines. Waking up for the first time on Sunday morning, expecting to hear the Chapel bell, and find nothing but fiddling, betting, horse-racing and drinking to be the order of the day.

—Make our first dinner from a steak cooked on a shovel—putting our first pudding into a pot, and with it, our trust in Providence, for what it might turn out.

—Steak rather dis-colored—pudding fair—no want of the hatchet to dismember it. So good, as to offer great encouragement to the culinary art. Begin to doubt, that we have all along mistaken our genius, and calling; and wondering, why we had not essayed our talents in this department, being assured, that a fortune would have long ago rewarded our ability.

—At work eighteen months at mining; began with two dollars on the Cr. side of the ledger, and finish with a balance of Dr. By Board, $7.

—Finding capital and stock in hand, sufficent to justify the proceeding on our own account, commence loafer, resolving to adopt a more independent tone than usual, and instead of soliciting the patronage of the public, determine that ourself shall patronize the public without solicitation.

—After eight and forty hours' experience find that our circle of acquaintance is too limited to ensure success, and arrive at the conclusion that there are arts and mysteries in some professions, imperviously sealed against interlopers and outsiders, and that the nature of the beast is *sui generis*.

—Come to the head of a log and take our seat there, as a loggerhead, for the express purpose of an interview with ourself, to ascertain the state of our affairs, and to devise means accordingly.

—The result is the following colloquy: "James Green, you have no experience in this business." "Granted." "You are too big for it." "What has size to do with it?" "A great deal. You want too much to eat and drink for it. You can't even go

without a meal without making a fuss, and thinking you are going to die; whereas, the followers of this profession are sometimes whole weeks without a skin full." "Granted." "You are too ignorant." "Granted." "You are not gentlemanly enough." "Hang it! that won't do!" "It must do, Sir. Half the loafers here are gentlemen." "Well, be it so. Granted. Any other argument?" "A thousand—incontrovertibles. *Ergo*, let there be a *nolle prosequi* issued against you for your future well doing."

—Stumble upon the editor of the *New Filibuster Enlightener*, in search of a co-adjutor, who engages our services, upon $30 promise per week, paid in advance, until such time as the merits of ourself, upon trial, and the durability of said *Filly* may promise.

—Have doubts whether a certain article may meet with the favor of a generous public and enlightened republic, and request the editor to peruse it, who declines. Insist that he shall give an opinion on it.

—After some double shuffling—(through some defect, perhaps, in his eyesight)—find out the extraordinary fact that he has never been able to read—only to write—and that the latter accomplishment is confined to only two words—his name.

Cut the *Filly Light*, after a few cuts with a horse whip, having been mistaken for its learned projector, he having, without the consent of his partner, (ourself,) accused one of his patrons of committing an impossibility—that of robbing him of that which he never had, or in all probability never will have—the worth of a dozen numbers of the *F. E.*, for which he charged $3 00.

—Commence cigar merchant — whole stock confined to one box of the very best quality, of the very best brand, of the very best flavor. Erect our own warehouse, wipe down our own counter, light one of our own very best cigars, take our seat, and *wait* to—wait upon our customers.

—Find our cousupmtion out of all proportion to our customers. Suspect the head of the firm of being too lavish of his favors upon his best friend. Resolved to remonstrate upon his folly.

—Smoked out like a rat, out of our own premises. Arrive at the conclusion that the head of the firm has no head for business transactions, and that the sooner he relinquish the premises, or the premises relinquish him, the better.

—Fall in with a company prospecting, and agree to be one of their Co. They are a Scotchman, Irishman and Welshman, whom we will designate by their well known patronymics: Sawney, Paddy and Taffy; which, with self, consider as fair representatives of the talent, virtue, wealth and fame of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

—Think ourself this time in luck's way, and no mistake—making an extensive and agreeable acquaintance with the Long Tom, who appears not a bad fellow after all, if a good locality is selected for him to exercise his talents in.

—Half woke up with a stifling sensation of heat. Dream of being principal stoker to an engine of wondrously marvellous power, in a certain place remarkable for heat, under a most forbidding looking proprietor, dressed in black, with a remarkable length of tail behind him, and of ears of remarkable length, on either side of his remarkably frightful head. Roused up by the cry of 'Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!"

—Disposed to make many philosophical remarks upon the subject of fire, during the hurly-burly it occasions—being never more cool in our life—accompanied with Greek quotations from some of the most learned—no matter—

—Alarmed at the sudden *non est inventus* of one of our Co., Paddy the Renowned. Find him, after a long search, at the back of our shanty, some hundred yards off, fast asleep, he having made a feather bed in a sand hole, and covered himself over with the door of said shanty, by way of blanket, to avoid the mosquitoes.

—Extraordinary and astounding discovery! The like never heard of—in the skies above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. But what that was, we will disclose, or not, in our next videlicit, if our readers will express their pleasure that it shall be known, by means of addressing some hundreds of letters to our office, soliciting the favor at our hands—otherwise. it will be forever lost to the world, and—you, dear reader. B. A.

A WAG meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him:

"My dear friend, you ought to take saffron."

"For what?" inquired the latter.

"To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in it will surely kill you."

VEXING.—To get up a charge of sneezing, and its refusing to go off.

OUR FLAG.

It has been asserted, that our glorious flag of the stars and stripes that waves so proudly from the dome of the Capitol of the United States; that leads on and cheers our brave heroes to battle; that flies at the mast-heads of our clipper ships, upon every sea; that floats over the places of our public amusements, and is borne by politicians in every party gathering, and procession; is manufactured from materials brought from a foreign land—and even the thread by which it is sewed together is imported from Europe.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine:
O then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

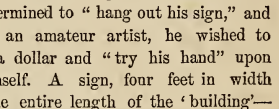
IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.—In about two and a half minutes, all the blood contained in the human system, amounting to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere, two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted upon by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital, less capable of repairing strictures, or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure does it become, and the blood necessarily becomes more corrupt.

Instead of pills, or patent medical slops, put up in large quart bottles, pure air is vastly better to purify the blood than anything else. Pure air, pure water, and pure food, will ever keep the system in working order.—*Water Cure Journal.*

M. DUBOIS, the physician to the Empress Eugenie, received *one hundred thousand dollars* as his fee for attending her Majesty on her *accouchment.*

A SIGN.

During the summer of 1852, some new mining ground was discovered in Nevada County, when an enterprising individual became desirous of supplying his fellow miners with clothing for the outer, and food for the inner man, and to accomplish this great undertaking, he imported from below a few hickory shirts, two or three bags of potatoes, a box or two of crackers, a large stock of tobacco and segars, and a plentiful stock of bad whiskey; all these were carefully stowed away in a shanty of clapboards, piled up rather than built, and in dimensions about eight feet by twelve. Now "to let all the world and his wife know" for what purpose it was intended, he determined to "hang out his sign," and being an amateur artist, he wished to save a dollar and "try his hand" upon it himself. A sign, four feet in width and the entire length of the 'building'—painted apparently with a stick, was the result of his artistic labors, in the following characters:



Which being translated, would read: GROCERY STORE, BY J. HALL—CALL AND SEE.

THE closing hours of each day should bear upon them some record, as they merge into eternity, the evidence of some kind word spoken, or some good action performed by every mortal.

"MY good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No, sir, we havn't, replied the old crone, but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans."

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER III.

MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"The property, Mr. Dickleberry."—

"Hickleberry, if you please."

"I beg pardon—the property Mr. Hickleberry, consists of six houses in Broadway, New York, yielding on an average, the rental of $10,000 or about £2,000 British, with an unencembered plantation in which the late Mr. Kickleberry."—

"Hickleberry, if you please, sir!"

"Hickle—Hickle-berry. Thank you—I shall get it right in time—cultivated in the cotton-line himself, and about which we have as yet no positive information, as to its worth or annual produce, together with a large tract of land, he lately purchased in the county of Mariposa, California, about two hundred miles from San Francisco. This property, I would strongly advise some responsible agent to go out and look after, as it strikes me, it will produce a mine of wealth to you. Indeed, if it were mine, I would not hesitate to take the voyage out and look after it myself. It is in the neighborhood of one of the richest gold mining districts; and our corresponding agent in New York, writes us, that he is receiving applications from San Francisco, almost every mail, for the sale of some parts of the property; and whose urgency leads to the suspicion of the discovery of gold already upon it."

"I should say, Mr. Hickleberry, that your rent-roll, under the management of our legal firm, ought to bring you in at least, eight or ten thousand pounds per annum."

"God bless my soul, you don't say so Mr. Suit? Wife," said Hickleberry, elated, "What *do* you think of that ere?"

"What *shall* we do with it all, Mr. Hickleberry?" responded the wife.

"Why that matter, my dear madam, I think will require the least of our consideration. Of course the handing over to you and your heirs this great property, will be attended with some cost. We have already expended I may say, some hundreds in finding out, and tracing the right owner."

"In course, sir, it can't a be expected that this here great proper-iety can fall into our mouths out of a hole in the clouds like, without a deal of expense, and I hope gents you will pay yourselves well out of it."

"There's no doubt about that," thought Messrs. Nabb & Suit.

"Now there are some preliminaries to be gone thro' Mr. ——."

Hickleberry, if you please, sir."

"Hickleberry, thank you. We want you to go down to Folkestone yourself immediately, and bring up the registers, of the birth of Jacob Hicaberry your brother, and your own also, together with any other information you may be able to collect. Here is a letter addressed to our agent there, who will assist you in these and other matters relating thereto.

"Yes gents," with all respect to your better judgment, that's easier said than done. "How am I to get down to Folkestone, without wings or money; I hav'nt a halfpenny?"

"Bless me, I had forgotten to put this question to you, whether you might be in want of any petty cash in your present circumstances."

"That's just the ticket Mr. Suit, you've hit the right nail on the head."

"How much will suit your present exigencies, Mr. H——?"

"Well, say a ten pun note. Eh, wife?"

"Ten pounds will do very well, Mr. Hickleberry, I should think."

"Suppose you take fifty pounds—Mr. Nabb, credit Mr. H —— with fifty pounds. and if you want more, I beg you will do me the favor of asking for it.

Poor Hickleberry looked unutterable things at his wife, and she could not have exhibited more surprise, if signs of the world's end were at hand.

"The Lord be our guide," said Hickleberry, as he took his departure with his old friend the grocer and his wife from the door of Messrs. Suit & Nabb.

"Amen," responded the grocer. "Mr. Hickleberry," said the sapient man of plums, breaking the thoughtful silence of the trio. "I shall live to see you in Parliament."

"The Lord forbid," responded Hick. "I would'nt have it on my conscience, friend Hobbs, for the world."

"Have what?"

"The mismanagement of this great nation. The mismanagement of the poor; the mismanagement of the rich; the mis-

management of the guilty, and the mismanagement of the innocent."

"Why Mr. Hickleberry you are already coming out as a orator, I declare."

"Yes indeed, chimed in Mrs. Hick, you should a heard Mr. H. on the adultery of food, at St. Martin's Hall, did'nt he extonish the natives, I don't think. If you remember my dear, I wore my turbot and feather on that ere occasion, and got it dripping wet a comin' home.—I remember we had for supper pork chops and—"

"Never mind my dear that ere chapter on the dismals, friend Hobbs heard how the chimney cotched fire, and you and Adam cotched the water from the engines, scores of times. Let's to business. "Friend Hobbs can't you do the agreeable for once, and go down to Folkestone and take care of me on the journey, you know I'm no traveler?"

"My dear H—— you forget I am nailed as a witness on that house-breaking case."

"Then I 'spose I must go alone. If Adam had teeth enough, wife you could go? But that's quite now out of the question. Isn't it Lord Byron as says that half of our whole life is spent in dressin' and undressin' ourselves?—I says, half of our whole miseries is gettin' teeth, and gettin' enough to use 'em arterwards."

Nothing eventful occurred to our hero on his journey down to Folkestone, but on his way back to the smoky metropolis, and just when he was shaking off that nervous fear which those unaccustomed to sudden steam-locomotion experience, an event happened, that for the time, eutirely obliterated all the pleasures and objects of the journey.

He had taken his seat in a second-class carriage, opposite to a comely looking dame invested with an indescribable cloak-wrapper, shawl or rocquelaure, surmounted by a staring blue; bonnet, under which a face as round as a full-moon, with red cheeks to match, filled more than the space the said bonnet allowed.

"A cold day this, for travelling, sir?" she began addressing our traveler.

"Wery, but 'tis wholesome, I like the cold for my part, queer taste marm a'nt it?"

"Not at all, sir, I too like everything cold, but a cold heart."

"Ah! ah! a warm heart and a warm puss makes every thing wot's cold look warm."

This was the commencement of a conversation, that might have ended somewhat ominously, had there not been in existence such a being as Mr. Hickleberry, She thought he was the most warm-hearted man she had ever met with, and he in thought responded, that she was the most pleasantest woman as was. By-and-bye half a dozen movements at once, under the mysterious cloak, betrayed the presence of another traveller, who, waking up from a deep sleep sent forth a shrill cry, as if to make up for the void in some part of the colloquy."

"Oh! we've another companion I see marm?"

"Yes, he's just woke up. I 'spose we're at Croydon now, or thereabouts?"

"Bless your heart, no marm, not a quarter o' that yet."

"What a fategin time."

No compliment to me,thought Dickory.

"That's not the case with me marm, I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life; thanks to your very pleasant company."

"I'm obliged by the compliment, sir."

"Where are we now?" said she, addressing one of the officers.—

"Stop here five minutes to breakfast," answered that functionary, unlocking the doors of the cells of the locomotive prisoners.

"Do you get out here may I ask sir?"

"No. I have taken breakfast at Folkestone," replied Hickleberry.

"May I trouble you then sir, to hold my babby a few minutes, while a take a cup of tea?"

"With all the pleasure in life, marm. What a fine little fellow, upon my word?"

The child open'd its eyes upon Poor Hickleberry and smiled.

Now, sir, if you please—Time's up. Where are you goin' you old spooney, with that ere child? Do you want the train to leave without you? Get in." "We're all a waitin'" said an officer, whistle in hand.

"I'm looking for the 'ooman that owns this here babby. The 'ooman in the sky blue."

"I wish you were in the skies blue," said the officer, shutting with a bang the carriage door upon Hickleberry.

"Well, this here's a pretty go," said he to himself, I'm blessed. Why I shall be taken up for kidnapping, I don't want no more kids, I've got quite enongh to answer for. "Here guard, Officer, Pleaseman—some on ye. Here's a delikit sitivation for a spect-t'ble man to be in. What'll my wife think? what'll Mister Hobbs think? what'll Mister Sint? what'll all the world think? Here young 'un, call out, mother for your life, squeak, squall, say something, will ye? Here officer! officer! I say."

What he did say, or would say, a twenty mile speed would have chopped off, leaving to the woods and wilds, to echo or not as the nymphs might please.

"Croydon—Croydon—Croydon" resounded through the long line of carriages, as the officers unlocked the doors. Hickleberry taking advantage of the opportunity sought to be relieved of his charge.

"Mr. Superintendent," said he address- a man distinguished by the collar of his coat embroidered in silver. "Here's a rum customer you didn't, calculate on, any more than I, as a fellow passenger. This here poor little critter, was put into my hands to hold while its mother, in a sky blue bonnit, got out to take a cup of tea. What am I to do with it?"

The officer, with a smile on his countenance, replied—

"We are up to all these dodges old fellow, before to-day. Where did the woman get down, and what do you know about her?"

"I'm bless'd if I 'zactly know, I was half asleep and half awake at the time. I 'spose 'twas about Marden ; she had on a sky-blue bonnit—a stout and hardy-looking woman."

Well friend, from your description, I can take no steps to relieve you from your burden. You must go on to town, ask for the Superintendent there, and he will take you to the proper authorities, and if your story be true—"

"If sir? Do you doubt my word, sir? Give me the lie, sir? Do you know who I am, sir?"

"No." "But I should judge you likely to be the father of the child, and from your tame story you confirm my suspicion. So get in if you please, or the train will leave you and your child behind."

"I tell you man it is not my child, and sooner than be burdened with a charge that don't belong to me, I'll deposit it in this here basket, and leave you to post it in your current expenses, so take your change out o' that."

"At your peril, sir," said the other, waxing wrath. Here, the slamming of the doors gave warning for another start, when a huge goliah of a fellow, seeing at a glance what was the matter, suddenly jerked Hickleberry in, and before he had time to open his mouth by way of remonstrance, the basket with its live load was handed beside him, the door locked, the whistle sounded, and the train moved on at a spanking pace towards London."

Poor Hickleberry found himself boxed up in the presence of four young city snobs a species of would-be-gentility, who never made it a practice to be out of sight of their property, but always wore all they were worth on their persons, which were usually adorned with a profusion of gilt chains, chrystal paste-diamond rings, massive hollow brooches and Tommy-Cox-Savory watches, jew'd and jewell'd in fifty holes, warranted to keep Greenwich as well as Brumagem time. Hickleberry's appearance amongst them was a great relief, and seeing the basket with so unusual a load handed in, one began singing,—

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
"If I had as much money as I could tell,
"I never would cry, young lambs to sell."

Hickleberry heard this, yet wax'd not wrath. The second began—

"I say Montague Villiers, (each wore a travelling name of sounding title.) "Did ye ever see a male wet-nuss in your life? Strike me funny, if that old gentleman won't be one afore the eend of his journy, if he has but the ornary luck of nusses in general."

Hickleberry yet turned a deaf ear to their impertinence, he was dumb-founded with the cares of his new responsibilities, and was conjuring up in his mind the jealous wrath of his wife ; the bitter jokes of his friends, and the damage of his good character, should he not be able to rid him of the charge ere he reached home. One thing he had resolved upon—never again to speak, or hold converse, or even be civil to any fat woman on a journey with a babby in her arms, especially if she happened to wear a sky-blue bonnet.

Here our party whispered some coarse and low vulgarity, loud enough for Hickleberry's ear. His dander, it was evident to see was rising, yet he said nothing. *As with a rogue, so with impudence, give it rope enough, it will hang itself.*

"Will you oblige me, sir," said the third, "with the use of my property when you have done with it," (Hickleberry was sitting on the tail of the speaker's great coat.)

"I tell you what I'll oblige you with young fellows, if you don't know how to behave yerselves ; that is with a good punch of the head each, and no mistake."

"No mistake?" replied the first whit, "Strike me vertical. I think you would find it a very great mistake. Paterfamilias."

"Sooner said than done, old bu-oy," joined in the third.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched *young* man, altho' you may

be a good hand at hatching, judging by the contents of your trunk," said the first.

No sooner was the last word uttered, than Hickleberry planted with all his force what, in the pugilistic nomenclature, is called a "smasher," on the nose of the last speaker. The copious discharge of blood from that dignified feature of the face, became the signal for an indiscriminate game, in real earnest of fisticuffs; the blows resounded thick and strong, many being wasted on the panels of the four sides of the car, although there was plenty of room for the belligerents, they being the only occupants of the car. In the cowardly onslaught of the three against one, the basket with its contents upset, and the infant set up a yell which, blending harmoniously with *the maddened strife*, produced a chaos of sounds to be compared only to a certain place on a small scale—a miniature copy of the original.

In the meantime the three puppies were getting the worst of it; for Hickleberry, it appeared, had not all his life been hammering tin candlesticks for nothing. In fact, his blows were so scientifically administered, in the neighborhood of their vitalities, that he of the wet nurse profession, pulling down the window, had nothing to do for it but to shout "Pur-leese! pur-leese!" as loud as his lungs would admit of. But the train, advancing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, gave no opportunity of any one *dancing attendance* on their gentilities. Nothing was seen but the tall trees dancing by, in mockery, as it were, of their distress.

"Now, gents," said Hick, seating himself and taking up the poor babe, that had been nearly trampled to death in the skrimmage, "you've received a lesson in the art of politeness that 'll last you all your lives, and a few days arter, and no mistake."

"Montague," said the owner of the disabled nose, "won't this be a fine case for our governor? I shall lay the damages at £50,000, and I'll get my friend Thessiger to conduct it." Here the nose bled profusely, and very opportunely; every drop of which, was carefully wiped on a clean shirt, drawn from the coat pocket of one of the trio, and which constituted the whole of his traveling gear.

"Yes; this harticle," said he, holding it out to display the coloring to advantage, "will serve as a bargument, by way of increased damages, that 'll double you up my fine fellow."

"When you've done with him I'll take him up. He's sprained my thumb and broke my watch. That's as good as a fifty pound note, and law expenses."

"And I," said the third, "will polish him off, when you've done with him, to the tune of assault and battery with malice prepense, with six months at Brixton, as a rogue and vagabond."

"Say that again," said Hickleberry, "and I 'll cram your teeth down your throat."

"We shall have it all our way, Mortimer. Defendant will have no witnesses, and each of us has two. We 'll let him know how to assault gentlemen of our position in the commercial world."

"Gentlemen!" said Hickleberry, "snobs in a comical world—perhaps swell-mob, for anything I knows to the contrary. Assault and battery; pshaw! pshaw! Salt and peppery—you are too much used to pummelling to complain on it. Bring your action, gents, I have had mine, and made you show heavy damages, and will again if I am so insulted."

"Swell-mob! Put that down in your tablets, Montague."

"Let me alone, Coningham; I know how to make up a case before to-day."

"Yes, swell-mob; I say it again, and here's a bevidence of it," said Dickory, seizing hold of the flashy chain of the tablet writer, and jerking out a pincushion to which it was appended, before that gentleman in the commercial world was aware of the proceeding.

Whether Hickleberry saw any evidence of this innocent substitute for a time piece in the scuffle, or whether it was dictated by mere suspicion, the effect of the movement was very observable. The owner of the valuable, blushed crimson, and his companions looked all sorts of unutterable things, as though it furnished every evidence of their assuming characters to which they were not entitled.

By this timely manœuvre, the trio were reduced to dead silence, and at the same time to a very respectable demeanor, insomuch so, that Dickory, dividing his compassion between them and his infant charge, asked them good humoredly to settle the matter in four stiff glasses of brandy and water, which he ordered at the next station, and they, upon mature consideration, taking into account the cold, unpromising day, and the hot, comfortable appearance of the liquid at the window of the carriage, thought proper to accept it as a condition of peace. Indeed, such an extraordinary change came over their vision that they treated

the whole as dream, and Dickory as their good old friend; and even went so far, after the glasses had been replenished, accompanied by a large plate of sandwiches—the brandy and water operating congenially—as to accept an invitation to Dickory's feast, that he intended to give to celebrate his good fortune.

What a pity it is that all differences cannot be compromised in like manner. Why cannot the judge in major offences fine the offending party in a series of good dinners, and by a happy gradation in the scale down to the least minor offence, in a glass of good grog, obliging both parties to be present. The probability is that if the enactments of that law were sound and practical, and strictly and stringently carried out, the parties would depart friends for life, instead of separating with still more resentfully unsatisfied feelings towards each other than before.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTENDS OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

We must now introduce our readers to Elmore Hall, the seat of Earl Elmore. Everything connected with this domain was on a princely scale of magnificence. Its time honored towers, its hoary headed oaks, had stood unscathed the pestilence of fire and sword, the scythe of time and the axe of the innovator, from the period of the conquest down to the present time. The present noble owner was celebrating at this time the anniversary of the birth of his grandson, the heir presumptive of the estate. Vast preparations had been made for the festivity, to which the neighboring nobility and gentry were invited, and open house was given to the husbandmen of all the surrounding villages and properties on the estate. This was an occasion of more than ordinary congratulation, for Earl Elmore's son, who had married almost without asking his family's sanction, to the daughter of an impoverished noble house, which by a strange fatality had been hostile for many generations, had been lately reconciled to his stern parent, who, forgetting the disappointment and chagrin such marriage had cost him, had suddenly turned round and received the renegades with open arms, and publicly acknowledged the little one of a year old, for his heir.

Happy day for the parents—so thought all, except themselves. Some hidden sorrow seemed to prey upon their spirits, too poignant to be dissapated by any good fortune.

"Clara, be cheerful. At least assume it, especially when in presence of my father, for my sake, if not for your own," said the heir.

"My dear lord, I will try, but these preparations remind me of a gross neglect of duty, and the perpetration of gross injustice. O, if you had but told the Earl that we were married at the time you asked his consent to marry, all had been well."

"You know not my father, or you would be convinced that it were the worst act of my life. He would then have cast me off forever, and the estate, over which he has all but the whole control, would have been lost to us. Leave me, pray leave me to manage the matter you are always harping upon, without interference. Be assured, I am as worthy of your confidence as of your love."

"You forget, Charles, that I am a mother, and that the feelings and sympathies of a mother increase the more they are opposed.—That horrid man that we should be associated with!"

"Clara, as you love me have done with this theme. It ill befits this occasion. See, my father is going to make a speech. Let us hasten to be among the audience." So saying, he took her arm in his, and hurried her across the lawn, where the rustics and others were assembling, to hear the Earl's address.

The noble Earl was one of those characters whose actions, good or evil, seemed to to be the result of the mere caprice of the moment. He would send a rustic to a three months' durance for killing a head of what tenant-farmers called vermin, and which aristocrats knew by the name of game, and supply his whole family for six months afterwards upon luxuries in food to which they were unaccustomed, and of which they scarcely knew the name. He would horse-whip a vagrant off his premises, and then send one of his footmen after him with a sovereign, to speed him on his journey. He would invite a host of friends to dinner, and then leave word that he was gone to town for something that he had forgotten. Had he not been the author of some very able pamphlets on statistics, and the utterer of the best speeches in the upper House, upon the most important subjects, there would have been a commission of lunacy out against him, long ago; but his actions will, in the course of this narrative, speak for themselves, and enable the reader to form his own opinion of him.

After the Earl had delivered himself of his platitudes, and no end of responses and toasts had followed, the assemblage dispersed about the grounds, to enjoy the privilege so graciously and munificently bestowed; the Earl patting condescendingly the heads of little urchins, and chatting familiarly with feeble old widows, that lined the path to the mansion; Lord Lovell, his son, with his lady on his arm, the nurse and baby bringing up the rear.

As they were ascending the steps, a stranger, watching his opportunity, slipped into the hands of his lordship a little billet, which, as soon as he entered the house, he found occasion to read privately. It ran thus:

"I have matters of the utmost importance to yourself to communicate. I put up at the Stag's Arms, in the village, and shall be there till an hour after you have received this. I need not hint that you must come alone, and unarmed. Fail not at your peril. G. L. G."

The instant Lord Lovell read these words he recognized the hand, although he imagined the writer had been thousands of miles distant. Lost in conjecture what could have brought this man at such a time, to witness such a scene, he nevertheless resolved to obey the summons, bnt to disobey part of it, and to go armed to the teeth. He had suspected that he was in the hands of desperate characters, and ordinary prudence dictated the caution. So feigning an unsatisfactory excuse for his *temporary* absence, he set off alone, across the fields, and from that time never again returned to his noble family, nor to any of his numerous friends.

CHAPTER V.

CASTS A GLIMMERING LIGHT.

"Father's dead, Sir; you've come too late," said the child mentioned in our second chapter.

"Are you the same person who called at our place about your father's illness?" inquired one of the miners, (for both had set out on this errand, and were now unaccompanied by a doctor, who was to follow as soon as he could get a horse to carry him thither.)

"Yes, Sir."

"How is it, then, that you are in boy's clothes? I thought you were of the other sex."

"I did it to oblige my father. I call him so, but what he said while he was dying shows that he is not my father. I fear he has been a very bad man, for he said when he was dying that he was entrusted with me, to get rid of me, as I stood in the way of somebody—I forget the name now—but that he could not find it in his heart to do so, because I had been so obedient and kind to him, always."

"This is a queer story, Tom; what do you think of it?" said the other miner.

"I think it is the truth. Was it his wish that you should assume the dress of a girl?"

"Yes. I have suffered very much on this account, and often told him how much I disliked appearing in a false character. He told me that he could only be secure of his life by my adopting this disguise, and so I yielded to his wishes in the matter."

"Where did you get these clothes? These were never made in New York, nor England."

"He had kept them always packed up in his chest. He kept pointing to it for something he wanted before he died, but I could not make out what he wanted, for he was speechless."

"Is it locked?"

"Yes. I tried the lid, but not knowing where the key was kept, I could not unlock it to satisfy him."

"Where did he usually keep the key?"

"I never saw it, nor do I ever recollect seeing the chest open."

"Would you like that we should open it?"

"If you please. I see no harm in doing so. Indeed, I should like to see it opened; for I may find something that may tell me who I am, and who he is."—

The boy, as we must now call him, soon brought in a miner's pickaxe, and after several fruitless attempts, the lid was severed from its hinges.

There was nothing discovered but a few old clothes, intermixed with books and newspapers, among which latter the Times newspapers were most conspicuous.

"Is there any other place where he might keep his traps, do you think?"

"None that I know of," said the disappointed youth.

"Had he no money when he died?—How did you live?"

"He always seemed to have money till lately. For the last month or so we have lived upon the money he got for the sale of a gold locket, with hair in it, set round with stones, that used to shine very much. I

knew this by a mere chance, as the man called upon me in his absence, and compared my face with that of the one in the locket, and said it was very much like me, and that 's how I knew my father, that is, he whom I called father, sold it."

"Is that man in the neighborhood of our place?"

"I do not know. He said he would call again, and have some chat with Mr. Wiley about it, and said he would keep it for my sake, and never part with it."

"For your sake?"

"Yes; on account, I suppose, of the likeness."

"We will find him out and get him to part with it. 'T is strange that there is no letter, or scrap of paper, to tell who or what he is, or anything about him."

"May I ask where you came from, and what brought you here?"

"Now he is dead I will keep it no longer a secret. The earliest remembrance I have of him was in a workhouse. I remember that soon after he left that he kept a sort of school, in a retired place, called Highbury. He never came out by day, and would never trust me out of his sight. He had but three pupils, as he was a man of not much education, and read and wrote very imperfectly."

"You appear to have a decent education."

The youth smiled, and then for a moment changed countenance. "My poor mother, that is, his wife, perhaps not my mother, taught me all I know. She was a woman who could read and write beautifully, quite a different sort of being to him. However, he was very kind to me, although he was very cruel to his wife sometimes. He would always mind me, when I begged him not to beat her."

"Have you examined that chest, Tom? Sound the sides, bottom and top. It appears to me to be of more than ordinary thickness; don't it to you?

"No," said the other, knocking it as he desired; "there 's no hollow here—all substantial wood."

"Try the bottom; take out the things and try the bottom."

They did so, and the sound gave evidence that it was not composed of solid wood. After a few raps here and there, the axe alighted on a concealed spring, and the false bottom flew open and displayed before their wondering eyes the following articles:

A bundle of letters, a poignard, tarnished, especially the blade of it, by some liquid stain, an embroidered handkerchief, spotted and stained with stale blood, a complete suit of baby dress, yellow with age and neglect, a shoe, with a small yellow buckle affixed to it, on which was engraven a crest; a long rope at the end of which was a slip noose, the remains of a bottle of liquid, on which was written poison, and a revolver, loaded in four barrels. They were so disposed that when the false bottom was in its place none of the articles could be shaken, so as to betray any signs of their concealment whatever.

[To be Continued.]

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 't is not when the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,
The safety and strength of the barque can be shown;
And 't is not in prosperity's hour—the devotion,
The fervor and truth of a FRIEND can be known.

No! the barque must be proved when the tempest is howling,
When dangers and mountain-waves close round her press,—
The FRIEND!—when the sky of adversity's scowling;—
For the touchstone of friendship 's the hour of distress.

When prosperity's day-star beams pure and unclouded,
Ten thousand will mingle their shouts round the throne;
But oh! let its light but one moment be shrouded,
And the smiles of the faithless like shadows are gone.

S. B.

A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of plates, securely rivetted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described:—She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the taffrail. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength are imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 23 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamers, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers, will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the centre, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beam, 83 feet, depth from deck to keel, 58 feet, aggregate length of saloon, 400 feet. Her commander will be Captain Harrison, with a crew in all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, etc., of from 850 to 900 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say 13,000 persons. Nearly 1000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, etc. The mere expense of launching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and rivetted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angled iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length, and are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and again close up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. The main deck is treated in the same manner for 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skins will hold 3000 tons of water ballast. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each five feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side for ventilation, and an abundantce of dead lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.—*Halifax News.*

How great a luxury comes back to the giver of every kind word; and which altho' priceless to the one, costs nothing to the other. We may make a friend for life by one kind word.

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED HIS OWN FUNERAL.

For obvious reasons, I am not going to publish who I am, where it was, and where it happened; but confine myself only to the part of the narration, *how* it happened.

I was returning early one morning, from a liquor house in S * * * *, endeavoring, as I supposed, by the little light of consciousness within me, to wend my way towards my little cozy apartments in the—we will say—Niantic. After endeavoring, by sundry attempts, to maintain my perpendicular, and finding, as I imagine, the attempt about as futile, as to make a pair of compasses stand upon a steel plate, I gave up the attempt, and measured my length upon what appeared to me to be a sack of saw-dust girt round the waist, as I supposed, for the convenience of carriage. I had some idea of warmth derived from the same sack, and endeavored to adjust it, so as to derive the greatest possible comfort by way of pillow. I have a glimmering of a remembrance that it became animated, which, in no way surprised me, inasmuch as I had experienced before that the very lamp-posts in the street had entered into a conspiracy against me, to obstruct my passage, however or wherever I went. I have some other idea of an animated fight, occurring between me and that identical sack, that it rose up and accused me of something or other. I remember, or think I do, of having my nasal extremity elongated to a most inordinate degree, by that animated sack of shavings or saw-dust; that I, in return, thrust my hand, with something in it, slashing right and left, (between a convulsive waking and a heavy sleeping,) at that huge body, which danced around me uttering the strangest sounds that I ever heard: I remembered—blood,—or some other liquid that looked like it, flowed all around me, but whether discharged from my unnatural sized proboscis, or from any part of the sack in question, I was too much occupied in my brain to conjecture. After a time, I remember distinctly enough that another sack, with a hat on, pommeled me most unmercifully; which I could not stand, although lying down at it. I remember that the thing I clutched, convulsively in my hand, did something, that soon silenced both these sacks; which afterwards fell upon me, so heavily, as to metamorphose them to my mind's satisfaction into paving-stone rammers. I was the more confirmed in this view of the case, because they fell to the earth, making the—"hur"—"hur"—which paviors are known to make, when they, by the heavy descent, of their paving-rammer, jerk the breath out of their body. After this, all was—chaos—confusion—ærial sediment—shreds and patches—daylight—midnight and lamplight, all, as it were, stirred round with a stick—borrowed from Macbeth's witches, or with the broom on which Mother Goose rode.

Where am I—what's the meaning of all this—what business have I here—how am I, who am I, what am I, where am I—were the copious questions I incessantly poured out upon my phrenzied phrenological functions, but the mystery did not remain long unexplained.

You are brought here, said my jailor, for committing two of the most foulest, and most bloodiest murders on record; two inoffensive, harmless old critters, who would'nt hurt a worm, have been butchered by you in cold blood.

"How? wa-wa-wa-what?" stammered I, amazed.

"Come that's a good 'un, to go for to think, to pertend, to spose, you don't know nothing about it. Your a nice article you are for a hinsam dodger. But you've got the right sort o' jailor to deal with this time. He's a sittin' now on a—case, and then you'll be on the hooks. There, don't look so innocent—babby-like, you old hoary-headed villian."

"Hoary-headed—what! had my fine Ross's head of hair, turned like that of a certain noble lady's, gray in one night?"

"There get in with you ; the sheriff's a comin' to you, and I'm only here to see you bound strong enough, so as to make it impossible for you to 'scape through the key-hole."

So saying, the brute turned the massive key in the lock, and left me more dumb-founded than ever, in almost total darkness. In sitting down on the stone-bench, I found my hands very heavily ironed, they felt sticky and gummy, as of dry clotted blood. The thought flashed across my brain, like lightning, that I was in for murder. Now I shall know more surely, the key is turning in the lock, the door weighs by its weight open. The same brutal personage, with an elderly gentleman, with a compassionate countenance, the sight of which I caught just once, as he crossed the only slanting narrow sunbeam, that lighted up this miserable abode.

"Leave me," said the gentleman, "lock me in, and stay without till I call aloud for you." The fellow bowed and retired.

"H * * * do you know me?"

"I have not that pleasure, sir, says I."

"Do you remember you saved me from drowning once, while crossing the * * * river, on the plains?"

"Oh! I remember it well, you are T * * * of S * * *."

"Just so, you know of course what you are here for?"

"I have not the most remote idea, beyond what the turn-key let fall in his short stay."

"It is for murdering an old woman and her husband: you were taken raving, like a frantic fiend, with a huge knife in your hand. You have also wounded several others, one an officer, a favorite in this city very dangerously, and he is not expected to live, and will leave behind him a wife and a large family."

"God of heaven how could I do all this, and be unconscious of one atom of an item in the transaction."

"It is so, and the proofs are so clear, that there's no escaping."

"What?"

"Hanging,—but now, I come to pay a debt of gratitude, you saved my life at the hazard of your own, I will save yours at the risk of mine, upon that I am determined—come what may."

"Dear T * * *, you have taken a load off my head, and a pressure off my poor brain of a ton weight."

"But the how," continued the Sheriff violently agitated.

"The jail is so closely guarded, above, below, around, and beyond, night and day, without intermission that I see no chance of escape whatever, and if you did escape the lives of two of my best friends—my own is pledged to you, and is of no consequence—would be forfeited, which I much regret. How could you, in the name of everything that's wonderful; you, above all others, noted at least, when I knew you, for habitual temperance, so far shake off your own nature, and thus to implicate yourself."

"My dear T * *, I know no more than you, all I remember is, that on that night, I indulged rather, I suppose I must have, too freely in drink, it must have been the liquid fire of hell itself to cause me to do such deeds."

"Well—I have a project suggested me by my friend, the Surgeon, that I think may save you. But hanged my dear fellow you must be."

"Hanged say you, hanged. Why that's an odd way of saving one's life."

"Listen, my friend has been taking some lessons of a French artist, engaged in the * * * hospital, for the purpose of imitations, with ease, the progress of certain skin diseases. He says he will procure you a collar, that shall be so adjusted as to allow of free respiration, while you are suspended by the neck. This will be covered over with a composition, so true to nature as not to be discerned by the naked eye, from the natural skin."

"But the weight, my dear Sir, the weight T * * * will strangle me as sure as fate, and

I shall only have the pain of a double death to undergo."

"Not at all, be patient and hear me out." W * * * * and I will visit you, in the middle of this very night; I will have a halter tied to the bar of that grate, and my friend W * * * * has given me his word of honor, that he will hang one hour for your satisfaction and mine, or even longer, until our doubts as to its efficacy are removed,"

"I breathed again, and the cold drops of sweat centering in one stream on my face, fell in big streams down my neck. While T * * * was explaining the matter, I felt all the sensations of strangulation, and only till he spoke of the Surgeon's offer, did I feel relieved."

"O that man! that Surgeon!! that concentration of all science!!! I could have worshipped the very dust from off his feet."

"Wonderful! wonderful! why W * * * you have been hanging, I declare, upwards of one hour and a quarter. Do you feel no sensation of pressure on the brain, no straining of the muscles of the neck, no elongation of—?"

"None whatever, you saw I took a glass of water with the greatest ease."

"Yes," and talked before and after it as usual. How extraordinary.

"Do you try Sheriff, the secrets worth knowing?"

"I will in two minutes."

The artistic springs and two connecting straps which I observed, passed under the arms were instantly released from the Surgeon's neck, and the Sheriff duly invested with the order of the halter, in less time than I can narrate it. The straps required to be placed first, and the collar when adjusted fell into the sockets left for them. Notwithstanding the proof of its safety which I had experienced, I really trembled for the man, and feared that his enthusiastic devotion in saving my life, might be the means of his losing his own, but before I could remonstrate, the Sheriff was tucked up and swung round and round, actually singing by way of bravado—

Here we go, up, up, up.
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

"I said, now dear friends let me try. In a few moments I was swinging in mid-air, enjoying in well-tried security the effect of this amazing invention—but to make a long story short, the trial came. I pleaded the old meaningless 'not guilty.' Witnesses came and went, and, although the circumstances were but few to examine, yet it occupied nearly a whole week. In the meantime, the newspapers observed the culprit ate and drank, and appeared as unconcerned about the awful position in which he stood, as if he had been the merriest spectator in court. Only did the wretch, they observed, shed tears when the counsel drew the picture of the old man's life, thus closing by the hand of an assassin, but they were glad to record that the prisoner's family, overwhelmed with affliction, had provided for the family of the bereaved ones."

"Well, I—suffered—the aw—I was just about to add—ful penalty of the law, but owing to my never to be forgotten friends, I can add—dience as the right syllable. I suffered the audience to amuse themselves at my expense for upwards of an hour. I had previously imitated (after having taken lessons from the good Surgeon on spasmodic affection) sundry dying shrugs, contortions, heavings of the chest, twitchings of the legs, &c. &c., to perfection, and then was duly cut down, laid in my coffin, covered over and screwed down in the presence of the Sheriff and hangman; and when the crowd had dispersed, duly released from my confinement, and conveyed to the good Sheriff's house, where an apartment in a back attic had been provided for my reception with all the secrecy of a Know-Nothing, only the Sheriff's wife was privy to my existence. O what gratitude could equal mine, when all was over, to them, and the giver of all good for this marvellous deliverance. But there was one circumstance not a little amused me, while I was suspended, a dirty little vender of children's lolli-

pops kept interrupting my meditation by crying out, "Here's your H * * * lollipops, a bit an ounce, a bit an ounce—H * * * bloody lollipops, by em up—by em up." I really felt inclined to kick the fellow, as he passed under the drop, my heels almost touching his head as he passed me, but this would have spoiled all. Now for the denouement.

What in the world possessed me—to this very day—I know not, but come what may, I was resolved to follow my own funeral. For my friends, although the Sheriff had turned a deaf ear to their earnest entreaties, wished to have the corpse dressed their own fashion, but he would not let them even see it. And many an epithet did they heap upon him for his unaccountable hard-heartedness, it was adding misery to pain. It was rankling a wound, it was skinning a half-covered cicatrice—it was striking the coward's blow on those who were prostrate; nevertheless he was as deaf as a door-nail. The law knew no distinctions, and he knew no law why it should, he was premptory, they might follow it if they pleased, but, to lay hands upon it—the first relative who dared, should have the mortification of knowing that he was the means of adding ignominy to disgrace, by causing it to be buried without ceremony.

Before dawn I arose, I had no sleep all night—I entrusted no one with the merit of my intention—I looked at myself in the glass—my black whiskers and moustache shall take their departure—the walnut dye—oh! here it is—now for a change—heigh—presto—there's the last stroke of the razor. I am another man—I know not myself—as for any living creature recognizing me—that's impossible. Now the cap—I usually wore a hat—now the seedy black—I never wore black, no one had ever seen me habited in black, and even my own brother at my dear father's funeral, was obliged to squeeze me into a farming man's coatee that he borrowed.

The disguise—complete—unique—unapproachable—inimitable. I may with perfect safety sally forth,—the crowd collect. I open my little two-pane square, let myself down by a rope, alight in the middle of a pig-sty surrounded by four high sides—make my way out. Go up the little alley out into the street—fall in the ranks, recognize all my brother's household walking in deep affliction, saying to sorrow, "Thou art my brother; and to consolation, Be ye far from me." I select a stranger, who held up his head and appeared in the walking part of the procession, *pro forma*. After a time I broke the ice of silence.

"How's Mr. ——?"

"I havn't heerd this morning, he and the family was bad enough last night. Mrs. * * * has never been out of bed since her disappointment of not seeing the body."

Save me from my friends thought I.

"Odd! of the Sheriff wasn't it? some say he has ceded his orthority and desarves pullin' up for 't. But 'tis a good job he's out of the way. He was always a cuss to his family I'm told."

The deuce he was thought I. "Why I always thought he was of good character."

"Then you thought wrong, I can tell you. There was never any woman ugly enough for him to let alone." H * * * thought I again, you'll know your own character if you live long enough.

"Why what has a woman to do in this affair?"

"Don't you know, did'nt you see it stated in the papers that jealousy was the cause of the murder?"

"O, my stars!" what next thought I.

"What sort of a woman was this that he was so jealous of?"

"Why I'll tell you how it was. The one wot was murdered was an old man, and he married a wife young enough to be his own darter. This here feller, wot we are a follorin' on, went to see her in his absence like, and he knew nuffin at all about her being a married ooman. Then the old one comes home and finds 'em both drunk together, he begins to kuse this here one, and

he draws his bowyer upon him, and so that's how it all happened."

"O ! did you know him ?"

"Him! who ?"

"The man we're following ?"

"Know'd him—aye—brought him up almost from a child."

"I had never seen the liar before to my knowledge."

"He was the gallowsest young scamp as ever was. He used to stick pins by the hour in his younger sister on purpose to hear her cry."

"I never had a sister."

"And when his brother used to scold him, he would seize upon him like a tiger, and bite what part of him came first."

"I had got my fist up ready to strike the scoundrel—but—no—I forgot—I was—following—his—my—no—his—no my own—no—the Sheriff's substitute of stones, for my own funeral."

But what a void was in my heart, as with the mourners returning, I began to ponder upon the deed of blood, and the harrowing convictions, that I was cowardly seeking to avoid its penalty as a murderer; —what should I do ; where should I go. I had escaped the gallows—but now a harder task was before me, how should I escape myself—the torturing retribution of conscience was pursuing me, and how shut my ear to the wailing of the bereaved, and the cry of the poor orphan my murderous hand had made desolate.

A kindly hand shook me, and a gentle voice whispered in my ear—"Breakfast is ready." Thank God ; Oh how much, I cannot tell, for I had slept an hour longer than usual, and found, to my great joy, that it was—*only a Dream !*

A KNOW NOTHING.

Travelling last summer through the Southern mines, and coming as I supposed near Sonora, just as the shades of evening were fast closing in upon me, I felt anxious to know what distance I had to go to reach my destination. I walked to the open door of a small house by the roadside, and enquired of a lady sitting in the room, if she could tell me how far it was to Sonora, she very pertly answered, *I don't know.* I asked her if she thought it was more than four miles, she replied, *I don't know.* I then asked her if she had a little water she would give me, she again said, *I don't know.* I suggested that I thought, the weather very warm, and the roads very dusty, she said again, *I don't know.* Just at this moment in came her husband, and having heard the conversation from the outside, he desired her not to reply in that manner; but she still persisted that she did not know, saying, I don't know nothing, I don't mean to know nothing, for I am a Know Nothing and Know Nothings never should know nothing !!

A TRIP TO THE MINES AND THE BIG TREES.

BY BESSIE.

Rest !—Recreation !—Welcome change, from the arduous duties of school room life, and the turmoil of the city, with its gay occupants and resounding streets. "God made the country, men made the town ;" and it needs no far-fetched theology, or wide stretch of the fancy to define the superiority of the one over the other. I was not two minutes in determining whether I would go with a gay party to San Francisco and Napa, or accept the invitation of my kind friends at Columbia to spend the two weeks' vacation with them.

Those who have never visited the mountains have little or no idea of their beauty and grandeur, or the amount of traveling and business, of various kinds, done in them. Villages of considerable growth are sprinkled along the steep green hills, with a background of lofty and rugged mountain peaks ; and sometimes nestling quietly at the foot of a range of lofty hills, half concealed in a grove of immortal green, are clusters of mi-

ners' cottages and cabins, having quite a rural and town-like appearance. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive a more rough (—and picturesque because rough—) yet more beautiful country, than that between Sacramento and Columbia. It combines the wildest scenes. Hills piled on hills, raising their gigantic heads heavenward, as if in adoration of the Being who called them forth! Here and there are deep gloomy caverns, seemingly a fit lair for beasts of prey—but, save a rabbit, which now and then ventured abroad, we saw no wild animals, much to my regret. An adventure with a grizzly would have been the heighth, depth, length and breadth of my ambition—at a suitable distance! but none favored us with a "call!"

Columbia is by no means the little, unimportant and secluded mining town I had supposed it to be, but a *pretty* "smart place"—if a vast aggregation of brick and mortar, dust and sand, a crowded population, intellectual men, and beautiful women, and a constant tide of vehicular and human movement are necessary to make one.—It is a city of two years' growth, for within that period it has been nearly destroyed by fire. It now contains a goodly number of fine fire proof buildings, two or three churches, a theatre, public and private schools, two printing offices and many handsome private residences—and, by the way, the miners are making inroads into the business part of the town, and working underneath the buildings. The people will soon have to adopt the custom at Placerville—of setting their houses on stilts, and whenever they want a pan of gold! descend to the cellar and bring it up! Here I met old friends from home, who just petted me the whole time I was with them. Never shall I forget their hospitality, their kindly greetings, and the pains they took to make the stay a pleasant one appreciated. I was surprised at the "bill of fare" which mine host of "Bird's Hotel" laid before me, with which the most fastidious could not but be pleased. I feel much indebted to him and his amiable lady for their kind attentions, during my stay at their pleasant and well kept house; and for the acquaintance of some whose friendship I shall ever esteem as among the choicest and most delightful of earth's blessings.

I had a very great anxiety to visit the mines, having never seen much of mining operations, and my friend, Miss H., having invited me to a morning stroll, we found our way to the "diggins" of a friend, who kindly assisted us in washing out a *small* fortune! and, now I have got it, there arises a great query in my mind what I shall do with it. Whether I shall invest it in bank or railroad stock, town lots at Granite, water lots on the levee, or get it made up into spoons or jewelry! I was quite as successful in one of my morning rambles at ——— last spring. I had a perfect passion for mining, and thought if I could but get the hundredth part of a grain, to send home to my friends, telling them that I dug it myself, I should be satisfied. Accordingly, I prevailed upon some young ladies to accompany me—assuring them if I struck a lead I would divide. We had the good fortune of falling in with a company of Hibernians and Chinese, of whom we craved the use of their pans. They politely offered them, together with their assistance; which latter we declined—saying it was only for the pleasure of getting a few grains ourselves that we came.—Having divested myself of bonnet, shawl and gloves, and rolled up my sleeves, I bend over my task with a fortune in prospect. Fifteen minutes of shaking and scraping, and twirling and tipping, and I wash down pretty near to the gold-bearing sand, on the bottom of the pan, and with eyes well strained in their sockets, and visions of future magnificence dancing through my head, I pour off the water, and what do you think I find?—not the first "color!" I am encouraged by my companions, who have taken possession of the rocker, and are enlivening their toil as happily as two young chatterboxes can, by building "air castles," and furnishing them

with the products of their cradles! I insist this time on filling my own pan, and, in passing around the "long tom," where the miners were at work, I step upon what I suppose to be "terra firma," but before I have time to think, I find myself two feet deep in a bed of quicksand, with a dozen voices shouting "*don't go there!*" and their manly owners springing to extricate me. Nothing disconcerted, (for I am assured it will all rub off when it gets dry,) I tug up another forty pounds of mud, and labor with the same success. A third—and lo! two bright specks, the size of a pin head, appear at the bottom of the pan.

I shout! rockers are deserted; picks and shovels are dropped, and a general "hilarification" succeeds. With much the same success I spend a couple of hours, when I am made painfully sensible of a dizziness in the head, and a weariness of the body generally, and I conclude that my fortune is to be made in some other way than mining. My companions' share, when they came to divide, far exceeded mine; but I have such an inherent antipathy to "rocking the cradle," that I could not be prevailed upon to try it, although they produce much the largest lumps!

A number of agreeable surprises, following each other in quick succession, made me feel quite as much at home among the good people of Columbia, as though we had been acquainted for years. Nothing could exceed their generous thoughtfulness in anticipating every comfort, or in the getting up of little excursions to places of interest and amusement. I shall not soon forget the pleasant drives, and delicious lunches eaten under the green trees, and that perilous ascent on horseback, where, three thousand feet above our starting point, we could count no less than six villages, slumbering in lovely and picturesque beauty at our feet; while far away to the eastward rose the snow-covered mountains of the Sierra Nevada, looming up with strange and magnificent grandeur!

Immortal beauty invests these mountains, surprising the soul with sublime thoughts, unrecognized before; and it is just as impossible for me to forget how they look, in their pure robes of green and white, as not to think of them with awe and admiration.

Our return was by a more circuitous and less rapid descent. About sundown we entered a little sylvan retreat, and town, situated in a graceful and mountain-bound valley, known as Sonora, where I actually *fell in love*. Yes—"in love at last!" I exclaimed, as we rode leisurely through its clean wide streets, and looked with delight upon its neat and tasteful appearance. We were there again on the Fourth of July, and witnessed a great array of clean shirts and cotton umbrellas—for it was raining like a second deluge. The streets are crowded with the hodge-podge of soaked humanity, for the most part convened under the insufficient shelter of dripping awnings and umbrellas, with here and there a noisy exception, who, extremely wet externally, but awfully dry within, goes cruising round, glorious as a lord, perfectly indifferent to the drenching torrents over head. The "Star Spangled Banner" flaps and shudders, and dashes off little jets of wet into the faces of the passers by, as though it would snap its fingers at the actors in the farce, accordingly. Here come the citizen soldiery! right down Main street—tramp, tramp, rub-a-dub, with their gallant commanders, who look as if they would prefer a dry suit and less glory! And here, too, come the firemen—I beg their pardon—I should have said watermen; for, in their present plight, they are strongly suggestive of the latter element. The Masonic fraternity, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance too, might, without a very extensive flight of imagination, be styled the "Cold Water Guards." But all parties seem determined upon a display, so the drumming and fifing and marching gets on bravely, all seeming indifferent to the drenching torrents which are disgorging themselves over their fine uniforms! They are afterwards refreshed

intellectually by a Fourth of July oration, and temporally by a grand barbecue. Here, too, I form pleasant acquaintances, with whom, in my day dreams, I am often holding sweet communion.

Among many other places of interest which I visited in Columbia, none pleased me more than an exploring expedition into a tunnel, worked by the N. Y. Tunneling Co., the urbane Dr. O. acting as my chaperon. This was commenced in 1854, and has averaged forty days work per week, and as high as eight ounces to the pan has been taken from it. One thousand feet from the entrance, and about the same from the surface, we came across a clear running sprink, from which we drank, finding it extremely refreshing.

My next visit was to "Heslep's Falls." The remembrance of *that* ride, and a sight of those towering hills, are written in *sunbeams* by memory's loving hand.

"Let us go to the 'Big Tree,'" said my friend C., one evening, as we were enjoying the star light, upon the verandah; "it is only thirty miles, and the scenery the most beautiful in California." Of course I was delighted, nothing could afford me more pleasure. As if by magic, everything was arranged for the journey. By sunrise the following morning sundry boxes of delicious eatables, and very suspicious looking bottles of drinkables, find their way into the carriages, and everybody's spirits are a-tiptoe, in anticipation of coming pleasures. Our road presented an ever varying phase of hills on hills, vales, rocky cañons and cliffs, and for miles the solemn silence is only broken by the music of a clear stream, which crosses our path at irregular intervals, and now and then forms a most romantic cascade. The scenery is so beautiful, so exciting and sublime, lighted up by the tints of the morning, and displaying such a variety of shadowy depth, produced an effect approaching near to enchantment! At Abbey's Ferry, on the Stanislaus, the mountain heights are certainly the most sublime and wild my eyes ever rested on—throwing all I had yet seen quite in the shade. They were of hard granite, towering two or three thousand feet above us, with almost perpendicular sides, forming darkened recesses, from which foams and tumbles the river; and at whose base is a single cottage, miles away from any other human habitation. Oh! it was a beautiful sight—sublime and awful! and I could have gazed the livelong day; and nothing could have reconciled me to leave it but the thought that all California is one vast scene of beauty, and wherever I go, there would be something new and wonderful. The new and fantastic shapes which Nature here puts on—bold, broken, abrupt, gloomy and sublime—while deep gorges, opening to the right and left, behind and before, were objects of thrilling wonder to me, and fraught with instruction. Our path from this was a pilgrim's progress, up the long, steep ascent, of the hill difficulty, winding around the mountain, a carriage-way just wide enough to pass. One mis-step, and we are lost! At noon we are entering the dense forest, where grow, in solemn grandeur, the master-pieces of Nature—the mammoth trees. We drove up to a neat and well furnished hotel, where, after making our toilet, we were cheered by a dinner that would have done credit to any hotel in Sacramento or San Francisco. Our dining room is in the immediate proximity of the "Big Stump"—ninety-six feet in circumference—which has been used for a ball room, and for a stage; though I wondered very much where the audience came from, as there is not a house within twelve miles of it. The body of this tree (three hundred feet long) lies in the rear of the house; over which is built a fine billiard room and bowling alley. It was cut down in 1852, and employed five men twenty-two days in boring it off, with pump-augurs, to fell it. Within an area of fifty acres ninety-two of these trees are found standing, and without doubt are the most stupendous vegetable productions on earth. They were discovered in 1852, by hunters, whose ac-

counts seemed fabulous, until confirmed by actual measurement. The Father of the Forest is one hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and its estimated height, when standing, four hundred and fifty feet. The Mother of the Forest is ninety feet in circumference and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high—the bark was taken off this tree, to send to the World's Fair, one hundred and twenty feet. The Three Graces, growing in beautiful proportions, the exact counterpart of each other, are three hundred feet high—circumference ninety feet. The Pioneer's Cabin is hollow at the stump, in which a small family might keep house comfortably, provided they were good natured, and were not disposed to room-in-ate much. I am quite amazed at their beauty, symmetry and grandeur, and walk round and round, scanning them from every point. I had heard the fame thereof, read of it in newspapers, and listened to glowing oral pictures, but how widely different are my feelings, now that faith has turned to sight. To describe them would be like an attempt to paint a strain of awe-inspiring music, or to mimic the echo of a tiny silver bell!

My companions returned to the house and left me to dream awhile, under their dark and shadowy green branches—the rich mellow tints of departing day, and the soft twilight falling among the trembling leaves, makes the scene one of solemn beauty. It seems a very prototype of green and God-like Eden!

Next morning, before sunrise, I am again in the forest—curiosity and excitement keep me in motion, and I wander on, unmindful of distance, far into its gloomy depths. The ground is covered with a luxuriant growth of underbrush, among which are wild gooseberries, currants, strawberries, and thousands of little berries—what we at home called Scotch-caps—a kind of raspberry. Here I found several new varieties of flowers, not seen in the valleys; one a bright orange color, in shape something like a fuscia, only not so large; another of a pale blue, about the size of a half dime—the prettiest of any I have seen in California. Two days glide away, before we are aware of their speedy flight, and we reluctantly quit the enchanted grounds. We pay our respects to our kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and are wending our way homeward.

Four days after, found me quietly pursuing my daily routine of duty, but my waking day-dreams have found me revisiting those lovely scenes—which will ever remain daguerreotyped upon my mind, as the most sublime of Nature's astonishing wonders.

A TRAGIC CATASTROPHE.

The night was dark and dreary,
The rain fell drizzling fast;
The watch-dog lone and weary,
Howl'd dirge-notes to the blast.

The winds bore sounds of wailing,
The church-bell midnight toll'd,
As deep shrieks of one ailing,
On gloomy darkness roll'd.

'Tis nearer and more near,
Oh! now 'tis at the door,—
"But good wife never fear,
"'Tis some lorn stranger poor.

"Alas, in such a night
"Of horrors, who can bear
"To picture such a sight,
"As stranger wand'ring near."

"That wail—'tis from a babe—
"The infant shriek's renew'd;
"Perhaps some murderer's knife
"Is doing Deeds of Blood—

"Again, 'tis at the door,
"Wife be not so afraid!
"Hand me my pistol o'er,
"Take you my trusty blade."—

Now terrors seize their minds,
Their hearts go pit-a-pat,
The door opes to the winds—
In stalks a—huge tom cat.

AN EARLY REMINISCENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In '49 and '50 the streets of this city were entirely devoid of planks, and were not subjected to the scientific process of macadamization, so that pedestrians were taxed to the utmost of their ingenuity to navigate from one part of the city to another, to say nothing of the sand, into which you sank ankle deep at every step, in many parts of the city. The annoyance was so much the worse, by the navigator having to take soundings of mud and water, with an ordinary pair of boots, and then finding no bottom until the tops of the aforesaid boots had disappeared a long way beneath the mire. Sometimes the pedal extremities of some unlucky individual would become so firmly embedded in the sticky clay, that when he had the good fortune to reach the bottom, the exertion requied to be extricated, would be so great as utterly to destroy his equilibrium, when down would come his full length to his entire dissatisfaction, and while the sufferer would give utterance to imprications of wrath, and call down maledictions on rhe dirty state of the streets, the bystanders would often indulge in a hearty cachination at his expense. This would sometimes have the effect of riling his temper so much that the sufferer would commence a series of assaults of the soft material upon the cachinators, who, making hearty exchanges in turn, would almost smother him before he could relieve himself.

The writer remembers such a circumstance, that happened during the month of January '50, near the Post Office, then located on the corner of Clay and Pike streets, a path had been made across Clay street, and through one or two vacant lots above the St. Francis Hotel, towards the Post Office, bounded on either side by a deep mud hole, where any person failing to step anywhere but just the precise place, would never fail to find himself pretty well muddled.

The mail steamer had just arrived, and several hundred persons were awaiting anxiously and slowly marching in single file toward the seven inch square window of delivery, many expecting, and all hoping to get letters from different parts of the world. Towards evening, a colored gentleman (slightly inebriated) made his appearance, bearing on his back the carcass of a slaughtered deer, all skinned and nicely dressed, and was, perhaps, making for some hotel to sell it. In crossing on the narrow path, he made a false step, and in he went, just at the edge of the pool, and finding himself sinking deeper and deeper, he made sundry attempts to get out, but on lifting his foot he found that his boot, not fitting very tight, had stuck fast below, and his foot getting about half way out, the derangement of foot and boot, so much upset his perpendicular, that he came near falling full length. However, nothing daunted, he tried and tried again, but found the other boot following the example of the first, he very composedly for a time, let the force of gravitation have its own way. Meanwhile the shouts and laughs of the crowd at the Post Office, made the air resound again, until some philanthropic individual (a white man, and some said he was "*tight*," but that must have been a malicious invention) remonstrated with the crowd, and told them they had better help the poor man out of his misfortunes than to laugh at them. A voice from the crowd then asked him why he did not help him out himself. This had the desired effect, so he proceeds to the darkey, lays hold of the collar of his coat giving him a jerk. This did not have the effect intended, as the force of the pull did not move the darkey an inch, but caused him to overbalance himself and he came, mingling mud, darkey, deer and himself in one almost indistinguishable chaos. After wallowing and floundering about often from bad to worse, by some good fortune they were all extricated. Still the laugh did not end here, for darkey, deer and benefactor, after gaining "terra firma" looked more like animated walking mud posts, than any

thing else; the man of color for once assuming an appearance of no color, and the man of no color looking like his brother of color, and the deer looking like the dead carcass of a man of all colors.

MEN, AS WE FIND THEM IN CALIFORNIA.

Many wise and good men have doubted whether the discovery of gold in California would prove a substantial benefit to our country. It may differ widely from the anticipated results, in the commercial world, the nice calculations of old, keen and shrewd financiers. In a moral and religious view, it may be very far from what all good men wish; this, however, will depend entirely upon the working out of the great problem now in the course of solution.

That California is destined to exercise a commanding influence over the commercial, financial, and religious interests of our country, and the world, few will pretend to deny. Her position, her vast resources, her immense capabilities, all, render it morally certain that she is surely destined to act a principal part in the great drama of the world's history. The laws that have governed other nations, and that have been potent in shaping the destinies of men, will prove more powerful in their operation here, than many suppose.

If we regard California in her isolated position, anomalous though it may seem, as the great central point of trade, commerce, and the mechanic arts, the mind cannot realize the accumulation of the vast interests and influences gathering around it. The almost fabulous riches of her mines, the variety of her agricultural resources, and the concentration of so much intelligence and talent, from all lands; and the certainty that that talent may at any and all times be combined and brought into action, renders still more an object of solicitude, the destiny of this, the youngest in the glorious sisterhood of States.

California has within her domain, citizens of nearly every land, as well as outlaws from all the nations of the earth. It is the gathering of the various races in our midst, and the almost inevitable collision between their respective creeds, that may cause the upheavings of the very foundations of all true faith in the hallowed institutions of religion. To the working out of this great problem we would call the serious attention of our readers. The commingling of so many creeds, the decided preference to so many rites, and the attachment to so many and such diverse forms of worship, all indicate that man is a religious being.

The powerful influences of Christianity should be brought directly to bear upon the solution of this subject. By far the largest portion of our present population have been religiously educated, and have come to our shores with aspirations after wealth and distinction, as well as moral excellence. In many cases, it is greatly to be feared that the all-absorbing thirst for gold has partially smothered many early convictions, or thrown them to the winds; and religious employments have been decided as simply foolish, and moral excellence ridiculed as worthy only of the weak and vulgar.

From the judicious precepts, from the virtuous examples, from the hallowed influences and from interests and hopes clustering around the family altar, many, very many have departed. Arriving in our sunny land, they seem to have swung loose from all former habits, from home memories, and from the vigorous principles and high toned sentiments of morality by early teachings planted in their hearts, and which threw a broad shield around their life and character, at their distant dwelling place. Fearlessly they have plunged into the whirling tide, sweeping before and around them, and are borne onward amidst the scattered fragments floating from the wrecks of human happiness, that close around them on their downward way.

Men coming from so many lands, identified with so many interests, the centre of so

many hopes, and the representatives of so many families, should surely exhibit an upright and conscientious regard for the sympathy, interests and hopes of those who hold them as dear as their own souls. If their vigor of character, their talents, influence and perseverance could be combined, in behalf of virtue, California would soon become a model State, that would attract the admiration of the world.

Most men, whatever their theory or practice may now be, have moments of serious reflection. At such times, quicker than thought can blaze along the electric wires, does memory rush back to the scenes of youth, to childhood's home, and linger among the green spots, the sparkling and gushing waters, that are so refreshing in life's wide and arid wastes. The vacant chair still reserved for them, the deserted room, where, at the commencement of life's journey, the soothing tones of a mother's voice lulled them to quiet and peaceful slumbers—the aged parents bending under the weight of years, their locks whitened by the frosts and cares of many winters, with calm and holy resignation awaiting the hour of their departure; but waiting in hope of seeing the dear absent one once more at their side before they go hence—the brothers and sisters, with tearful eyes and swelllng hearts, wondering where the distant wanderer roams now—if alive—or where his precious remains repose, if he has seen "the last of earth." All, all of these are grasped in a moment by the hand of an ever faithful memory, and impressed upon the heart with even more than their original vividness.

Parents, brothers, sisters, the playmates of childhood, the companions of youth—the hearth-stone, the garden, the little spot called his own, where with gleeful heart, he saw the laughing flowers springing up, from tiny seeds he had planted, the exultant joy with which he plucked the first blossom that peeped out from the green leaves, and presented it to his mother or sister, are ever remembered.

The restless movement of the tide of population flowing in upon us—the migratory habits of our people, have to a very great extent, proved a barrier to the gathering of christians in our cities or even in the country. Yet it is astonishing to see how quickly men sympathize with any moral or religious movement, and assist to build school-houses and churches, in nearly every little mountain town. Still a majority of our best clergymen, instead of preaching to suit the tastes and sympathies of Californians, inflict a long and very dry discourse upon their hearers. It is a very prevalent idea among our clergy, that the great mass of our citizens are among the most intelligent people in the world. In this they are right: probably no population on earth, can show so many well educated men, in proportion to their numbers, as California. They may not frequent the sanctuary; the Sabbath may be spent in the fields, in the cottage, or in the cabin, to them, there may be reasons perfectly satisfactory, why they should not go to the church. Even in the fields they may think and commune with beloved friends at home, and with their own hearts, for rather would they go forth alone, beneath the lofty dome of earth's wide temple, and there, amidst the gorgeous drapery of the universe, in imagination hover around scenes and persons, far, far away, and which are to the soul, like the soothing sounds of distant music—the bright links of memories chain, that binds them to the past—and the scenes, the day, and the affections, speak to man's better nature, and he goes forth a better man on the morrow, after these communings and aspirations.

Now we fully believe that by far the larger portion of our whole population is of this kind. It is the proper duty of the minister to speak to the hearts of the men who thus feel; and make them prove the power, of religion a delightful charm, and the sanctuary, the footstool of the King of Kings, to his spirit.

It is more than probable that the great want of success in the labors of the clergy,

is, that they do not address the man through his home feelings and sympathies. If they wish to interest men, they must bring up the memories that will carry them back to early days and the scenes of childhood and home, and this would be the strongest inducement for him to attend the sanctuary. How soothing, how sacred, how august and solemn are such hours to the exile from his fond and distant home.

Our clergy who can, and do interest the hearts of men, draw large crowds around them, which proves that we are not yet a God forsaken people—and that the thirst for gold, does not swallow up all other interests, or crowd out all other obligations. Let this religious element be brought out, and California will be as rich in the records of her moral triumphs, in the brilliant examples of her high-toned piety, as in her golden placers, her agricultural resources—and her floral beauty.

There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that the main reason why men do not enter the sacred precincts of the church, on the day of the christian's Sabbath, is because, as a whole, he is not interested. The dry theology of the eastern cities finds but few admirers in California. Many men who were students at the East, and loved the luxury of a good historical work, here have but little pleasure in such books,—why? The reason is apparent to every observer—the mind is filled with exciting business thoughts—money made, or money lost—a perpetual whirl of business cares, by day and by night, without the invigorating influences of a pleasant social circle, or a cheerful home. They work all day—but, when evening comes, with its lengthening shadows, and men leave their business, how few have the enchantments of home, and refining intellectual pleasures to chase away their business thoughts, and refresh the mind by peaceful and soothing influences, ready for the morrow. We do not, therefore, wonder that more than ordinary interest and talent is required to make men forget their business cares, and, on a Sabbath morning, when all is peaceful, to wend their way to the sanctuary and there receive from the minister's hands, the bread of eternal life.

We would suggest to some of our ministers, that to study human nature, and how they can the better attract and please men, would be a double good conferred, and a double advantage gained; and, whatever tends to make men interested, gives a power for good or evil to make them better, or to make them worse, and if the ministrations of the sanctuary are not interesting and inviting, men will generally go elsewhere.

We leave these thoughts with the thoughtful, and hope that our own California will yet be found among the most useful, and in acts the most pious of any of our sister States. B.

A GENTLEMAN on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "What makes the boat go on?" He gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words:

"You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole, and fastens on the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the what-d'ye-call-it, with his long poker; and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead!"

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.—The editor of the *Woonsocket Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghae hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," says he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard, that hen is not for sale."

BRUDDER JONSING, I congratulate you—Providence has really smiled upon you lately; as I see you married off three of your daughters the other day, smiled Brudder Sumpkins? *Smiled* did you say? Why he snickered *right out.*

SINGING BIRDS.

BY MONADNOCK.

By the river, by the lake,
Where the silver ripples break;
In the dark sequestered glen;
In the crowded haunts of men;
In the woods from footsteps free,
In the garden apple tree,—
Wherever shadows flit around,
Little singing birds abound.

In the Northern land of storm,
'Mid the iceberg's awful form,
Under burning tropic skies,
Where the verdure never dies;
Where Siberian exiles roam,
In the cold and cheerless home;—
Where the Niger rolls his tide,
Little singing birds abide.

On Atlantic's rock-bound shore,
Where the sullen surges roar;
Where Pacific's calmer strand,
Leaves the gorgeous golden land;
In the lonely mountain glen,—
Homes of hardy mining men,
Washing gold with will so strong,
Birds are singing all day long.

In the valleys still and lowly,
Where the baffling brooks move slowly;
Where the mountain ash is waving,
And the pines the storms are braving;
In the pastures spreading green,
Where the sportive lambs are seen;
Lights and shadows flitting round,
Little singing birds are found.

San Francisco, July 23d, 1856.

MUSINGS IN A MADHOUSE.

Those whom the various disappointments of the world have soured, and who are continually ejaculating the "*tædet me vitæ*," who are bereft of all hope, and to whom the ministering angel of comfort whispers in vain "*try again*," should accompany me in the * * * Maison de Sante. The matron—yes, it is a woman whose nerves are strong enough to meet and encounter every phase of development in the physical disorganization of that mysterious agency, the brain. It is a woman, a weak woman, who presides over this humane establishment. O, ye on whom fortune has smiled, and blessed with a superfluity—whose every want can be gratified, regardless of the cost, and who daily lavish, it may be, large sums upon mere nothingness, producing no fruit, nor contributing one mite to the common weal—come hither, I beseech you, and ponder, and see how your pity

> "Is twice blessed.
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
> 'T is mightiest in the mighty—it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown."—

"Who is that interesting creature at her needle, in the farthest corner of the room?" inquired a visitor.

"Her name is Susan Mayday. Her history is as interesting as herself—a story of disappointed love—"

"I thought so."

Here the poor creature broke out into the well known strain:

> "All in the downs the fleet lay moored
> When black eyed Susan came on board—
> Oh when shall I my true love find."

While uttering these strains, in a voice somewhat cultivated, the heart must have been hard indeed that did not sympathise with her sorrow.

"She was formerly in service, in some respectable family, in England, and had saved up from her wages £200. Her sweetheart borrowed this sum to come over here and try his fortune in the mines. They corresponded, it seems, for a whole year, when his letters suddenly broke off, and after another year's silence, Susan was determined to brave the perils of the wide waves and waste, and seek out her lover. The wretch met her by chance, and gave her an invitation to see his wife. She reproached him with but two words: 'Oh, George!' and her reason took its flight forever. That letter she has just taken out of her bosom is the last letter the villain sent. I have read it, and it paints, in the most joyous terms, what would be his happiness in two

short years more, when he would come over to the dear old country and make her his wife—never more to part. She spends her sorrowful time in knitting him stockings, and reading this letter."

Here she broke out again in that plaintive key, belonging to the tune:

"O, when shall I my true love find!"

I turned from her and inquired who that grave old man, with a white beard, of some seventy winters, might be.

"Seventy," replied the matron, "he is barely forty years of age. He came out with a wife and three hearty children, and his wife's sister, a young woman of great promise, I am told, and he saw all of them thrown in the water, dead, with the starvation fever."

"What have not the owners of some of those ill-managed transports to answer for," thought I, "at the great day of judgment?"

"The great king of Madagascar!" cried, or rather shouted out a tall stout man, respectably dressed in black.

"Who is that gentlemanly looking man that has just uttered that exclamation?"

"He is a Mr. Bond—as we call him, to please him; but his real name is ——. He came out here in very needy circumstances, and, through the most extraordinary success at the mines, became suddenly very rich. His ambition appears to be to purchase the Island of Madagascar, and he amuses himself in writing laws and regulations, by which he intends to govern his kingdom. His brother has placed him here, and has forwarded the most of his property to his family, in the States. Some of them are coming out to take him with them, but I question whether he will like the change; for he has the idea that he is in a ship, on its way to the island, and all of us are engaged to manage the colony and kingdom for him. It is quite amusing to hear what a grand personage I am to be when we arrive there. Well, Mr. Bond, busy at your affairs, I see."

"Yes, Mrs. ****. It is no work of a day, I assure you. Have you seen the captain this morning?"

"No; but will in the course of the day, I dare say."

"Are his writings at all coherent, or consistent?" inquired I.

"No," said the matron; "there is here and there a sane idea, but the rest are the vainest and silliest of puerilities. However, poor fellow! he is very happy while thus engaged."

"Who is this blind child?"

"Poor little Emma—Emma Starling. Well, Emma, how are you this morning, my dear?"

"Very well, I thank you, Mrs. ****. Shall I see my mother to-day, do you think?"

"I can't say, my love. Poor child!" said the matron, turning to me; "she has asked the same question, a thousand times, and always finishes what she has to say with it. She is an orphan. She lost her father and mother on the Pacific side, and also saw them committed to the deep. She lost the sight of both her eyes, as the doctor said, through continual weeping, which brought on an inflammation, and by that means she lost her sight. A stranger, a young girl, about her own age, comes here every Saturday morning to see her, and bring her a bouquet of sweet smelling flowers. You see her last nosegay in the little glass jar, in the window. She is continually smelling them, and says they remind her 'so much of mother's farm in the country.'"

"Is her mind quite gone?"

"Utterly. She sits in the evening as still as death, without speaking a word, until she is led by the hand to bed. Poor child! every one pities her; and the gentleness and sweetness of her temper, under such a heavy affliction, consigning her, young as she is, to an endless night, is deserving of all the care of the most affectionate mother."

And I am sure she finds it here.

"Have you any very obstreperous persons here?"

"But two. One a young man, and another a very old one. The elder, I think, must have been a very bad man, as he is most violent at night, when alone. His ravings are fearful. I have heard that he has killed, in duels and other quarrels, a dozen men. He has made fifty attempts upon his own life. We have a man to look after him; but no one can stand it long. As many as twenty, I think, in a year, have come and gone—and all say if they had to stay longer, to hear and see his ravings, they should go mad themselves. They say that he was a man naturally of a hasty and impetuous temper; that he used to boast that he had never entered any place of worship but twice—once to be christened, and once to be married. His temper broke his poor wife's heart, and almost all his friends appear to have left him."

"But what caused his madness?" I inquired.

"Why, one evening, not being more than just fresh, as his only friend told me, he reeled in, with a pipe in his mouth, to the Rev. ****'s place of worship, and, instead of finding food for his quizzical vein, the home truths he heard there, of a retributive hereafter, so wrought upon his imagination, that he became at once an altered man; and whether his sins were so great, or the reverend gentleman's preaching so effective, he had no spirit to do anything. He was a cooper by trade, and was earning a great deal of money, but he was at last obliged to give it up. The idea that he was a doomed man for eternity haunted him incessantly, till it resulted in his being sent here, to be looked after as a maniac."

"Has he any sane intervals?" I asked.

"No, I think not; indeed, his madness becomes worse than ever every day."

"I should like to see him," said I; "not from any idle motive of curiosity, but with a desire of being able to do him some good. I am accustomed to visit such unfortunates, so you need not fear my seeing him."

"As you please, Sir," said the matron; "here, Jones," (turning to one of the attendants,) "show this gentleman to ward No. 24."

"No. 24," replied the man, "is one of our worst cases, Ma'am; the gentleman's nervous system must be a little strong to stand such a visit."

"O, never mind my nervous system, Mr. Jones," I said; I am proof against surprise of all kinds, almost."

"Just so, Sir," said Mr. Jones, leading the way, and shortly conducted me to his apartment. Unlocking the door suddenly, I entered, and never did such sounds from human shape assail any one's ear as I then witnessed.

"Take me from them for the love of ——! take me from them! see, they are pointing to me from hell's tortures, as the wretch who sent them unprepared out of this world, with all their guilt upon their heads. See! they are all together, and promise me so many hells of torment! They are tearing my side with red hot pincers! They are pouring molten lead on my brain! See!" said he, making a convulsive motion with his arms, "they have torn out my heart, and yet I am bid to live! I feel—I feel the red hot, scalding blood, chasing though my veins into a new heart! It is n't mine, it 's a murderer's heart! I 'm not a murderer. 'T was all fair play. Take it from me! pluck it out! Murder! murder!! murder!!!" screeched he.

"Poor wretch!" said I, turning to his keeper; "would it not be advisable to give him some sedative in these paroxysms?"

"Why, Sir, as long as the physic works he is exhausted enough, but when its influence is over his rage returns with double force, and his strength is more than a man's. He bursts asunder the strongest jacket, almost. The other night he bit clean through a pewter cup, and 't was as much as three of us could do to hold him down while we gave him his food."

"My head! my head!" shouted he; "bullets, bullets are rolling in it! I come! I come! spare, O! spare my torments!" uttered he, in a grieving, subdued tone;

"see!" said he, in a hoarse voice, "look—look—they are heating now the cauldron, to plunge me in! Tell them I cannot suffer more. Be off—off—you damned spirits! Look—look at their eye-balls—set in fire—they grin, grin at me! O! in pity's sake, blow out my brains—stifle me—don't pray let them take me! Ah!" screamed he, "they 've got me—cauldron hisses—hisses." Here he was writhing in anguish, and exhibiting all the appearances of the most acute bodily suffering. Then came a long, wild shriek, indicative of his mental and bodily suffering, in the boiling cauldron. Here tears, frequent and fast, chased down the furrows of his woe begone cheeks, and we waited, in breathless silence, the end of the outburst. But it was not to end here.

"O!" ejaculated he, in tones of the wildest despair; "would it were permitted me to undo the wrong I have done! to be once more a child, with this experience—what a holy life would I lead! I would never wrong a creature—no, not a single creature!"

"Poor soul!" said I to him, in soothing tones; "you are yet alive on earth."

"Who is that who talks to me of life on earth? I am not on earth! I am in hell! Hell—hell—hell before me!—hell behind me!—hell everywhere!"

"It is no use saying anything to him, Sir; the Rev. Mr. **** has been here several times, and can make nothing of him."

"I do not know, friend Jones, but that you are quite right," thought I, as I went on my way, musing, with, I hope, a grateful heart for the many blessings left to me; above all that of *a sane mind*—the possession of which we are too apt to undervalue.

A YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" asked a carpenter of a rather green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly. "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

DR. DOTITDOWN'S NOTES.

(CONTINUED.)

I find the following in my note-book, which may not be uninteresting to your readers; but you must not imagine that I have left Ireland,—no, I find descriptions and scenes there, innumerable, crowding my pages, each of which would fill a volume, and satisfy a month's craving for the wild and wonderful.

I remember, on that memorable day, the anniversary of your birth, my dear old friend Propertius, some half a century ago, I was traveling on my way to get a written deed executed by an inhabitant of that venerable old salt-watering place, Gosport. The roads were then execrable, and the accommodation of the inns worse, if possible. It snowed all the way during a hard gallop of mypoor hack of a horse, of some five hours, I was as much fatigued as my poor brute, who, nevertheless, despite of all discouragement, showed a pluck that deserves an immortality of fame. In many places, I had to work my way through barriers of sleet and drifted snow, some seven feet high, and trample down and over, for aught I know, the humble habitats of many a villager. I remember once coming to a dead stand; my horse having heedlessly plunged on before I was aware of any danger. What the impediment was, whether a brick wall or a high bank, I had no means of judging. I remember I was well in for it, and desired to be as well out of it. So giving my poor beast a touch of the spur, and shutting my eyes to the consequences, the noble creature bore me up and down, and finally, after the space of five minutes, landed me high—but not very dry—on a plain of snow; where nothing but snow above, snow below, snow on the right hand, and snow on the left, snow everywhere, reflected on the darkness of the night. Not a star was to be seen through the thick falling flakes, and I had nothing to rely upon but the judgment and sagacity of my noble beast. Whether he snuffed anything out of such a chaos of

gloom or not, I can't say, but his increased pace gave an assurance that deliverance in some shape was at hand. After a chilling hour or so, a light, at what appeared to be the foot of the hill, just peering above the snow, was hailed by both of us—I can answer for *both of us*—with supreme pleasure. A smart effort brought us up to the door of a little country inn. It was club night, and the sight of a roaring fire, reflecting its delicious colored flame "lighted up the naked walls;" and although the little room was crammed with villagers, each discussing his pot and pipe, I doubted not but a hearty welcome awaited me. But to my surprise they looked upon my entrance with much unconcern, and not one had the politeness to make way for the unhappy and benighted traveller. I plainly saw that a stratagem was wanted to secure even an ordinary share of the rites of hospitality. and I bethought me of my duty, in knowing better manners, to teach them. So calling out lustily, to make my voice heard above the din, I said,

"Hostler, put my horse in the stable, and give him a peck of oysters."

"What, sir, ice-ters sir? Did you say ice-ters sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "Oysters, I said oysters, I thought plain enough to be understood."

"What, shells and all, sir?"

"Yes! shells and all! He'll know what to do with them."

"Dash my wig if that arn't a pretty go, I've heerd as how, a horse can smoke a pipe, and drink a pot o' beer, as well as any man, and Tom Hodges says as how he seed one do it with his own eyes. What'll these Londoners do next?" cries a clod-hopper.

"Oysters!" cries another, "a horse open oysters? well that's a sight not to be seen every day." Off he walked, and at his trail every man followed. Even the landlord brought up the rear, leaving the stranger to help himself to whatever he chose, at the little bar at the end of the room.

While the hostler was speeding on his way to the next village for the oysters, the whole neighborhood was crowding round the stable, waiting for the remarkable performance.

"He's been taught that at Ashley's Humphry There-a-ter, anybody may see," says another.

In the the meantime, the traveller dries his clothes, and warms himself before the blazing fire, changes his linen, puts on his slippers, draws himself a jug of foaming ale, lights his pipe, takes the arm chair, places it in the center of the room, in front of the red blaze, and determines to make himself comfortable.

After half an hour, or so, in comes Litterdown the ostler, with something like *sell* written on his lumpy cheek.

"He knows naw-in about ice-ters, sir" said he, "any more than I know about the Moon, and he won't touch 'em!"

"Well then said I, bring them to me, I think that I know what to do with them?"

Here a roar of laughter from the whole club chimed in with the landlord's merry chuckle, who welcomed the joke as the very best thing he had heard for many a day, and pledged me in a flowing cup, for my wit.

I never recollect having spent a happier night than this, with these honest rustics, and we parted the best friends imaginable.

Among the many chaste and poetical allegories which occur, scattered up and down in the Eastern literature, is the following:

"As the dark mould sends upward and out of its very heart the rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil; and the darker the evil, the brighter the hope;—as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous and larger flower."

A miner lately dug up a large lump of pure gold, near American Flat, weighing upwards of four pounds, and worth nearly eight hundred dollars. He was showing the "specimen" to his friends, amongst whom was a Hollander, who, after examining it with critical wonder exclaimed, "Mine Got! and you get *all that* out of *one* hole!!

Editor's Table.

In feelings, as well as words, we thank the many kind contributors who have placed such a variety of intellectual food upon our table, for the present month's consumption. We hope that the dantiest epicure of literature will find something with which he will be pleased; and, that those who prefer plain fare—as being the most wholesome—may "eat and be satisfied."

"The best the market affords" we have placed before our reader; and we hope, as the number of contributors increases, to present, not only a greater variety, but, if possible, an improved quality of mental aliment. We think that no country contains more material, and certainly none more intelligence, than California, in proportion to its size and population; and, by degrees, we hope to see it cherished and cultivated.

Let every friend of literature send in something characteristic of our giant State—some generous and ennobling thought; some golden specimen of progress; some gem from the sea of mind; some gentle child of his own imagination; some life like and artistic pictures of men and scenes around us—whether of facts or figures.

Two lady well-wishers have sent us their views upon FASHION, for which we with pleasure find room in our "Table," and allow them to speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR:—Emanations from a woman's pen may be lightly read, ridiculed, and condemned to death by criticism. It is not fashionable for women to be interested in anything beyond the last new opera, or the last "fashion plates."

Fashion does not permit us to use a style of dress that would be at once cleanly, comfortable and becoming; but we *must* wear our dresses an inconvenient length, and wipe all the pools of tobacco spittle which *gentlemen* have cast upon paths frequented by us. Should we commit such an unpardonable indiscretion as to shorten our dresses but a few inches, we would be set down at once as advocates for "woman's rights."

Fashion does not permit us to wear bonnets to protect our faces or screen our eyes, but they must be worn uselessly, on the back of the head.

The new fashioned cape is another instrument of torture, designed to keep the head thrown unnaturally back, and the neck in a strained and unnatural position.

I will not mention the torture which fashion inflicts upon us by the tightening of certain cords about the waist, nor the suffering which we undergo by the great weight of clothing upon the hips. I will say nothing of permanent injury inflicted upon the constitution by these, I had almost said, *errors in dress;* but, I will say, that our patient suffering in the cause of fashion, and our great devotion to it, are worthy of a better cause. I may be considered irrational and unfashionable, but I cannot help it. I believe that a woman's mind would be better employed in studying the winning ways of love—how she can make her home most happy—and the anatomy and physiology of a healthy body, than the last fashion plate. There is a higher sphere for woman than merely keeping up a fashionable style of living, and of doll-like dressing. Many condemn our "fashionable follies," as they are called.

The *Press* throws scorn and contempt upon our fashionable skirts, and other absurdities in dress, but it is equally fast to discourage and condemn a reformatory movement. Has one of our own sex, seeing the evil, and deploring it, resolved to emancipate herself from this "fashionable" slavery, and by her example, her writings, and her labors, untiring, tried to awaken her sisters to a sense of their great evil, but has had the anathemas of the press hurled against her, and the opprobious title of a "woman's rights" woman?

I am no advocate for woman's rights, as that term is understood at the preseut day. I ask no public place for woman. *Home is her empire*, and her holy influences go forth from thence unseen, but not unfelt. I am an advocate for sufficient independence of character to enable us to wear such a style of dress as shall be healthy and agreeable to our own persons, without any regard whatever to the remarks of the press, or of the world about us. There is a work to be performed, and *we* must attend to it. If we look to the right hand or to the left, for aid, we shall meet with discouragement; but, if we begin the work with earnest determination, we shall have the approval of a good conscience—and the luxury of a com-

fortable dress, besides much better health of body, for our reward. LUCY.

We have wondered why it should be an unclean necessity of fashion to sweep the sidewalks with such expensive brooms as ladies' satin dresses—and, to prevent partial suffocation, have many times crossed to the other side of the street, as the dust was intolerable. Then, again, we cannot see why a "pretty wee foot," and neatly turned ancle, should be hidden from the sight altogether.

The following letter espouses the opposite side of the question:

SANFRANCIS, July 21, 1856.

MR. EDITUR:—*Deer Sur*—I 've seen your New Californy Magazeen, and I want to know how on airth you spect to pleese the peeple of this country, with a magazeen that hant got no fashon plate in it. The ladys in Calyforny are jist as fashonable as they be anywheres else; and you neednt try to palm off on us a Magazeen without the fashons in it. Theres my darter Huldy, Gudge Swindlems wife, she looked the book all through, and then, sed she, "What a pitty that editur hadnt thought to put in some fashon plates, instead of them orful picturs of the 'O how mity falls,' and nasty silk wurms." Now I 've always been a litterary woman, and take a great interest in litterary people, and my darter takes arter me. Shes been a reglar prescriber for Godeys ladys book ever since she married Gudge Swindlem, and, though I say it, who shouldnt say it, she was an orful smart gurl. When I come to this country, a wider, I left her a tenden baby, in Squire Simson's family. They alays sed she was a rale smart gurl, and a gurl that had an upward tendency. Well, voul see how it was—arter a while I sent for her to come out here to me, and mercey me, how the gurl had grown. I hardly knew her when she got here. She declared shed never tend no more babys, till she tended her own; but bimeby she got a place in wun of the *furst famlys*, as chambermade, and wun day she cum home and sed to me, "Mother, I want you to let me have three fine silk dresses, flonced all the way up." Why, it skeered me—and I jist sed, "I shant do no sich a thing. Why, theyd cost a hundred dollars a peace." "Never mind that," said she, "Ill pay you back the money before long." Shed sich a coaxin way, too, that I jist let hur hav em; and you ort to hav seen hur when she got wun of them dresses on, and hur new bunnet, and hur silk velvet mantkiller. One evening, as she went out of the door of the house where she resided, thar was some gentlemen on the steps, and before my darter got across the street she heard some one say, "What hevenly eys!" She stagered forard, and would have fell, but Gudge Swindlem caught hur in his arms, jist in time to save her black silk velvet mantkiller from the sand. Well, to make a long story short, hed went and fell in luv with my darter Huldy, at furst sight, and jist three weeks from that night they were married. Shed jist had the new dresses five weeks, and the Gudge has bought hur heaps of fine clothes, and nice things for hur house. She has a carrage, and a footman, and three majesticks in the kitchen, all the while. So you see she has nothin on airth to do, but study the fashons and ride to the dressmakers. I 've jist giv you this little detaile of our family history, to let you know as how peeple of our rank and litterary tastes, expect something more in a magazeen than storys about places weve never seen, nor hearn tell on before, and discriptions of nasty silk wurms, and sich things. Then thars them peaces about Vigilants calls, and so on. Gudge Swindlem says sich things have a *very bad a fect* upon week minds. Now you see, we cant tell by lookin into your book how large we should be round the waste, or how long in the skurt; wether our bunnet should be larger than burds nests or not. I hope your next book will hav a cullered fashion plate in it—twill be sich a intelectual treet to my darter and her fashonable friends, and then you can put us down as prescribers for your magazeen, as long as we liv. Yours forever,

MRS. MARY METWITH,

Muther-in-law to Gudge Swindlem.

P. S. My darter has writ a beautiful sonit to her baby, and if your book gets to be *fashonable* and *poplar*, (as twill if you put the fashons in it,) she will let you hav it, to blemish your pages with.

MRS. MARY METWITH.

We are very sorry, Mrs. Metwith, that you don't approve of our Magazine, without the fashions; and as you doubtless belong to a very large class of fashionable ladies, we shall endeavor to meet your wants, and those of your fashionable friends, by consulting our artist concerning it.

Some idea may be formed of the prolific productiveness of the fruit trees of California from the following:—We saw the branch of a young pear tree from San Jose, measuring only three feet nine inches in length, and which had one hundred and seventy-three pears upon it, of good size and growth.

A gentleman who was an eye-witness has sent us the following characteristic morceau.

During the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, at Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1849, the police regulations, as usual, required that after the speech of the new President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol grounds should be closed, and no carriage of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Ministers of all the Russias, M. Bodisco was very late, and, after the speech had begun drove up to the gate in great haste, the horses covered with foam,—when the coachman shouted to the guard—"*open ze gates* iv yow ples"—the guard shook his head and stood still:—the footman next called out "will you open ze gate for ze Russian Minister?" the guard again shook his head, without answering a word: next, the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window, and called to the guard, "open ze gates to ze gran Minister of all the Russias, Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Bodisco, I am ze Minister."

There was a great crowd around the gates within and without, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, '*If you were a free-born American Citizen, of these United States of America, you could 'not pass these gates now, in a carriage.*"

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed; and M. Bodisco, stepped out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate, with the sovereign people; his carriage remaining outside until all the ceremonies were over.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Vigilantes—Is thanked for his communication, but we cannot enter into the local matter, about which he writes.

Agnes—We must decline your communication, as it is not sufficiently condensed. We are persuaded you can do much better by some of the beautiful thoughts you doubtless have expressed.

Old Tom.—Is too much like a liquor known by that name, to be acceptable.

C. P. T.—What do you think we care about such things—send it along.

Moonshine.—Your poetry is too much like the old proverb, and is nearly "all moon——!"

A Mother's Smile—Is a theme that calls forth some of the sweetest of reminiscences, and the holiest of thoughts, and we should be sorry to see so good a subject sacrificed to such poor poetry;—we have seen much better in advertisements of boots and shoes. Declined.

Red Shirt.—Yours is a strange letter, and something like your signature. But why you should suppose that "store clothes" or "stove-pipes" make any difference in the "man," we don't know. We should be as silly as you seem to be, if it made any difference with us—besides, how should we know what the color, or the quality of your clothes is, if you were not to tell us? We've worked in muddy mining claims ourselves, and we don't entertain any such foolish notion. We think too that, however stiff your hand may be by grasping the pick, if you do not write with the tool mentioned, we could manage to read it.

Emigrant.—Shall be attended to.

W. Weekes.—Will take *months* of cultivated study before he can excel, even in telling anecdotes if those he has sent are any sample, much less in "making" poetry.

C.—Your "Reveries under a Pine Log" are not exactly suitable for our pages. Yet they contain many beautiful sentences, which, if illustrating any point, would be very acceptable to us. "Don't you give it up so, Mr. C," but try again.

Q in a Corner.—Must produce something a little better before we can find him one.

The Three Tailors are declined.

Skillet.—Your article reminded us of a story we heard about ten days ago, of a young gentleman who commenced inuring himself to hardship by making a pillow of a skillet. Your piece was nearly as hard—to read, and would be much harder to practice.

C. T. T.—Your piece next month.

Farewell.—To Farewell we beg to say "farewell"—as a poet.

C. A.—We cannot publish such sectarian nonsense. For ourselves we don't care one iota. If a man thinks he can serve God better by standing on his head, let him do it. "Who made you a judge?" or us either? It is *the motive* and *not the method* that we think is acceptable to God. Learn to be more charitable, C. A.

California Statistics.—We shall reserve for next month.

Chips send us a few more such.

P. P., Nevada.—Don't fail to send us anything that is curious to California.

John Dor.—You cannot expect to write anything without being a little troubled at first; but never mind that; let "excelsior" be your motto, and your next attempt may be more successful.

Delia.—Yours is a beautiful sketch, but unfortunately came too late for this month.

A Trip across the Tules.—Was rather too pointless to be suitable. Why didn't you send us your name?

Literary Notices.

Life of George Washington, by Washington Irving, *in four volumes*: Putnam, N. Y.

That which Washington was, as an patriot, Washington Irving is, as an author.

To attempt to cull the excellence of this work, or to point out the chief objects of interest in it, within the small space allotted to us this month, would be as futile and ridiculous as to endeavor to cram an elephant into a cigar box. It is impossible to skim over lightly a single page of this eventful history. Whether Washington be regarded as a son, a brother, a citizen, a soldier, a president, or a man, one cannot but be charmed with the manly and noble qualities of his nature, and the clear-sighted brilliancy of his genius. We would say, let every one who can spare the means add these volumes to his library, and trace, step by step, for himself, the progress of the man whose every action, thought and hope, were for his country, and that alone. What a wholesome and bitter reproof is this man's whole life, to the dishonorable and selfish motives of the politician of to-day—who, to drop dollars into his purse, would sell himself to wholesale peculation—considering the "stealings of office" as lawful plunder. So did not our noble Washington. Go thou, politician, and sit in sackcloth and ashes, mourning over thy baseness of soul, that peradventure the spirit of the "Father of his Country" may visit and teach thee to love, honor and serve thy country—in preference to thyself.

Mexico and its Religion, by R. A. Wilson: Harper & Bro., N. Y.

Mr. Wilson has embodied his three years' experience in one of the most interesting countries in the world, in a comprehensive and descriptive volume, of 400 pages. His views are clear and unprejudiced, his style is terse and life-like, and one becomes interested so gradually, that to rise from its perusal, without reading to the end, is something like leaving a well-furnished table before your dinner is half finished. This book contains a vast amount of very useful information, concerning its history, curiosities and wonders, and of the manners and customs of its singular people. We can recommend it cordially to our readers.

Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua: Stringer & Townsend.

This is a hurriedly written book, of a hurriedly possessed country; giving a highly colored description of the *modus operandi* of its possession, by William Walker and his comrades; and containing the official correspondence with the United States Government, &c. &c. This book is very partial, and is doubtless intended to espouse the cause of the Filibuster President. It will repay perusal.

Juvenile Department.

THINK WELL ON IT.

"Mamma, mamma, my kitty is dead, quite dead," sobbed a little child of about eight summers. "She did not seem sick this morning when I went to school, but now she is dead. Her eyes are all shut up, and her teeth are bit clear through her tongue. Oh! mamma was she hungry? If

she would only get alive again a little while—I would never, never, forget to feed her again."

"Did you forget to feed your kitty?" kindly enquired the mother. "Oh yes, mamma I did, Amy called for me to go to school, and I ran off in a hurry, without thinking of poor kitty. I left her to starve, and now she is dead, quite dead. Nurse says she is not better off like little brother—but *all dead*. Oh mamma, mamma."

Gently the loving mother lifted the little one upon her lap, wiped away the falling tears, and smoothed back the damp flaxen ringlets from her face. Then in low soothing tones she said:—"Do not cry my child, that will not bring kitty back, but listen to me, and I will tell you of the time when I was a little girl like you, I had a mother, a dear good mother, but she was always sick, so that she could not come to the nursery to see us, but nurse used to take me, and my little brother, to pay her a visit every day, that she was well enough to see us. She always told us to be very quiet—so I used to go on tiptoe to the bedside to get the kiss from her pale lips. Nurse always talked in whispers to us there—and even little brother tried to 'whiper' as he called it."

One day, when nurse took us to see mamma, the room was a little darker than usual, and mamma was too weak to talk to us. So nurse only let us kiss her, and said we might play with each other in the room a little while, if we would be very quiet. For a few moments I amused myself cutting paper; then little brother wanted the scissors, and I would not give them to him, which caused him to cry; so nurse was obliged to send me from the room. Well do I remember, as I crossed the room, the sorry look of my poor mother, and how her mild blue eyes followed me to the door; but I did not go near her for the usual good-by kiss. I was angry, and as I shut the door, I slammed it hard. I knew I was naughty at the time, but I would not be good. The next morning the house was dark and still—all over it. Papa walked the hall in his dressing-gown and slippers. Everybody stepped softly, and spake in whispers. I tried to play as usual, but I was not happy. I longed for nurse to come, and take us to see mamma, that I might tell her I would never be a naughty girl again, and ask her to kiss me.

Pretty soon papa came and said he would take us to see mamma. He lifted little brother in his arms, while I walked softly beside him; but, oh, how dark and changed was mamma's room! She no longer lay in the bed where we had so often seen her. The bed had been taken away, and my mother dear lay on a board—a very hard board—with a white cloth over it. She did not open her eyes, nor speak to us. There she lay with her thin white hands folded across her bosom, She had a long white dress on, but her cheek was as white as the dress. I laid my hand on hers; it was as cold as ice. Mother was dead! The last time I saw her alive I passed by her in anger, and slammed the door. Now she was dead; she could not hear me tell her that I was sorry for being so naughty. Her lips were cold, and closed in death. She could not give me the kiss which yesterday I refused.

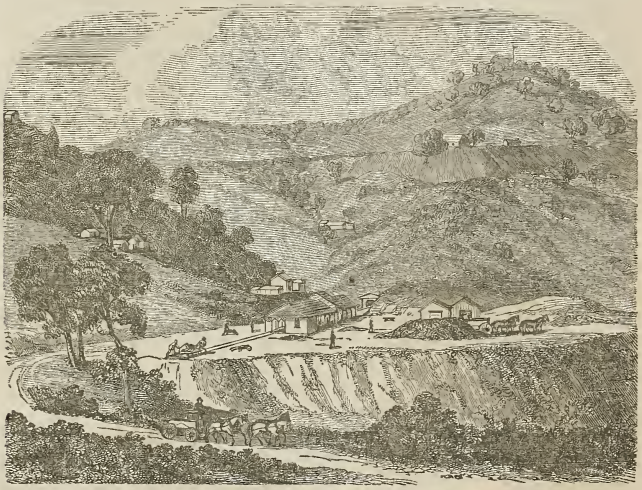
So it always is, my child; a duty neglected, or a wrong committed, may cause us pain for a whole lifetime. So we should be very careful to treat everybody and everything with kindness. Then if death takes them from us, we shall not have to suffer the pain of remorse for negligence and unkindness, as well as the pain of seperation from those we so much love. *So think well on it.* CARRIE D.

We have not received any contributions from our young friends this month, that are *quite* good enough for a corner—but we hope they will not be discouraged. "Try, try again." Be determined to write some good little pieces, and, if you are puzzled at first, you will find the pleasant task become easier and plainer, as you persevere.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1856. NO. III.



METAL YARD AND ENTRANCE TO THE MINE.

THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF NEW ALMADEN.

Sixty-five miles south of San Francisco, near the head of the beautiful and fertile valley of San Jose, and in an eastern spur of the coast range of mountains, is the quicksilver mine of New Almaden.

With your permission, kind reader, we will enter the stage as it waits on the Plaza, and as the clock strikes eight, start at once on our journey. Lucky for us, it is a fine brght morning, as the fog has cleared off and left us, (on a dew-making excursion no doubt, up the country) and as we are to be fellow travellers—at least in imagination—and wish to enjoy ourselves; while the stage rattles over the pavement, and rumbles on the wood planking of the streets, let us say "good bye" to our cares, as we did to our friends, and leave them with the city—behind us.

How refreshing to the brow is the breeze, and grateful to the eye is the beautiful green of the gardens, as we pass them on our way. Even the hills in the distance now so barren and drear, are dotted with the dark green of the live oaks, and are beautifnl by contrast.

On, on we go, rolling over hills, traveling in the valley, passing farms and wayside houses; now watering horses here, then changing horses there, and dropping mail bags yonder, until we reach the flourishing old Mission of Santa Clara. Here, we long to linger, and as we look upon the orchards now laden with their fruit, we almost wish to bribe the coachman to wait while we buy, beg, or steal, those cherry-cheeked and luscious looking pears; or take a walk amid the shadows of the Old Mission church; but, the signal "all aboard," hurries us to our seats, and we soon enter an avenue of old willow and poplar trees, that extends from Santa Clara to San Jose, a distance of three miles, and which was planted by and for the convenience of the two Missions. On either side of this avenue at intervals, there are tasteful cottages, flourishing farms, nurseries, and gardens, which are well supplied with water from artesian wells.

Arriving in San Jose you find a neat and pleasant agricultural city, with all the temptations of fruit and flowers in great variety; and but for a partial failure of the crops this year from drouth, there would have been a brisk business activity observable in each department of business. One thing impressed us unfavorably here, the large number (thirty-seven, we believe) of members of the legal profession, in so small a city, we thought of

AN OLD SAW.

An upper mill, and lower mill,
Fell out about the water;
To war they went, that is to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended;
When fees grew scant, the war they waged
They judged, twere better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without pother;—
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

and it set us to ruminating. But, let us jump on the box of Baker's easy coach, and we shall forget all that, and have a very pleasant ride of fourteen miles upon a good road through an ever green grove of live oaks, and past the broad shading branches of the sycamore trees, and in a couple of hours find ourselves drinking heartily of the delicious waters of the fine cool soda spring at the romantic village of New Almaden. As we have passed through enough for one day, let us wait until morning before climbing the hill to examine the mines.

This mine has been known for ages by the Indians who worked it for the vermillion paint that it contained, with which they ornamented their persons, and on that account had become a valuable article of exchange with other Indians from the Gulf of California to the Columbia river. Its existence was also known among the early settlers of California, although none could estimate the character or value of the metal.

In 1845 a captain of cavalry in the

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS.

Mexican service, named Castillero, having met a tribe of Indians near Bodega, and seeing their faces painted with vermillion, obtained from them for a reward, the necessary information of its locality, when he visited it, and having made many very interesting experiments, and determined the character of the metal, he registered it in accordance with the Mexican custom, about the close of that year.

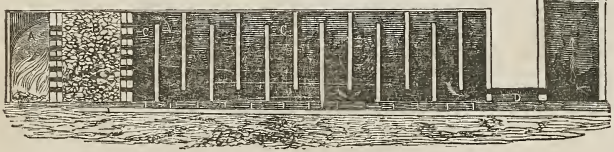
A company was immediately formed and the mine divided into twenty-four shares, when the company immediately commenced working it on a small scale; but, being unable to carry it on for want of capital, in 1846 it was leased out to an English and Mexican company for the term of sixteen years; the original company to receive one-quarter of the gross products for that time. In March, 1847, the new company commenced operations on a large scale, but finding that to pay one-fourth of the proceeds, and yet bear all the expenses of working the mine, would incur a considerable loss, they eventually purchased out most of the original shareholders.

In June, 1850, this company had expended *three hundred and eighty-seven thousand eight hundred dollars* over and above all their receipts. During that year a new process of smelting the ore was introduced by a blacksmith named Baker, which succeeded so well that fourteen smelting furnaces have been erected by the company upon the same principle.

The process of extracting the quicksilver from the cinnabar is very simple. The *ore chamber* B is filled with cin-

nabar, and covered securely up; a fire is then kindled in the furnace at A, from which, through a perforated wall of brick, the heat enters the ore chamber and permeates the mass of ore, from which arises the quicksilver, in the shape of vapor, and, passing through the perforated wall on the opposite side, enters the condensing chambers at C, rising to the top of one and falling to the bottom of the other, as indicated by the arrows, and as it passes through the condensing chambers — thirteen in number — it cools and becomes quicksilver. Should any vapor escape the last condensing chamber, it passes over a cistern of cold water at D, where from an enclosed pipe, water is scattered over a seive and falls upon and cools the vapor as it passes into the chimney or funnel chamber at E.

The quicksilver then runs to the lower end of each condensing chamber, thence through a small pipe into a trough that extends



SECTION OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.

from one end of the building to the other, where it enters a large circular caldron, from which it is weighed into flasks, in quantities of seventy-five pounds. To save time, one set of furnaces is generally cooling and being filled, while the other is burning.

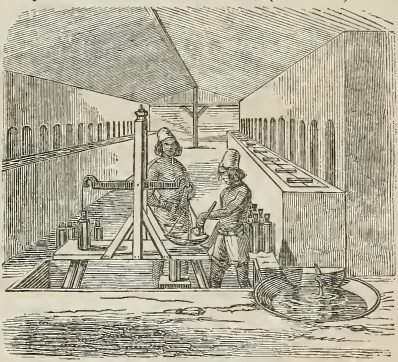
Now, let us gradually ascend to the *patio* or yard in front of the mine, a visit to which has been so truthfully and beautifully described by Mrs. S. A. Downer, that we are tempted to introduce the reader to such good company.

"At the right was a deep ravine, through which flowed a brook, supplied by springs in the mountains, and which, in places, was completely hid by tangled masses of wild-wood, among which we discerned willows along its edge, with oak, sycamore and buckeye. Although late in the summer, roses and convolvuli, with several varieties of floss, were in blossom; with sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and various plants, many of which were unknown to us, not then in bloom, and which Nature, with prodigal hand, has strewn in bounteous profusion over every acre of the land. To the left of the mountain side, the wild gooseberry grows in abundance. The fruit is large and of good flavor, though of rough exterior. Wild oats, diversified with shrubs and live-oak, spread around us, till we reach the *patio*, nine hundred and forty feet above the base of the mountain. The road is something over a mile, although there are few persons who have traveled it on foot under a burning sun, but would be willing to make their affidavits it was near five.

"Let us pause and look around us. For a distance of many miles, nothing is seen but the tops of successive mountains; then appears the beautiful valley of San Juan, while the Coast Range is lost in distance. The *patio* is an area of more than an acre in extent; and still above us, but not directly

in view, is a Mexican settlement, composed of the families and lodging-cabins of the miners. There is a store, and provisions are carried up on pack-mules, for retail among the miners who may truly be said to live from hand to mouth. This point had been the resort of the aborigines not only of this State, but from as far as the Columbia river, to obtaint the paint (vermilion) found in the cinnabar, and which they used in the decoration of their person. How long this had been known to them cannot be ascertained; probably a long time, for they had worked into the mountain some fifty or sixty feet, with what implements can only be conjectured. A quantity of round stones, evidently from the brook, was found in a passage with a number of skeletons; the destruction of life having been caused, undoubtedly, by a sudden caving in of the earth, burying the unskilled savages in the midst of their labors. It had been supposed for some time that the ore possibly contained the precious metals, but no regular assay was made till in '45; a gentleman now largely interested, procured a a retort, not doubting that gold, or at least silver, would crown his efforts. Its real character was made known by its pernicious effects upon the system of the experimenter. The discovery was instantly communicated to a brother, a member of a wealthy firm in Mexico, who with others purchased the property, consisting of two leagues, held under a Spanish title, of the original owner. For some years but little was done. The ore proved both abundant and rich, but required the outlay of a vast amount of capital to be worked to advantage; and, while Nature with more than her usual liberality had furnished in the mountain itself all the accessories for the successful prosecution of her favors, man was too timid to avail himself of her gifts. In 1850, the present company was formed. With untiring energy, guided by a liberal and enlightened policy, they proceeded with vigor, and at this time, the works being nearly completed, the extraction of the mercury proceeds without interruption.

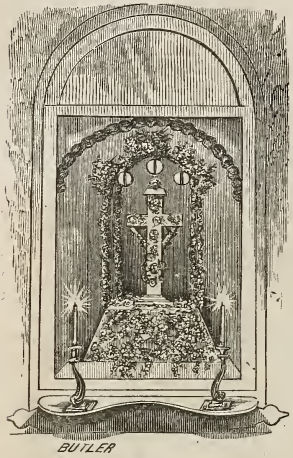
"In 1850 a tunnel was commenced in the side of the mountain in a line with the *patio*, and which has already been carried to the distance of 1100 feet by ten feet wide, and ten feet high to the crown of the arch, which is strongly roofed with heavy timber throughout its whole length. Through this the rail-track passes; the car receiving the ore as it is brought on the backs of the carriers, (*tenateros*) from



MEXICANS WEIGHING QUICKSILVER.

the depths below, or from the heights above, The track being free, we will now take a seat on the car, and enter the dark space. Not an object is visible, save the faint torch-light at the extreme end; and a chilling dampness seizes on the frame, so suddenly bereft of warmth and sunshine. This sensation does not continue as we descend into the subteranean caverns below; and now commence the wonders, as well as the dangers of the undertaking. By the light of a torch we pass through a damp passage of some length, a sudden turn bringing us into a sort of vestibule, where, in a niche at one side, is

placed a rude shrine of the tutelary saint, or protectress of the mine — *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, before



SHRINE OF SENORA DE GUADALUPE.

which lighted candles are kept constantly burning, and before entering upon the labors of the day or night each man visits this shrine in devotion. You descend a perpendicular ladder formed by notches cut into a solid log. You go down, perhaps twelve feet; you turn and pass a narrow corner, where a frightful gulf seems yawning to receive you. Carefully threading your way over the very narrowest of footholds, you turn into another passage black as night, to descend into a flight of steps formed in the side of the cave, tread over some loose stones, turn around, step over arches, down into another passage, that leads into many dark and intricate windings and descendings, or chambers supported but by a column of earth — now stepping this way, then that, twisting and turning, all tending down, down to where, through the darkness of midnight one can discern the faint glimmer, which shines like Shakspeare's "good deed in a naughty world," and which it seems impossible one can ever reach. We were shown a map giving the subterranean topography of this mine; and truly, the crossings and re-crossings, the windings and intricacies of the labyrinthine passages could only be comparad to the streets of a dense city, while nothing short of the clue, furnished Theseus by Ariadne, would insure the safe return into day, of the unfortunate pilgrim who should enter without a guide.

The miners have named the different passages after their saints, and run them off as readily as we do the streets of a city; and after exhausting the names of all the saints in the calendar, have commenced on different animals, one of which is not inaptly called *El elefante*. Some idea of the extent and number of these passages may be formed, when we state that sixty pounds of candles are used by the workmen in the twenty-four hours. Another turn brings us upon some men at work. One stands upon a single plank placed high above us in an arch, and he is drilling into the rock above him for the purpose of placing a charge of powder. It appears very dangerous, yet we are told that no lives have ever been lost, and no more serious accidents have occurred than the bruising of a hand or limb, from carelessness in blasting. How he can maintain his equilibrium is a mystery to us, while with every thrust of the drill his strong chest heaves, and he gives utterance to a sound something between a grunt and a groan, which is supposed by them to facilitate their labor. Some six or eight men working in one spot, each keeping up his agonizing sound, awaken a keen sympathy. Were it only a cheerful sing-song, one could stand it; but in that dismal place, their wizzard-like forms and appearance, relieved but by the light of a single tallow candle stuck in the side of the rock, just sufficient to make "darkness visible," is like opening to us the shades of Tartarus; and the throes elicited from over-

wrought human bone and muscle, sound like the anguish wrung from infernal spirits, who hope for no escape.

These men work in companies, one set by night, another by day, alternating week about. We inquired the average duration of life of the men who work under ground, and found that it did not exceed that of forty-five years, and the diseases to which they are mostly subject are those of the chest; showing conclusively how essential light and air are to animal, as well as vegetable life. With a sigh and a shudder, we step aside to allow another set of laborers to pass. There they come; up, and up, from almost interminable depths; each one as he passes, panting, puffing and wheezing, like a high pressure steamboat, as with straining nerve and quivering muscle, he staggers under the load, which nearly bends him double. These are the *tenateros*, carrying the ore from the mine to deposit it in the cars; and like the miners they are burdened by no superfluous clothing. A shirt and trowsers, or, the trowsers without a shirt; a pair of leathern sandals fastened at the ankle, with a felt cap, or the crown of an old hat, completes their costume.

"The ore is placed in a flat leather bag, (*tal'go*) with a band two inches wide that passes around the forehead, the weight resting along the shoulders and spine. Two hundred pounds of rough ore are thus borne up, flight after flight, of perpendicular steps; now winding through deep caverns, or threading the most tortuous passages; again ascending over earth and loose stones, and up places that have not even an apology for steps, all the while lost in Cimmerian darkness, but for a torch borne aloft, which flings its sickly rays over the dismal abysm, showing that one unwary step would plunge him beyond any possibility of human aid or succor. Not always, however, do they ascend; they sometimes come from above; yet we should judge the toil and danger to be nearly as great in one case as in the other. Thirty

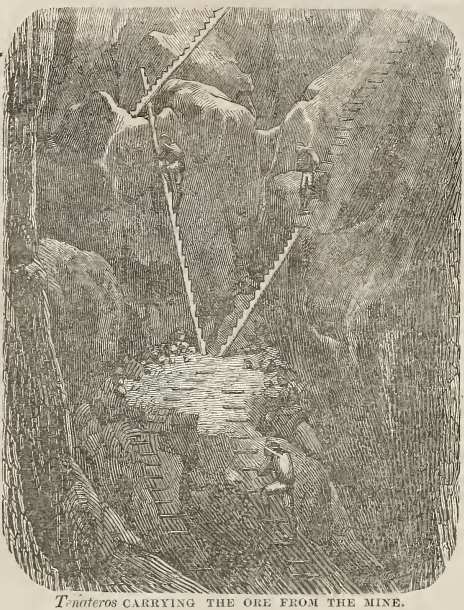
Mineros AT WORK IN THE MINE.

trips will these men make in one day, from the lowest depths.

For once we were disposed to quarrel with the long, loose skirts, that not only impeded our progress, but prevented our attempt to ascend to the summit, and enjoy from thence a prospect of great beauty and extent. But one woman, we believe, has ever accomplished this feat, which severely tasks the strength of manhood.

We will now follow the *tenateros*, as they load the car with the contents of their sacks, and run after it into the open air. There they go, with shouts of laughter, and really, as one emerges into the warm sunshine, the change is most inspiriting. They have reached

the end of the track, and throw off the great lumps of ore, without an effort, as if they were mere cabbages. What capacious chests, and how gaily they work! Such gleeful activity we never before beheld. The large lumps deposited, they now seize shovels and jumping on the cars, the small lumps mixed with earth are cleared off with the most astonishing celerity. Do but behold that fellow of Doric build, with brawny muscles, and who is a perfect *fac simile* of Hercules, as he stood engraved with his club, as we remember him in Bell or Tooke's Pantheon!



Tenateros CARRYING THE ORE FROM THE MINE.

The ore deposited on the *patio*, another set of laborers engage in separating the large lumps and reducing them to the size of common paving stones, which are placed by themselves. The smaller pieces are put in a separate pile, while the earth *(tierra)* is sifted through coarse sieves for the purpose of being made into *adobes*. There is also a blacksmith's shop for making and repairing implements. The miner is not paid by the day, but receives pay for the ore he extracts. They usually work in parties of from two to ten; half the number work during the day, the other half by night, and in this manner serve as checks upon each other. Should a drone get into the number, complaint is made to the engineer, who has to settle such matters, which he generally does by placing him with a set nearer his capacity, or sometimes by a discharge. The price of the ore is settled by agreement for each week. Should the passage be more than commonly laborious, they do not earn much; or if, on the contrary, it proves to be easy and of great richness, the gain is theirs; it being not infrequent for them to make from thirty to forty dollars a week a piece, and seldom less than fifteen. In those parts of the mine where the ore is worthless, but still has to be extracted in order to reach that which will pay, or to promote ventilation, they are paid by the *vara*,* at a stipulated price. They do nothing with getting the ore to the *patio;* this is done by the *tenateros* at the company's expense, as is also the separating, sifting, and weighing. Each party have their ore kept separate; it is weighed twice a week and an account taken. They select one of their

* A *vara* is two feet nine inches.

party who receives the pay and divides it among his fellows.

The *tenateros* receive three dollars per diem; the sifters and weighers, two dollars and a half; blacksmiths and bricklayers, five and six; while carpenters are paid the city price of eight dollars a day. These wages seem to be very just and liberal, yet such is their improvidence that no matter how much they earn, the miners are not one *peso* better off at the end of the month than they were at its beginning. No provision being made for sickness or age, when that time comes, as come it will, there is nothing for them to do but, like some worn out old charger, lie down and die. This has reference exclusively to the Mexicans; and it is a pity that a Savings Bank could not be established, and made popular among them. They number between two and three hundred in all; but they are, perhaps, the most impracticable people in the world, going on as their fathers did before them, firmly believing in the axiom, that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

THE GUADALUPE QUICKSILVER MINE

Is the name of a newly opened quicksilver mine, situated in a beautiful and romantic valley on Guadalupe Creek, at the extreme western point of the same range of hills as that of New Almaden, and about four and a half miles from it. This mine was discovered in 1847, but was not attempted to be worked till 1850, when a company was formed and operations commenced; but, owing to the high price of labor and supplies, and the company running short of funds, after a few months were suspended. In 1855, a new company was formed and incorporated by charter, from the Legislature of Maryland, under the title of the "*Santa Clara Mining Association, of Baltimore,*" with a sufficient working capital to open the mine, erect the necessary smelting works and carry them on. These being now nearly completed, the company expect, in a few weeks, to send their first samples of quicksilver to market; and, as large deposits of cinnabar have already been discovered, the prospects are peculiarly encouraging to the owners.

Without omitting a farewell visit and a last drink at the soda springs, we leave this singular spot for San Jose; and the following morning, after passing the Old Mission and the flourishing farms along the valley, arrived in Oakland just in time to be too late for the ferry boat at noon; but patience being a virtue, as we could do nothing else for three long hours, we quietly cultivated it and reached San Francisco to — practice it.

EPITAPH ON A PATRIOT SOLDIER.

Light be the earth that lies on his breast,
Green be the sod that covers his grave,
Hallow'd the song bird, untouch'd in its nest,
In the ever-green laurels that over it wave.

Be honor'd the sword that he gallantly bore,
Immortal the spot where he gloriously fell,
Be chaunted his fame on ev'ry free shore,—
On Time's latest record his memory dwell.

Exalted his name in the land of his birth,
Envy'd his fate by the sons of the brave,
Wide his example shall spread round the earth,
Till it ceases to bear on its bosom a slave.

Peace everlasting dwell in his soul,
Be welcom'd its entrance to regions of bliss,
While patriot-heroes, his name here enrol,
The reward of the brave, there ever be his.

DELIA.

WE open the hearts of others when we open our own.

GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

This animal has ever been represented by the trappers and mountaineers of the American continent, as the most formidable and ferocious of wild beasts. His home is among the solitary fastnesses of the mountain, and whenever the footsteps of the hunter has invaded it, it has been at the peril of his life. Who has not heard of the hair-breadth escapes, the severe wounds, and often fatal results of such rencounters in the Rocky Mountains? And often, in the early history of mountain adventure in California, after the discovery of gold, has the pioneer miner, with rifle and pickaxe, his blankets and pan, encountered this stern tenant of the forest, while in search of the precious metal.

We remember very well that during the winter of 1849 a colored man was passing through the underbrush, in the vicinity of Mud Springs, (now Eldorado,) then a very sparsly populated mining district, when he came suddenly upon a large grizzly bear, which immediately raised upon and struck him, tearing off his clothing and making a few gashes in his flesh with the blow. The man had presence of mind to draw his knife, and, fortunately, with one blow he stabbed his antagonist to the heart, when he immediately fell with a groan. The man concluded to run, and when he returned to the spot, with assistance, the bear was dead. It was eventually taken to camp, and sold at one dollar and a quarter per pound, and as it weighed, when dressed, some little over eleven hundred pounds, it netted him about thirteen hundred dollars. He has many times since confessed that "it was the best prospect that he ever got!"

If a grizzly bear is suddenly disturbed, he will immediately make an attack upon the cause, whether it be man or beast. An acquaintance of ours when descending a brushy hill near Bird's Valley, in the spring of 1850, unfortunately came suddenly upon one, when it attacked and tore him so fearfully that for several months his life was despaired of, and though living, he is very badly disfigured in person.

It is not often that the bear will be the aggressor—never if it can conveniently make off—except it be a mother with her young cubs, when, without the slightest provocation, she will attack, and an unerring rifle or tree will be almost the only chance of deliverance.

The first of the kind that we saw was perfectly conclusive to a bargain in our own mind that, if he were not the aggressor we never would be. His immense bulk, his fierce cunning eyes, his huge paws, his wide mouth and large teeth, as he sat upon his haunches gathering the berries from the mansanita, remined us of a preference for a tree or a much greater distance between us. The moment he saw us he pricked up his ears, while his eyes "snapped" again with brilliancy as he evidently measured the distance between us; and, after a short pause, he stealthily walked away—several times looking back—as if with indecision or suspicion.

When men go out purposely to hunt the bear, they generally go very well prepared, and conduct the expedition with the greatest possible cooluess and caution; but, with all their prudence and experience, they too often pay dearly for their sport.

In 1850 a large grizzly was seen near a place called the "Main Top," on the divide between the north and middle forks of the American river, when a party of six experienced hunters was soon upon his track, and hearing the crackling of bushes they immediately divided off in different directions, so as to surround him. At length he was seen, though partly hidden by the heavy underbrush, and fired upon, and at the first shot was badly wounded. This infuriated him, and he rushed quickly and suddenly out, and before the rifle could be re-loaded or the hunter (Mr. Wright) could escape, or others come to his assistance, he was tripped down, when the bear at one blow took out a piece of his skull, to the brain, broke his arm, and would have torn him to pieces but for the hasty advance of another of the party, (Mr. Bonnett,) who, with a large sized revolver, went up to him, and, at the risk of his own life, shot the grizzly through the heart, when he directly turned upon him, but before he could reach him another shot through the head laid him prostrate at his feet. Mr. W. was removed and well attended, and after several months of great suffering, eventually recovered.

A Mr. Drury and his party were out on a prospecting trip for gold; and what was then very unusual, they were not well provided with weapons, but Mr. D—— concluded to have a shot at a bear that was near them, which he wounded, when he immediately took to a tree, and his companions ran off for rifles and men; but, while they were away, the bear actually gnawed the tree—a mere sapling—in two, and after biting him through the body severely, left him for dead; but, by timely assistnce being afforded, he recovered, yet will be a cripple for life.

The many early adventures of this kind, by miners and others, as they explored the lonely forest paths of these beasts while prospecting for gold, gave great interest to the camp-fire at night; and as the smoke curled up among the branches of the giant pines, and the fire sparkled in the darkness, many were the weary hours that were cheated

of their dullness by the hair-elevating stories of sights and experiences with the grizzley bear.

Every rustling of the leaves, every crackling of the branches, every brushing of the bushes—yes, every sound that was strange, whether distant or near, gave the signal for watchfulness, and with the rifle clutched they waited to see if it *might not* be a *grizzly*.

This animal has gradually disappeared from the mining encampments, although in some of the more secluded he still steals down at night to relieve the miner of his beef, or feast upon his pork, yet the instances are now very rare. He has emigrated to the unfrequented and solitary mountain forests, where undisturbed he can sleep through the winter, and at early spring find the young clover and roots upon which he may feed at leisure, or look out for an occasional victim among the young and timid deer; and when summer opens to give its wild fruits for his sustenance, be content with what he can get.

These animals grow to an astonishing size, some having been killed in this State that weighed one thousand eight hundred pounds. Their average life is about fifteen or sixteen years. They generally have three at a birth, and are well and tenderly cared for by the mother.

Although very wild, many of these animals have been thoroughly tamed, so as to have nearly as strong an attachment for man as a dog. Mr. Adams, a gentleman who resided in the upper portion of Tuolumne County, had so thoroughly tamed a young grizzly that it followed him wherever he went, and would moan in disappointment and distress whenever he took his rifle down for a hunting excursion and showed any signs of leaving him behind. On one occasion, when engaged in his favorite occupation—that of hunting—he had wounded a grizzly, and being unable to escape from his vengeance, was about falling a victim—for the bear had wounded him badly in the head—his dog and the young tamed bear set upon him from behind, when he immediately turned to give them battle; in the meanwhile Mr. Adams had regained his feet, got possession of his rifle, and from a shelter behind a tree kept firing until the bear was killed, but not before his devoted animals were severely wounded. He now says, with pride and pleasure, "*that* bear once saved my life."

CALIFORNIA IN 1671.

For the perusal of a most rare and interesting work, published in 1671, entitled *A History of America*, we are indebted to Dr. Rabe, who recently procured it in London, and which most probably is the only copy in this State. It is a volume of 675 pages, of imperial folio size, embellished with remarkably graphic illustrations, embracing, among many others, those of "Christofel Colonus," "Ferdinand Magellanus," "Athabaliba Ultimus Rex Peruanorum," and is peculiar for the quaint style of the typography, as well as the orthography, of 1671.

To the antiquarian, nothing can be more interesting than these reminiscencies collected from over 160 authors, and snatched from the oblivion of the early records of those periods, after the authors, the actors in those scenes,

have long since been gathered to their final rest.

The whole work is written in a plain and forcible style, and pictures the early morality of some of their laws, manners and customs.

We think the title page given below will amuse our readers, and the description of California one hundred and eighty-five years ago, be as interesting as anything we can place before them.

TITLE PAGE:

AMERICA,

Being the latest and most accurate description of

THE NEW WORLD,

Containing the original of the Inhabitants, and the remarkable voyages thither — the conquest of the vast EMPIRES of MEXICO and PERU, and other large Provinces and Territories, with the several European PLANTATIONS in those parts. Also, their Cities, Fortresses, Towns, Temples, Mountains and Rivers. Their Habits, Customs, Manners and Religions. Their Plants, Beasts, Birds and Serpents; with an appendix containing, besides several other considerable additions, a brief survey of what hath been discovered of the *unknown South-Land* and the *Arctic Region*.

Collected from the most authentic authors, augmented with later observations, and adorn'd with maps and sculptures.

By JOHN OGILBY, Esq.
His Majesty's *Cosmographer*, *Geographic Printer*, and Master of the *Revels*, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

LONDON:
Printed by the author, and are to be had at his House in *White Fryers*.
M. DC. LXXI.

CALIFORNIA.

"We shall close up our discourse of these islands that lie north of the Equinoctial Line, with a discourse of California, specially so called, which was by many thought and described to be a Peninsula or half island, by reason of the Bay which divides it from Quivivian and New Gallacia towards the north, runneth much narrower than it doth southerly, which made them think that somewhere or other at the north it was join'd to the main land of America; But later Discoveries have found it to be a perfect island and altogether separate from the Continent; for about the year 1620 some adventurers, beating upon those Coasts Northward, accidently and before they were aware, fell upon a straight, the waters whereof ran with such a Torrent and violent course, that they brought them into Mar Vermiglio, whether they would or no, and before they knew it, and by that means discovered that California was an island, and that the waters that were observed to fall so violently into that Sea towards the North, were not the Waters of any River emptying itself into the Bay from the main Land, as was formerly thought, but the Waters of the North West sea itself, violently breaking into the Bay and dividing it wholly from the continent. It lieth North and South, extending itself in a vast length, full twenty Degrees of Latitude, viz: from twenty-two to forty-two; but the breadth nothing answerable.

The most Northern Point of it is call'd Cape Blanche; that to the South, Cape St. Lucas, memoriable for that rich and gallant Prize which Captain Cavendish, in the year 1587, being then in his voyage about the World, took from the Spaniards near to this Place. As for the Island it self, it is at present little, if at all inhablted by the Spaniards; whether it be that they want Men to furnish new Plantations, or that they find no matter of invitation and encouragement from the country, or perhaps that the access thither be not so easie: for 'tis reported to be wonderfully well peopled by the Natives, and that there were fonnd onely upon the Coasts and along the Shore of Mar Vermiglio, twenty or twenty-

three Nations, all of different Languages; though from the peculiar Narrations that have been made of the Voyages of several eminent Persons into these Parts, it appears that the Spaniards have taken great pains in the discovery thereof, and also from the several Spanish Names of Places, that they have had Plantations here formerly, however neglected at present.

The Country is abundantly well stored with Fish and Fowl, as appears partly by the Natives, who take a huge pride in making themselves gay with the Bones of the one, with which they load their Ears, and sometimes their Noses also; and with the Feathers of the other, which ordinary People wear only sticking about their Wastes; but Great Persons, and such as will be fine indeed, beset their Heads strangely with them, and have commonly one Bunch of them bigger than ordinary hanging down behind them like a Tail.

Having no knowledge of the true God, they worship what the Devil will have them, that is, the Sun, attributing to it onely the increase of their Plants, healthful Seasons, and most of the other good things they enjoy, or are sensible of.

Their Government is said to be onely Oeconomical, each Father ordering the Affairs of his family apart, without subjection to any other Superior; yet so well manag'd, that they live in good Peace one with another; not without many good Laws and Customs, viz: That they allow but one Wife to one Man; That they punish Adultery with Death; That they suffer not maids to talk or converse with Men till they be Married; That Widows may not Marry till they have Mourn'd at least one half year for their Husbands deceased; and divers others of like nature, which perhaps, if the truth were known, do more properly belong to the Natives of Utopia, or New Atlantis, than to these of California.

The Places therein, as yet observed, are onely upon the Sea Coast.

1. The Capes of St. Clara and St. Lucas, the one at the South-East end of the Island, looking towards New Gallicia, the other at the South-West, looking into the Sea, and towards Asia.

2. St. Cruce, so nam'd from its being first discover'd on Holy Rood Day, being a large and convenient Haven, not far from Cape St. Clara.

3. Cabo de las Playas, so call'd from a company of little bare Hillocks appearing from the Sea, and is more within the Bay.

4. Cabo Baxo, so term'd as lying towards the bottom of the Gulf.

5. St. Andrews, another convenient Haven upon an Island of the same Name.

6. St. Thomas, an Island at the Mouth of the Gulf or Bay, of about twenty-five Leagues in compass, rising Southerly with a high mountainous Point, under which is a convenient Road for Shipping, and twenty-five Fathoms of Water.

On the other side of the Island, towards the Main Sea, there is

1. St. Abad, a good Haven, and almost surrounded with a pleasant and fruitful Countrey.

2. Cape Trinidado, a noted Promontory.

3. Cape de Cedras, so call'd (together with a small Island named it) from the store of Cedars growing thereabouts.

4. Enganna.

5. Puebla de las Canoas, so nam'd from the abundance of those little Boats which the Americans generally use, and do call Canoos, whereof perhaps some store are made there.

6. Cabo de Galera, from its resemblance to a Rat.

It is believ'd there are many more Promontories and Bays on both sides of this Island, besides Rivers and Islets, yet not nam'd, and altogether unknown. Moreover Dr. Heylin hath well observ'd, that those above-mention'd are the Names onely Places and not of Towns and Villages, though doubtless there must needs have been

some scatter'd Houses, built formerly by the Spaniards in so many Expeditions.

The first Discoverer of these Parts was Fedinando Cortez, who having in the Year 1534, set out two Ships to that purpose from St. Jago, a Haven of New Spain, and not finding the Success answerable to his Expectation, went next Year himself in Person, and pass'd a good way up the Gulf, but for want of Provisions was forc'd to return without having done any thing to the purpose—

In 1539, one Francisco, a companion of Cortez in the former Expedition, Set out upon his own Charges, and having Coasted all about, both upon the Eastern and Western Shores, he at last Landed, but not without notable opposition from the Natives, who with much clamour, and many antique Gestures set upon his Men and so furiously with Stones and Arrows, that they had met with a shrew'd Repulse, had it not been for the Valor of their Auxilieries, the Mastiff Dogs, which it seems they us'd to carry along with them in those kind of Voyages; but at last he got footing so far, that he took possession in the name of the King of Spain with the usual formalities; and following the example of Columbus, set up a Cross in the Place for a Memorial and Testimony of his having been there.

Much about the same time Marco de Nisa a Franciscan, undertaking a Voyage into these Parts, reported Wonders at his Return, of the plenty of golden Mines, stately Cities, set out with magnificent Buildings, the very Gates whereof were enrich'd with Turquieses, and other Precious Stones, and whose meanest inhabitants went glittering in Gold and Mother of Pearl, and of the flourishing Condition of the Kingdoms of Acu, Tonteac, and Marata; whereupon the Governor of New Gallicia was sent by the then Vice-Roy of Mexico, with great hopes of bringing back a Confirmation of these Reports; but whether out of spite to be deceiv'd in his Expectation, or having real cause so to do, he represented all things as mean and despicable, as the Fryer had proclaim'd them rich and glorious.

The next that went upon the Design was Ferdinando de Alcaron, who is reported to have Sail'd many Leagues up a River call'd Buena Guia, and there to have receiv'd Homage of Naguacatus, one of the Heads of the Californian Tribes.

One more Attempt was made in the Year 1642, by Roderico Cabrillo, who discover'd the Island of St. Luke, and another call'd The Island of Possession; and this was the last we hear of that thought it worth while to go to an Undertaker to these Coasts, and ever since all Undertakings hither have been so wholly laid aside, that whatever was once discover'd in these Parts, seems rather to be lost and forgotten, than any way improv'd—

As for Nova Albion, whereas many determine it to be only the utmost Northern part of California, though it doth not absolutely appear to be so from the Relation of Sir Francis Drake's Discovery of it, we judge it agreeable to Method and Decorum not wholly to omit the mention of it in this place, though it hath been already spoken of, and the aforesaid Relation deliver'd at large amongst the rest of those Provinces of largely-taken California, which were taken for granted to be upon the Continent.

Drake and his Company brought home this Description of the Countrey and its inhabitants, viz. That the Countrey was exceedingly well stor'd with Deer, Grazing up and down the Hills by thousands in a company; That the Men generally went naked all over, the Women using onely a piece of a mat, or some such thing in stead of an Apron; That their Houses were built onely of Turf and Osier, yet so wrought together, that they serv'd very well to keep out the Cold; in the midst of it was their Hearth where they made their Fire, and lay all round about it,

together upon several Beds of Bull-Rushes. What their Towns were or whether they had any, is altogether unknown.

DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.

MY LAST LOTTERY

It was in November, of the year 1843, as near as I can recollect, that my last lottery, as I call it, was opened. I was sitting with my dear wife of blessed memory, in my little parlor on Canal street, that overlooked the traffic on the Hudson river, one cold, dismal evening, reviewing the affairs of the past day, and cogitating in my mind how I could raise a little money to pay off a debt for which I had become partly responsible to oblige a friend, when my attention was attracted to an extraordinary appearance in the fire-place, between the red hot coals. "My dear," said I, "do you see anything remarkable in the fire just now?—here, where I sit." "Yes, I do," said she. "What, a figure? Yes," she replied, "a two,—"Yes"—"and a four"—"exactly"—"and a seven, and I think something like a five. The very number! How extraordinary! I have seen this myself, before I called your attention." I stirred the fire; still some of the numbers were visible; at least, I fancied so; although they had vanished from my wife's observation. I went to bed, and the next morning, at breakfast, I told my wife how I had dreamed more than once of purchasing a ticket that came up a prize bought by this very number. Said she. "Dear Hus, (she used to call me hus.—short for husband. Bless her heart; be her name ever revered) dear Hus, I have dreamed the very same thing; nay, more, I dreamt it twice. So have I, if not thrice: and more than that, said she; I thought you had bought Hopkins' little cottage at Brooklyn, and his little pony, and his beautiful harness, and I was so happy driving you out in it.

"Say no more," said I, "I go this very morning to the lottery ticket office."

I got to the office in good time, and with breathless anxiety enquired if 2475 had been sold. No, the whole of it was at my service. I paid down with joy the price of it, and flew home to my wife—although pressing business awaited me at my office—and placed it in her hands, received a rapturous kiss from her dear, dear lips, and for once, in my life, was happy.

Well, the day, the important day, big with the fate of Cato (myself) and of Rome, (Rose-tree Cottage) at last arrived. I looked over the prize numbers, mine certainly was not there. I looked again with the same result. I then, to make surety doubly sure, examined the blanks, and sure enough mine stood among them as plain as black types could express anything. A few days afterwards, the girl had just raked out the cinders of the fire, and was black-leading the stove.

"Before lighting the fire I saw—yes, I saw to my utter astonishment these very numbers on the back of the stove; the founder's number for his stoves, I suppose. I could have smashed his head with the candlestick I held in my hand.

'My dear,' said my wife, when I came home in the evening, 'what was the matter with you this morning? Amelia says that she never saw you so agitated before. Her nose is swollen as big as a turnip raddish, and the girl threatens to leave, and take I don't know what, against you; she says you hurled the silver plated candlestick with all your might against her, and for what, she don't know.'

"Sweet one," said I, "tell her this story of our last lottery, and if that don't make the swelling go down, I will go down on my knees to her, for dawdle as she is, it is enough to make the stones in the street laugh."

My sweet one laughed as heartily as myself at the oddity of the thing when she heard of it, and saw the self same figures in the stove, and thus ended my first and last lottery.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT WILL NOT OPPRESSION MAKE?

Who that has been to London has not seen or heard of Wapping; the concentration of all the human scum of the great city.

In Mud Alley, the last house as you approach the docks, on the right hand side, is a low public, called The Crooked Billet. It was originally called Crooked Bill, but for an unpleasant notoriety its former possessor, a cripple, obtained, it was then altered, with a view of still retaining its usual customers — thieves and burglars of the most desperate character — and yet, to gain credit for an alteration for the better of its character. It would long ago have been divested of its license, had it not been found a convenient house of call for the Thames bargemen and laborers, as its landlord, one of the bench, duly set forth to his brother legal-licensers on licensing day.

In a parlor under ground, hollowed out at a depth, underneath the bed of the river, sat four worthies, known by the slang names of the Smasher, Crasher, Slasher, and Haberdasher. The first was a well-known counterfeit coiner; the second, a glaze-star burglar, that is, one who enters premises by noiselessly withdrawing a pane of glass by a peculiar process, sufficient to admit a juvenile thief; the third had been a prize fighter, whose age precluded him from again entering that arena; the fourth's occupation was unknown, but from the circumstance of his always wearing a glove on the right hand, which did not appear to be disabled, obtained for him that cognomination. It was believed by the fraternity, that he wore it to disguise a letter V, he having been branded on the continent as a (voleur) thief.

"Is the old man, called Robert, here, Skitter?" enquired Smasher of the landlord, as he entered to bring beer and pipes for five,—

"Yes, he came in after you."

"What did he say?"

"The horse has gone lame, and will be blind."

"All right," said Smasher; "turn the screw and let him come down."

A large iron knob in the wall was turned, the entrance door slid back, displaying a small flight of steps.

"Come on," the landlord shouted. The door opened on the foot of the stairs, and soon entered the man Robert. The landlord returned, the door closed, and the five were in conclave.

By an ingenious arrangement this door was so contrived as to form the entrance to two apartments; one, the landlord's side room, or rather closet, where he transacted all his money matters. When this knob was turned, the whole closet slid on one side, and disappeared altogether behind the wainscot, disclosing the flight of stairs that led to this apartment, thus serving the purpose of a door also, to this lower room.

"Bagged your game, Mr. Robert?" says Smasher.

"Yes," replied Robert, "I've poached to some purpose this time. You'll soon hear of it I doubt not, in the Hue and Cry. The government will offer its hundreds, perhaps thousands, and you, who have eked me on to this, will be the first to take the blood-money and betray me."

"If I do, may"— here an oath too awful to be written by human pen, was ejaculated. One and all echoed the same.

"You have got into the wrong hands to be so treated. Bad as we are, we are not so desperately mean as to cut the throat of him who supplies us with bread. No, no; have a little faith, neighbor," continued Smasher; "I'd cut that tongue out that dare betray you, though a pistol were at my head at the moment."

"The old scoundrel, the Earl shall know now, what it is to have a son. I had a son once. Ah! such a noble boy!"—here he dashed aside a tear from his eye—"and by that villain I lost house and home, wife and son, at one fell swoop. I had the happiest home that ever fell to the lot of mortal. A wife who dearly loved me, a son whom we loved as our own souls; she was all that a wife should be, he was more than a son can be. My boy! my poor boy! My wife! my broken-hearted wife! Father, wife, son, home, all ruined." Here his emotions were too great to be stifled. He covered his face with his two hands and sobbed convulsively, in silence, for some minutes.

"I'll tell you how it was," continued he, "my lad was a member of an amateur flower-club; he had the prettiest pinks and pansies, and auriculas, that you ever saw. He gained the best prize at our last flower show, and bought us both, and himself, a new rig-out of Sunday clothes with the money.

"This old Earl was a neighbor of ours, d—— him; and his rabbits, and hares, and partridges, and what not, were continually intruding into our garden; and one morning, in spite of all my boy's vigilance and nailing up boards, he found all his best flowers eaten up by these vermin. I was out at the time, or I might have restrained him. He made no ado, but coolly went up stairs for his gun and shot several hares and rabbits, as many as three or four, perhaps, that had got into our place and couldn't get out again. The noise brought the whole posse of lazy game-keepers. They saw my son with the gun in his hand, throwing the vermin, one after another, over the park paling. That evening he was handcuffed like a felon, put into the jail amongst the vile, and in the following County Assizes was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. I called upon his lordship, and the parson was with me, but it was all in vain; his good character went for nothing. My wife fell ill seeing him not in his usual place, night after night, cheering us with his many joking stories. I could not keep her courage up. He hanged himself at last, hearing of his mother's grief—she survived the disaster only a day, and left me, alone, in my cottage, all through the endless lengthened and dark nights, to bewail my bitter lot. The Earl sent for me after their death, to come to him, expressing his sorrow at what had happened. He had something to offer me to misplace what I had lost. "Tell him," said I to the liveried lick-spittle he sent, "I have something to offer him," and after that he may take my life as he has that of my wife and son.

"This was construed into a threat, a warrant was out against me. I sold my cottage, plucked up resolution, put my hand on my son's gun, bade adieu to honest labor and my birth-place, and vowed—revenge. And where is the man that would do otherwise?"

"Where, indeed," said one and all.

"Mark the deed and its punishment," continued the old man, his eyes flashing fire and his eyebrows elevated, exhibiting a fearless desperation, "and contrast it with another—a wretch beating the partner of his bosom within an inch of her life, and receiving no more than six months' imprisonment in the same calendar. Oh!" said he, "can a just God look on this and suffer such deeds, without bringing the principal offenders, the makers of such vile laws, to justice? Can an honest, laboring man in this lord-ridden country claim a single fowl of the air, a beast of the field, a fish of the river, without their license? The very air, nay, the very light of heaven we must pay for, if it comes through the windows of our houses. Our lands of common, our running streams, are all their property. And now I come to claim my reward, the ten pounds you promised me.'

"All right, my friend, we are ready; but first, in common fairness, we should be convinced that he is put out of the

way, so that our future operations may not be trammeled by his appearance," said the Slasher.

"He will no more trouble you, take my word for it,—farther than this I do not chose to reveal."

"Well, but tell us how."

"Not a word,—I will forfeit,—I will be content to lose my life at your hands if he ever return to trouble you. Here," said he, holding up a signet ring, "here is sufficient evidence of his powerlessness to do you any harm, whatever your designs may be. You must know he would not part with this while conscious of life."

The four consulted together in a private whisper for some time, and at last agreed to give him the sum mentioned.

"Good!" said the old man, "and now I will tell you more,—I am off to California or Australia, or some other distant land; let me know where you are to be found, and I will honestly exchange the confidence by telling you of my future whereabouts."

The Haberdasher, who was the only one who could write, at a tacit bidding of the three, wrote down on the back of an envelope the required information, and the interview closed.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. H. MAKES A COMPO. WITH HIS CREDITORS.

"Not at all Mr. Hickleberry, I see no impropriety in it. 'Tis quite natural; you and Mrs. Hickleberry can well afford it. We accept your kind invitation. If I can't attend, there shall be some one there to represent the firm, to partake of the hospitality on the occasion. I see your debts amount to the sum of two hundred and seventy five pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence ha'penny, as set forth in this balance sheet; your stock in trade and bad debts may realize some fifty pounds at least."

"Mr. Suit," interrupted H., "'Tis not worth mentionin'. I intend to leave it all to a poor old soul who served me faithfully for four years; 'twill give him a living, poor old critter, and be the means of takin' on him out of that parish pest—the workkus."

"It does credit to your goodness of heart, Mr. Hickleberry," said the man of law. "Then you would rather settle these accounts yourself, I see, and wish to do so on this occasion."

"Exactly so, Mr. Suit, and if you think the idea not an unsuitable one, I should like those who have waited longest, and who have bothered me the least, to receive a leetle over and above their accounts by way of interest, you see, as a kind of reward, and a hint like, to be easy upon poor devils who may be a little behindhand in their money matters; even if I pinched a little for it arterward. It would be a hopportunity also of servin' out the close-fisted ones, that have 'prived me of many a night's rest, when I didn't know which way to turn for a blessed ha'-penny."

"To reward the kind, and punish the unmerciful, eh?"

"Jest so, Mr. Suit, I intend to make a speech on that ere occasion; I don't often make a fool o' myself Mr. Suit, but I don't mind it when there's good likely to come on it."

"By the bye, your odd name is associated in my mind with something very remarkable which your mention of a speech calls to remembrance," said Mr. Suit. "I remember two or three years ago, the son of the Duke of * * * * stood for Marylebone, and upon some of the voters on that occasion taxing him with turning some old people, tenants of his, out of doors, because they could not pay an increased rent; replied, 'May I not do as I like with my own,' to which this person I allude to, replied, 'Certainly not, my Lord. This lighted torch which I hold in my hand, (it was night when his lordship addressed them from the balcony of his hotel) is mine: but because it is *mine*, I have no right to burn my neighbors' premises down with it.' I

remember that argument, homely as it was, proved unanswerable, and cost my Lord his election. I remember, also, that the papers reported the man's name to be something like yours; it particularly stated it, as evidence that a plain home-thrust like that, was better than all the sophistry of a learned logician; which his Lordship was reputed to be."

"Yes, Mr. Suit, I am the individual, but I nivir could see how that little bit o' common sense, from a huneducated man like myself, could have so soon floored a great man like my Lord. But you was a sayin' about my debts, and ——"

"I will forward you the balance sheet before next Monday, stating how you stand exactly. I will just hint, that if your debts were hundreds, where they are tens, you need not be under any apprehension about them; they are mere bagatelles. You know our bankers, I have deposited a sum there in your name which will satisfy all and every demand that may be made upon you, and leave a comfortable margin on the creditor's side, for your present use. So, in the meantime, I advise you and your family to enjoy yourselves; you seem to be a temperate man, or I should not give you this advice, and your good sense, I know, will guide you in the right use of your good fortune."

"I am obleeged by your good opinion, Mr. Suit, I never was drunk but once in my life, and that was upon a very remarkable occasion, a very rum one indeed, and which I'm ashamed on to this day. I hope that I may not prove undeserving of the favor that a kind Providence has stowed away upon sitch a humble individual as myself."

Soon after this interview, Hickleberry's creditors were summoned to accept a composition in the pound—a strange proceeding, as they thought, who were not in the secret, especially as he had just jumped into a large fortune by the death of a distant relative. The importunate set it down as all a trick, to bilk them of their just demands, or looked upon the rumor of his good fortnne, as an artful dodge, to stave off their claims altogether; while the confident still gave him credit for being an honest fellow, yet had their misgivings, that distress might have made him have recourse at last to an unworthy stratagem. However, one and all, upon the day and hour given, attended with their little accounts at the little parlor in the Dog and Whistle.

Hickory rubbed his hands with glee as the time approached, when he was to meet them. To his honest heart, it was indeed a luxury to pay every one his own; but in the midst of this honest pride, there lurked a roguish twinkle in the eye, indicative of some good joke to be carried out at somebody's expense. With his friend Hobbs, by his side, the first creditor to shake him by the hand on entering was Mr. Scruit. Mr. Benjamin Scruit, a usurer of much notoriety among that class of poor tradesmen, that are ever driven at their wits' end, on Saturday nights, to pay their workmen their week's wages. His calculations were adjusted to the nicest balance of credit and probability. When the credit was good, he exacted only fifteen per cent. for petty loans; but where there might be any doubt preponderating in the scale, a quarter per cent. was but *poor profit.* Many and many a time would the poor goaded small tradesman, gather together some of his best wares late on the Saturday night, to sell for anything they would fetch at the last extremity, rather than have recourse to him. And once within his spider-meshes, ruin, sooner or later, was inevitable. Many were the fair prospects he had ruined; many were the hearts he had broken.

"I am happy to congratulate you on your good fortune Mr. Hickleberry. Amongst my numerous friends, I know of no one who deserves such good luck more than you," whined the old usurer

"Good fortune! Mr. Scruit—ah! ha! some cruel wag or other has bin

playin' off his jokes agin you Mr. Scruit. My good friend Hobbs here has managed this here business for me. He is to be the Chairman on the occasion," rejoined Dickory.

"Yes," interposed Hobbs, "we have met together to see if we can't save an honest man from the humiliation of going thro' the Insolvent Debtor's Court, and giving him another chance; another fresh start in the world."

"So then this is all a flam, this fine fortune. Mark me—I'm not to be diddled in this way by any body, if you think to try it on with Benjamin Scruit, I can tell you he's not the man to be trifled with."

"Well then your best way will be to put him in jail, and get nothing for your pains."

"What do you propose then to offer in the pound? I merely ask it for curiosity's sake."

"Something more than a shilling, perhaps," said Hobbs, looking very sympathetic.

"Ah, I thought so, Mr. Dobbs, or Hobbs, or whoever you may be. You will have to calculate upon my opposing every step to any accommodation of this kind, and I know three or four others who will add to the opposition."

"Then he must go to quod."

"Yes, and I'll take care he shall go somewhere else after he gets out, do what you may."

"At all events you may as well call and hear our decision, after we have had our dinner. We shall have got through by five, and if you will call, you will hear what the majority will have recommended."

"Dinner! dinner!—at the insolvent's expense. Really, Mr. Hobbs, you do things in style. What right have you to order and pay for a dinner out of the bankrupt's effects?"

"I take that responsibility, friend Scruit, upon myself. I have always been accustomed to order dinner before I proceed to business of this kind; and I find it has the best possible effect; it makes the creditors look more kindly towards the debtor, and cheers him up. If he's a rogue, its one step towards making him an honest man; and if he's an honest man, one step towards making him a solvent one hereafter. I never lost anything by it, and I would advise you to try it."

"Yes,—add water to fuel to make it burn longer. No, I thank ye. I leave you to become rich by such means. In the mean time, Mr. Hobbs or Snobbs, mark me! I mean to have my own; every penny of it." So saying, he shut the door with a bang, leaving the two friends in ecstasies at his mortification and disappointment.

The three or four others followed in the same wake, and left accordingly, while the rest, upon an interview, thought it one of the most stupid and cruel jokes they ever heard; but were, however, glad of the dinner, when they heard it was not to be at the creditor's expense.

Friend Hobbs now adjourned into the big parlor, where a long table was laid out with the taste of a connoisseur in good things, and falling to with right good will, at the good game of knife and fork before them, soon learned to think less of Hickory's *bumptiousness* or impudence, and more of Hobbs' discretion and good management.

After the cloth was removed and grace had been said, Hobbs, to the surprise of all the party assembled, took the chair and sat in Dickory's place.

While the wine, spirits and fruit were being placed upon the table, Dickory drew out of his side pocket a long strip of paper, containing the items of his several debts.

"Gents," said he, addressing them with their mouths wide open, "friend Hobbs, on second consideration, would rather I should settle your accounts myself. So I begin with Mr. Smithers. Your bill, I see, is fifteen pound odd; 'tis bin owin' two months, and you have asked me for it but once, and then in the most politest manner. Here are

two twenty pun notes, of which I beg your acceptance. The change keep for Mrs. Smithers and the little Smithers, if there are any sitch people in existence; or, if not, put it in your pipe and smoke it." Proceeding in this manner, greatly to the surprise of all present, until the pile of new bank notes was well nigh exhausted, the landlord opened the door and ushered in the malcontents.

Nothing could equal the surprise of these three worthies, when they saw Hick, in full feather, seated in the arm chair, with a glass of brandy and water before him, enveloped in a cloud of white smoke, which, frequent puffs from the agitated smoker, threatened to obscure from their sight.

"Take your seats, gents.—take your seats," said H., flushed with pride at his position. "Friend Goodyear, pass the bottle to our three friends below," said he, handing a glass decanter.

Friend Goodyear, taking the hint, and the joke at the same time, asked would they like a cinder in it.

The three opposition members turned pale and red by turns. After a few moments, Scruit broke silence:

"I didn't come here to be insulted, Mr. Hickory; but I came to be paid my just account, which I beg leave to hand to the waiter, to give to you for inspection."

"What's the amount, friend Scruit?" asked Dickory, scarcely deigning to take the pipe from his mouth.

"Fifty-nine pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence, Mr. Hickleberry. I think you ought to know it by this time, for I think your memory has been refreshed almost every morning for this last month upon the subject."

"But I have paid off some of it, havn't I?"

"Yes, a miserable instalment of some six pounds."

"The original debt was some forty pounds, was it not?"

"It may be that," replied Scruit, looking defiance.

"Well, gents., with your permission friend Hobbs will read over, for the edification of friend Scruit, how my other debts have been disposed of; and then I'll make a propersition to Mr. Scruit. My hobbligation have been a very heavy one to him, and I desire, you see, to make him a suitable return.

A clapping of hands, and rapping of pots and glasses on the table, by way of approbation, followed the recital, while a gleam of joy shone on the countenance of Scruit when he saw that the rumor of Hick's good fortune was not a false one.

"Gentlemen!" roared Hobbs, "the chair is about to speak."

"Gents, all," began Hickory, "Mr. Scruit has laid me under, as I said before, very heavy hob-ble-i-gations, and I have determined to return it in the heaviest manner in my power. There is a bag in that ere corner, marked with his name: have the goodness to place it on the table."

The waiter tugged at it a considerable time, but in spite of all his endeavors, could not stir it. Two of the conviviants sitting near observing this, lent a hand, and after a little staggering placed it on the table.

"There," said Hickory, "is your demand," pointing to the bag. "I think you will find the return as heavy as the hob-ble-i-ga-tion. I borrowed forty pounds of you; I return it to you in something less than eight hundred pounds of copper, in the legal coin of the rellum. What you find deficient in interest, a gent here, from the firm of Suit, Nabb & Co., will answer for according to the usury laws. So give me a receipt and put the money in your pocket."

A roar of laughter filled up the void made by the end of this speech, and the discomfitted Scruit stood as one stupified amid the jeers of the whole party. The other two sneaked out of the room, fearful that another joke of similar import awaited them, in the shape of legal flint stones, for aught they knew.

While the party were thus enjoy-

ing themselves, Mr. Hick was making all necessary preparations, assisted by a firm friend from the firm of Messrs. S. & N., for a long voyage.

It was late that night before the convivialities were over, and Hick wended his way once more to his happy home. In the morning, after breakfasting with one of his friends, a scene presented itself to him of rather an unusual nature.

"Where's my wife blundered to?" asked he of an Irishwoman, who was swinging away like a great boy, holding on to two ropes suspended from a beam in the wash-house. "What are you about?—confound you, I don't pay you as a charwoman to come and act the baby here, to swing away your time in that ere manner. Come out of that! Are ye crazy?" shouted Hick.

"Och! faix, good master, an' it's the mistress as desired me to be practicing for the say, to kape off the say sickness, an' as sent you a rope for that same.

"What?—where's your mistress?"

He opened a door, and there was friend Hobbs in one swing, Mrs. Hickleberry in a second, and little Adam in a third, all swinging and practicing for the "say," as a preventive against sea sickness in their contemplated journey to California.

Comparison of Speed.—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is per second:—

Of a man walking, 4 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a reindeer in a sledge on ice, 29 feet; of an English race horse, 43 feet; of a hare, 88 feet; of a good sailing ship, 14 feet; of the wind, 81 feet; of sound, 1,030 feet; of a 24 pound cannon ball, 2,300 feet.

Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web, if neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable; and who can break it?

A SEA-RIOUS RHYME.

BY MONADNOCK.

The buntlines upon the main courses,
Part like robes on a bust of eighteen,
Where the full swelling bosom half forces
Its beautiful contour between,
On white sails the long reef-points lie,
Like the delicate silken eye lashes
That fringe the pure depths of some eye,
When with poetry and passion it flashes.

This evening on calm summer sea,
When waves dance about in their bliss,
And the ship glides along in her glee,
She resembles a boarding-school miss;
Her bosom, half-seen in the night,
Seems swelling with pent-up emotion,
And she flings out her soft arms of white
As if to embrace grim old ocean.

Our ship uses 'braces' and 'stays'
To keep her in good sailing trim,
Which are some of the milliner's ways
By which a young belle is made slim;
She bows and careens on the billows,
In a way that is very coquettish,
Like a pretty flirt greeting the fellows,
When inclined to be fainting and pettish.

When the heartless coquette takes a notion
To give a mad suitor the slip,
And cuts him adrift on love's ocean,
She is only a fast clipper ship;
She glides right away from the dreamer,
Who hopelessly pines at his lot;
He might as well chase a war-steamer
In a dull sailing Dutch galliot.

When listlessly flapping her sails
In a calm on a smooth glassy sea,
She's a fashionable belle at the springs,
Who is dying with love and ennui;
When the calm is relieved by a gale,
Which only the storm-sails can bear,
And the ship ships the seas o'er her rail,
She wears quite a vixenish air.

When the night falls down gloomy and black,
Her dark bows are flashing with fire,
And she flings the waves out of her track
Like a woman when storming in ire;
When under bare poles she scuds on,
A virago wrought into despair,
She shrieks like a fierce Amazon,
With brawny arms tossing in air.

At each changing breath of the fashion,
Woman changes her 'rig' and her 'bearing,'
To suit the Parisian passion;
Fond of 'going-about' and of *'wearing,'*
Over life's matrimonial sea,
A husband must take the command,
For women, like ships, you must see,
Are useless unless they are *manned.*

CALIFORNIA A GREAT COUNTRY.

There are many great and renowned lands on this great earth. Some are brilliant in chivalry; others are great in their agricultural resources; others for their commercial enterprise. California is great in all these—great in all the substantial elements of wealth; she is great in every department of human enterprise; in the exceeding and almost fabulous riches of her mines. She may well now, long before verging upon her teens, enter the lists with a certainty of outstripping all competitors in the race for the highest honors a generous people can bestow.

California has more flowers, brighter and larger by far than any other land; grander and wilder mountain scenery than can be found elsewhere. Even the highest waterfall on the globe had to come all the way to California to show off to the best advantage. In no other country could the trees, wishing to make a fine display of their magnificent proportions, find elbow room enough, except in California. Her sky is higher, bluer and wider; her sun warmer, her moon larger, her stars brighter, and thicker, and more of them than can be found in any other land, or in all creation besides. In no other country would her towering mountains find so bright and glorious a sky for a magnificent background, on which to paint the bold outlines of their towering peaks and craggy sides, in the wildest and sublimest beauty.

In animate nature she takes the lead of all other lands. Her fleas are larger—will jump farther and keep out of the way longer—than any of the slabsided, puny, half-starved Yankee fleas; her rats are larger, better fed, more sleek and glossy, and far better contented, and more cosy, than all others. The very personification of well-behaved, clever and gentlemanly rats can be found here.

No other country can show half so many thousand acres, of wild ducks and geese; no other rivers can turn out salmon half as large; and even the rivers themselves, in their roystering, hoyden glee, in their chuckling over the bright nuggets snoozing in their beds, make more noise in leaping, splashing and thundering down the mountain gorges than any other rivers in any country. Our quails are prettier, our coyotes plentier, and our grizzly bears are not easily *beaten*—they correspond with our trees, mountains, waterfalls, and all other wonderful things in this State.

California has more energetic men than can be found in the same number of people in all Christendom. Her fair cities and towns have been swept away again and again by fire and flood, and, phœnix-like, new ones have sprung up before the blazing brands of the former ruins had ceased smoking.

With an iron will and undying perseverance, they grapple with difficulties, overcome trials, and stand before the world displaying all that is great and glorious in character and industry.

More, and better than all, our ladies are fairer, and far more beautiful; our children are more lovely, larger, and more of them—are smarter, and will make more noise on the Fourth of July—burn more fire crackers—than all other children between here and Chinadom.

Whoever doubts this, let him come

here and see for himself, and he will say that the one-half has not been told him, and with us think it is a great country. B.

"PASSING AWAY."

I hear a voice, in the autumn winds,
A cry in the forest gloom,
A whisper low on the summer breeze,
Borne from the silent tomb.
Still, soft and sad, at the evening's close,
At the dawn of the early day,
In angel tones and in murmurs soft,
"Soon wilt thou have passed away."

In the heart's lone cells, in its secret founts,
In the drop of the bitter tear,
In sad, sad thoughts of an absent one
'Mid hope's dark ashes drear.
Still, still o'er the altar of hopeless love
Is sounding a mournful lay,
And an angel tone chants softly low,
"He's passed from thy gaze away."

O'er the sufferer's couch at the eve of life,
When short is the fevered breath,—
When the marble brow, and pure, young heart,
Are fanned by the wings of death,—
Still 'ere the pure soul has flown from earth,
Life's zephyrs around it play,
The dear, loved voice speaks softly low:
"I'm passing away, away."

Hope, love and joy speed e'er to us,
On the wings of the early morn,
They gently tread on our thorny path,
But soon, too soon, are gone.
A radiance bright on the heart is cast,
But soon, like the sunset's ray,
It fades 'mid the shades of the coming eve,
And has passed like a dream away.

Thus ever as pearls on an ocean strand,
As shells on the dark sea shore,
When the ocean wave sweeps madly on,
Are gone and are seen no more;
Do life's young flowers 'neath the tempest's
Drop gently their leaflets gay, [wreath,
And are swept by a wave from their slender
stalks,
And are passed from the earth away.

The Wreath. "LILLY-BELL."

The best women in the world are those who stay at home; such is the universal opinion of the best judges, to wit: their husbands. The worst women are those who have no home, or who love all other places better; such is the verdict of those who meet them abroad. A wife in the house is as indispensable as a steersman at the wheel.

"Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked a sweet sixteen of her sire.

"Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me some of these nights with interest, after we are married."

The first bird of spring
Attempted to sing,
But ere he had rounded a note,
He fell from the limb—
Ah! a dead bird was him—
The music had friz in his throat!

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence the third; without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the two former the latter would be often useless.

GREAT DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—Few readers are probably aware of the immense depth of some parts of the ocean, and beneath its level surface the crust of the globe is broken up into mountains and valleys quite as varied, or even more so, than the dry land.

The following account of the depth at which it has been sounded, will give some idea of the vast valleys that exist in its bed. The sounding was performed in the Atlantic, in 36° 49 S., 36° 6 E. lon., in a voyage of the British ship *Herald*, from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope.

The depth at which bottom was reached was 7,706 fathoms, or 15,412 yards, being over *eight miles*.

The highest mountains on the sur-

face of the globe do not exceed five miles, and the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada are not more than 4,660 yards; so that the bed of the ocean has depths which far surpass the elevation of the highest points on its surface.

The time required for this immense length of line to run out was about *nine hours and a half!*

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the summer of 1849 a young man stood at the gate of a neat white cottage, in the town of L——, holding by the hand his sweet, affianced bride, Lucy Gray. His voice grew tremulous, and a tear stood in his blue eye as he murmured, "You'll not forget me, Lucy."

Long and wistfully did he look back from the hill-top, to catch a glimpse of a figure standing where he so lately stood. He saw a white handkerchief flutter in the breeze, turned, and was on his way to the newly discovered El Dorado, to win a fortune, which would give him home and happiness.

The village spire grew fainter, and the mountains waxed dim in the twilight, which was gathering like a pall over hill and valley. Charles Gedney was alone! He walked briskly, striving to keep back the tears which swelled up into his eyes, while his hand pressed heavily upon his bosom, to still its emotion. The moon, hitherto shrouded, burst forth in resplendent beauty, illuminating the village of L——, then draped itself again in dense, deep blackness.

Taking up the small knapsack which contained his all, including a little parcel his dear Lucy had requested him to defer examining until he was on his journey, he walked toward the appointed rendezvous, where several fellow emigrants, who were to accompany him, had assembled. It was nearly morning before he reached the small tavern, situated in the outskirts of the town from which they were to start. As he drew near he heard the loud and boisterous hilarity of his companions, and for a moment he was irresolute. Should he turn back again to all he loved and yearned for—or should he proceed in his new and perilous enterprise?

At this instant, while the struggle between self and duty was raging in his bosom, the tavern door opened, and a fellow came reeling out, with a song upon his lips, and his person reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco smoke. Charles stood still, slightly shrinking behind a column of the piazza, trusting to be left alone in sweet communion with his delightful thoughts of home and Lucy. But the eye of the inebriate saw him in the moonlight, and he shouted, "Hollo there, Charley! you red-shirted fellow! Come in and drink!"

"I entreat of you," said Charles, drawing his arm from the grasp of the man, "to leave me awhile alone."

"No, no—come with me; we want to make a night of it. Hallo, in there! —here's the last of the Mohegans; open the door; let's have more whiskey; we'll drink again to our wives and sweethearts!"

Resistance was useless, for some of the crowd within emerged at once, and drew Charles into their midst.

The next morning everything was in readiness, and the train moved forward, all with blithe hearts save one. Three weeks after the departure, in a lovely valley, where the train halted to water the cattle, Charles wandered to a grassy knoll, and untied the blue ribbon which secured the little parcel Lucy had requested him not to examine until on his journey. It was a daguerreotype of Lucy! Poor Charles!—he wept, and kissed the smiling eyes which looked upon him; and as he placed the dear image upon his bosom, his heart felt lighter, and the journey before him appeared shorter and sweeter, with the hope that at some future day he should be well repaid for all his toils and sorrows,

Long and tedious months waned away; some of his companions had sickened and died, most of them had suffered much, but Charles was ever cheerful, and his pleasant song and smile gladdened many a desponding heart as they traveled over desert and plain. One person seemed nearer to him than the others: he won Charles' esteem by his apparent kindness of heart, and constant devotion to an orphan sister, whom, he said, he never expected to see again, as she was dying of a broken heart. It was the old tale—unrequited love and desertion. Many an hour would William Easton wile away by relating sad stories of his sister Caroline, and many tears did both shed over the recital. The confidence of each grew stronger and more steadfast, and their companions had given them the appropriate cognomen of "the inseparables."

In return, Charles Gedney unburdened his full heart and spoke of his treasure—Lucy. He would permit no other eye to look upon that "hallowed face" but his own; yet, often a glowing description of her loveliness called forth the wish from Easton to see so bright a gem. "Some future time," would Charles invariably answer, as his face, already burned and reddened by the sun, grew scarlet at being thought so selfish.

Time fled, the journey was ended, and they who had survived the fatigue and peril of so long a land journey, were assembled for the purpose of dividing equally their effects, that they then might seek their fortunes in whatever manner they pleased. The scene was not a painful one. Not a tear was shed, nor regret experienced, as they took each other by the hand, or bid farewell, perhaps for the last time.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that but few friendships are formed among men when they are engaged iu such undertakings; the bonds which should bind them together the closer, and make them dearer to each other, have been so severed and sundered by jealousies, dislikes and aversions, that they part with the greatest mutual satisfaction. Such has been the fate of nearly all who have crossed the plains. Can philosophers give any better reasons than the foregoing why this is so?

Charles and William were sitting on a hill-top, the broad, clear river rolling beneath at their feet, and a line of dark blue hills, whose peaks were just tinged with the lurid gleams of the rising sun, appeared in the distance. Both were silent; they watched the going of their comrades, and felt a momentary unhappiness in seeing those depart with whom they had experienced so many hardships and privations to reach so fair a land.

The morning was beautiful; in the thick foliage the birds made sweet music, and the air was balmy with the fragrance of innumerable flowers. With a quick, convulsive movement, Easton started to his feet. "Charles Gedney," said he, reaching out his hand, "shall we try our lot together, or shall this be *our* parting?"

"As you will it, Easton," said Charles, mournfully. "It is hard at best, this seeming to be cheerful, hoping for fortune."

"But," said Easton, interrupting him, "will it not be better, easier for both, were we to join our fortunes, ill or fair?"

"It will; and there's my hand," replied Charles.

The companions started forward that morning, and travelled towards a settlement on the Yuba river. Marking out their claims, they entered into their vocation with alacrity, and were fortunate; in six months they were rich.

A party of miners on a claim adjoining had persuaded Charles and Easton to remove further up the river, by repeated stories of its greater riches; but, after a few weeks' trial, they found the claims good for nothing, and their former claims possessed by those who had deceived them.

With the treasure they had amassed

they turned toward San Francisco, then a city of tents, many of which were dens of evil to lure the unwary, robbing them of their gold and honesty.

Charles Gedney had been reared piously, and believed it a sin to step within the portals of a gambling house. His curiosity, however, got the better of his good intentions, and, with Easton and several fellows with whom he had become acquainted at the hotel, he went, taking his gold with him. The room was densely filled with tobacco smoke; and the tinkling of glasses, and the crowds which surrounded the card tables, plainly showed the excitement with which all were affected.

Every one seemed intent on the progress of the games, and some time elapsed before either Easton or Charles could get near enough to witness any of the bettings. They did so at length, and to Charles' astonishment he beheld gold to the amount of thousands of dollars, heaped up like dirt. The appearance of the players fascinated him, he became fixed to the spot, and a desire almost crept into his heart to try his luck. While thus lost in thought, some one touched his elbow. It was Easton. "Come," said he, "take something; here's an old friend of mine—let's have a drink together."

They went to the bar; both drank. Charles soon found himself again anxiously watching the game, and great was his astonishment as he saw a Spaniard sweep from the table, with the greatest coolness, the winnings of a large bet which he had made. A bystander, noting Charles closely scrutinizing the Spaniard, asked him why he did n't try his hand at it. "You'll win, I know."

Charles looked round for Easton; he did not see him; but he would certainly come soon, and what was the harm, he thought, to play a little; he was rich—more so than the Spaniard who had just won so much.

"Will you play?" again asked the mustachioed stranger.

Charles nodded assent.

They seated themselves at a side table, while some of the crowd immediately gathered round to witness their game. The stranger ordered some brandy—handed a glass to Charles, drinking to his success. Their gold was placed upon the table and the cards dealt.

For some time the game seemed against Charles, but eventually he won. More liquor was called for, the betting ran high, and Charles played like a madman. At length, however, his great fortune deserted him and he lost. The crowd was almost breathless as the stakes turned in favor of the stranger, who played calmly, his face wearing the same expression as when he sat down. The last dollar of Charles Gedney's lay upon the table, and his hand trembled fearfully as he felt in his pocket, hoping to discover another to keep it company. As he did so his hand touched the little case containing the daguerreotype of Lucy. He laughed as he drew it forward, and his bloodshot eyes dilated with a fiendship expression as he flung it upon the table with an oath. "Take this," said he, "it will win it all back—*play!* play!"

The stranger waited a moment, gazed at Charles, who looked like a demon, and drew the card. It was against poor Charles—he had lost everything!

The stranger coolly put the case into his pocket without looking at it, swept the gold from the table, and rose up. Charles started to his feet and confronted the ruiner of his hopes.

"Return me my picture!" he hoarsely exclaimed. "Return it!"

"Never!" returned the stranger, flinging him from him and rushing out of the place.

Two years afterwards, in the steamer which sailed for New York, Easton was a passenger. He sauntered up and down the upper deck and saloon, in fine weather, seldom noticing any one. The ship made a good passage, and he appeared to be cheerful and

happy, to passers by, but a close inspection of his face and dark hazel eyes, would have told that all was not at rest within the chambers of his heart.

As the passengers were disembarking, he noticed a girl standing upon the pier, looking intently at each person, as they made their appearance at the gangway, and the look of bitter disappointment which followed that of anxiety was so strongly depicted upon her face, he went forward and enquired "for whom she was looking," that he might be of service in telling her if the person was on board, as he had just arrived in the ship. With a blush, she answered "it was a friend for whom she had been looking several months—he had written—he might be expected at any moment."

"And what may be his name?" enquired Easton. Another blush suffused the face of the girl, and looking down upon the water she murmured "Charles Gedney." Easton started suddenly, and his heart beat violently. "He is not here" he replied, "but I can inform you of him, if you will come with me." Bidding her remain in the saloon of the steamer, he went to look after his trunk, and to order a carriage. Having engaged one, he returned to find the girl he had so strangely met. She was sitting as he left her. They entered the carriage, and it commenced slowly to force its way through the dense crowd collected on the pier. "And this is Lucy Gray, is it?" he asked; "the lovely girl I have heard poor Gedney speak of so often."

"*Poor* Gedney!" she exclaimed quickly, "why poor! has any misfortune befallen him?" Clasping her hands and looking at Easton she awaited his reply. "Be calm," he said, endeavoring to sooth her, "I will tell you all, when you reach home."

A few weeks elapsed, and Lucy had somewhat recovered from the shock occasioned by the tidings of Gedney's death. Easton became a constant visitor at her house, and so powerful is sympathy between those who have known a dear and mutual friend that she became much attached to him, who had been for so long a time a companion of her lover. He so far interested her feelings, by the recital of the many exciting scenes through which they had passed, the many dangers and privations they had endured together, the attention shown to Charles during a long and severe illness, as well as the many pleasant hours they had passed in each other's society, that gradually, so deep is the female heart imbued with gratitude and kindness, he won her esteem and friendship, almost akin to love.

It was a calm day in October, when all nature seemed a paradise. The broad elm tree beneath whose branches a few years before, Lucy had pledged herself to be the bride of Gedney, had donned a yellow robe, and the ash berries in the rays of the setting sun, shone with a rich vermillion tint.

Easton held her hand in his; it trembled, and a few tears dropped upon it as he said, "Don't forget me Lucy." Poor girl! the shock was too much for her, she commenced weeping violently. It recalled another scene, and another form which had been and was still dear to her.

"Why do you weep, dearest Lucy?" asked Easton, bending over her. "Do you not believe that I love, worship, adore you? You say you can never love another—that Charles possessed your heart. Be it so, sweet girl, give me then but your hand, and I will win your heart. Speak, Lucy, speak!"

For a long time Lucy was silent; she at length placed her hand within Easton's, gazed tenderly but mournfully into his eyes, and became pledged once more in the sight of heaven to be a wife. In a few months they were married, and to a beautiful cottage, not far from her old home and the elm tree, did Lucy Easton remove, to honor and obey him whom heaven had ordained her husband.

Years rolled on, the Eastons were courted, blessed, and the world thought

happy. One day, two children gambolled on the green in front of the house, a boy and a girl. For a moment their pleasure had been checked by the sudden appearance of a man who stood watching them at the gate. He held some flowers in his hand and taking out a rose he threw it towards them, asking their names. "Tarlie Dedney Easton," replied the boy promptly. "What!" asked the man, slowly drawing his hand across his brow. "What did you say—and whose house is this?"

At this moment, Lucy who had heard the children conversing, approached.

"What do you wish, sir?" she asked.

"Great God! am I awake, or do I dream?" gasped the stranger. "Is this Lucy?—but no—yes, it is! You were Lucy Gray! but now—oh, heaven! I see it all, all,—O, Lucy! Lucy! may God forgive you!"

Drawing his shabby coat around him, the man attempted to move forward, but he was too feeble, he fell prostrate upon the gravel walk in a swoon.

With the assistance of the servants, Lucy had him placed upon a bed, and in an hour he was able to speak coherently. She gladly saw him open his eyes. She felt a degree of interest in his recovery which surprised her. As his eyes wandered about the room, they met a picture of Lucy. Gazing upon it, he slowly rose up in the bed, beckoned her toward him and asked, "Where did you get *that?*"

"It belonged to a dear, but departed friend" she replied, her voice trembling with emotion.

"And that friend you wronged—was false to," cried the stranger vehemently, as he fell backward in a paroxysm of grief.

It matters not what followed, it is enough to say, Charles Gedney had returned, alive it is true, but ruined in health, in fortune and in hopes. Easton found him in his house, he whom he had so foully, deeply wronged. He was the stranger who won the money from Charles in San Francisco. By the aid of false clothes, hair, moustaches and whiskers, he passed for a stranger. Securing the spoils, he returned home, the beauty of Lucy's daguerreotype induced him to seek her, to fabricate the death of Charles, and to corroborate it he produced the picture, stating that Charles gave it to him, with the dying wish that he should marry Lucy.

Next morning after Charles Gedney's arrival, a letter was handed Lucy Easton. It was from her husband. It ran as follows:

"LUCY—I pray forgiveness from God—from you, if you can forgive me. Attribute all my wrongs to my deep love for you. I am severely punished—beyond endurance, but I shall soon put an end to all.

"My children! never tell them of me—let them forget they ever bore the name of so vile a wretch—change it—give them your maiden name, or any other.

"I dare not hope Charles Gedney will forgive me—entreat it of him, and I will bless you.

"All my property is yours. I have no wish for anything here. Oh! that I were sure of the future state! Pray for me. When you receive this I shall have ceased to live. Farewell.

"WILLIAM."

At the end of a twelvemonth, two persons, a fine matronly looking lady, and a consumptive, thin framed gentleman might be seen occasionally in the grave yard of the village of L———, bending above a grave, upon the slab of which was carved

"WILLIAM."

They had been married but a few months, and every time they paid this visit, Charles would whisper, "Lucy, I shall soon be laid beside him. You know I forgave him long ago. Let me believe you will water both our graves with your tears, praying for him who sinned, and was sinned against."

TO ELLA.

IN NEW YORK.

How sweet are the ties of affection,
Though absent, I am not forgot;
There are hearts with a fond recollection,
Ever blessing my home and my lot;
So while Time's rapid footsteps are flying,
And naught can lost moments restore,
I will dream while the present is dying,
That the future has joys yet in store.

Fair Summer has come with her flowers,
And bright skies of heaven's own hue,
With sweet-singing birds in her bowers,
And smiles that remind me of you;
Her charms they are still as exciting,
As when they enraptured my youth,
O where are there joys so inviting,
As those found with nature and truth.

But Summer the fairest is fleeting,
It must die like our loved ones before;
While the past and the present are meeting,
It is gone and we know it no more;
But I know while the Summer is dying,
One heart is still faithful and true,
To my own fond emotions replying,
Far over the waters so blue.

That love gives me joy in the present,
Hope whispers of pleasures to be,
And time which is so evanescent,
Shall surely bring gladness with thee;
While I love thee with fondest emotion,
I pray to the Father above,
And commend thee with fervent devotion,
To the care of His Infinite Love.

W. H. D.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 8, 1856.

PHYSICIAN—"Why don't you set a bound to your drinking, and not exceed it?"

PATIENT—"So I do, old fellow, so I do; but then you see it's always so far off, that I always get drunk before I reach it."

"When Peggy's arms her dog imprison,
I often wish my lot was HIS'N;
How often would I stand and turn,
And get a pat from hands like HERN."

WHICH IS THE RIGHT TRAIL?

Every traveler in the mountains of California has doubtless often noticed the many different trails that cross and recross his path in so many different directions. As often, perhaps, has he been perplexed, as a stranger, to know which was the right and which the wrong, when journeying from one mining district to another.

Oftentimes he will start upon a good plain trail, and before he has gone many steps he finds that it "forks" now in this direction, now in that, until his plain trail has become very dim, and finally "runs out" altogether. Sometimes for the want of a proper knowledge of the right one to take or the wrong one to shun, he finds himself at the wrong place altogether, and many weary miles away from his intended destination.

After a heavy fall of snow, the writer wished to journey from Weaverville, (Trinity County) to Yreka, without returning to Shasta, as that would be at least seventy miles out of the way. My horse was saddled, and after sundry enquiries as to the direction I must take, was soon upon the road.

A very heavy fog hung its misty veil upon every tree and stump and path, as though "Nature was brewing on a large scale," and didn't care for consequences, which prevented me from seeing any object whatever more than a few yards off. I started upon the right trail, and soon lost it. Now I must enquire, thought I—and I did enquire. This man knew the trail, he believed—and the other didn't. That man knew it, exactly, but it was so "plaguey foggy that he was kind o'

turned round." Another, knew a man that did know, if he could only find him; but as that would be perhaps, more trouble than to find the trail, he gave it up. In this dilemma I came near a cabin, and could see from the smoke curling from the chimney without, and struggling hard with the fog, and the bright sparkling gleams that were shooting, twinkling and peeping through the chinks of the cabin door from within, that some miners were at home and could tell me at once without trouble the way I should go. Of course I knocked and made the enquiry.

"Certainly, you follow this trail for a few yards, and turn to the left—the right goes down to "Five Cent Gulch."

"Very good—I thank you."

Now I was in good spirits, and so was my horse, as though he understood every word that had been said. On we went—trails here, trails there—in the snow. After traveling about a mile I met a man and again enquired.

"Why bless your heart, you're going in the wrong direction."

"Which is the right?"

"Oh! the way you have just come."

"Comforting" thought I. I thanked him as I patiently retraced my steps after making particular notice of his remarks. On, on I jog, "all right this time" think I. Passing this trail, crossing that, until my sad fate reveals to me, that my day-dreams were like the weather—somewhat foggy, for of a sudden I am brought to a "dead stand," beside the deep and well worked banks of a small creek, with a large log across it for a bridge; but as my horse did not walk logs, I had to work my way through the fog and out of the snow by crossing ditches, climbing over banks of tailings, passing around and upon the edges of deep holes sunk there by the miners, and thus seek a low bank to reach the opposite side.

Here, fortunately I found a man who knew the trail, and took the pains of guiding me to it. That man is a christian, thought I, as I thanked him for his kindness, and "went on my way rejoicing," that at last I was on the right trail.

It is a great mental relief to be set right after being wrong, or to find a trail after you have lost it. Inwardly exulting upon my good fortune, I was pursuing "the even tenor of my way," and had made about a mile in the right direction, when my bright prospect was suddenly clouded by the trail straight before me making the letter V. "Well, well," I exclaimed, "this is a pretty pan of flapjacks; now what shall I do—wait?" About twenty minutes had tardily passed away when I heard the welcome sound of footsteps advancing, and a man came up, when I enquired if he would be kind enough to tell me which was the right trail to Yreka?

"No sabe," he replied.

"Camino—Yreka?"

"No sabe."

Presently another man came up, and to him I put the same question. With a polite shrug of the shoulders he replied:

"*Je ne parle Anglaise*

In a few seconds a third came up, and to him the same question was put, when in good round English he answered:

"I'll be hanged if I know! I don't

believe you can go there this way, anyhow, now."

Why?"

"There is from three to seven feet of snow upon the mountains, and the trail is not yet broken."

While we were speaking, another man was passing, who, upon being questioned in the same manner, replied:

"Oh, yes; certainly, you can go it easy enough."

"Would you please to tell me if it forks any more?"

"Forks! Yes; I guess it does fork, several times."

I don't know whether or not I ought to blame any man for sending me upon a strange trail that led to so many different points, without informing me of the right one to follow; or blame myself for not enquiring more particularly at starting; but I resolved that if I were too negligent before, it should not be so this time, and immediately asked him to be kind enough to tell me how I might avoid so much waiting and questioning on this road in future.

"Certainly," he replied. "Have you a good memory?"

"Yes."

"Then, you'll want to use it, I can tell you."

"All right."

"Well, then, here you take the left hand trail, and that will be right until you come to another, and there, if you don't mind, you'll be wrong, for you must be sure to pass that one as though you didn't see it."

"Very good."

"You follow on about three-quarters of a mile—may be a little more than that—and there you'll find three trails, and be sure you take the right-hand one—remember."

"You'll do—for a guide."

"And follow it for about three hundred yards, when you will take the extreme left hand trail and jog along that for about a mile and a quarter, or thereabouts. There you will find three trails, and the snow pretty deep, and the trails rather dim, but you take the plainest of the three, and you will not go over half a mile before you will find that it forks again—dim as it is. This time you will have to take the blindest of the two—there are only two there—and before you have followed that many yards—*if you're not lost then—I'll be hanged!*"

I had to laugh this time, but assured him that when as far as that upon my journey, it would not be very pleasant to be lost, nor yet very convenient, and that I should feel obliged if he would save me the trouble; so, describing to him the road he had explained, I enquired if that were right so far.

"Yes," said he, "exactly right. You have a pretty good memory."

"Thank you—To remember roads," I replied, "and kindnesses."

"Well, then," he continued, "after you have gone but a few rods, you will see the tops of some bushes, and an undergrowth of brushwood, and when you have worked your way to the other side, you make for the corner of a fence that you will see sticking up, and just beyond that you will come into a good beaten trail, and then you're all right."

I, of course, thanked him for his kindness, and as I journeyed on I found the trail just as he had described it.

If men who know a trail would be

more particular in guarding a stranger against taking the wrong one, they would have him feel as I do to this day—that that man was a friend, and, as such, I should be glad to meet and serve him, in any way, at any time, if it were possible, wherever or whenever I might meet him. Be sure and give a stranger very plain directions.

A Good Joke.—We heard a good joke perpetrated a few days since, by a friend of ours. Said he to an acquaintance:

"Things are really coming to a pretty pass in our town; all the ladies stopping at the 'Exchange' left the dinner table yesterday!"

"Possible!" said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised, "what caused them to do so?"

"Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the coast was clear, "they had finished eating."

A pass made at him, but he dodged it.

A Home Missionary was engaged in the exercise of his laudable calling in one of the coal districts of England, and presenting a tract, made the following enquiry: Do you, my good woman, know anything of Jesus Christ? "Jesus Christ," she exclaimed musingly, "bless me, I've heard that name; yet, I can't say as how I knows the man, but I'll call our Joe as he knows everybody, almost, in these parts. Joe, Joe," she immediately shouted, but turning again to the missionary, asked in a simple manner, "Is he a pitsman or a banksman, sir?"

A fellow remarked that he would like to know what there was about mush and milk that could bloat a man so soon. He said he never could eat more than three or four quarts without feeling considerably swollen. Strange, rather.

CAPITAL IN CALIFORNIA.

To the earnest and thoughtful we would address a few words on the investment of capital in California; for, whatever advances or hinders the progress of our prosperity invites our anxiety and demands our consideration. No man pretends to deny the varied and vast resources of our mineral or agricultural wealth, which, if properly developed, would by its productiveness astonish the world. Every mountain and every valley, every gulch and every river, every flat and every hill, but scarcely touched, tell of what remains. The little already obtained but indicates the vastness of the store untouched—and yet the few fractions produced have been developed more by chance than system. What, then, let us ask, can be the reason that, comparatively, all kinds of business are not more prosperous, and money more plentiful among us? In a State of so much wealth why are many poor, and remain poor so long? Let us go into the mining districts—for there is the index to our prosperity or our adversity—as we presume that none will deny that the hope of California is mainly in her mineral wealth. What do we see? men wielding the pick, or tending the sluice, or plying the shovel? Does water rushing through the hydraulic hose tear down the bank, wash clean the rocks, or get out the gold? Verily no. Does the gurgling music of the water, leaping and laughing through the sluice cheer the heart of the miner as he toils? Ah, no. Has contentment any seat upon his brow, any smile in his countenance, any place in his heart? No. Does the angel of hope

pay its cheering visit to his lonely cabin, and tell to its inmate of a far distant home, a loving-hearted and patient wife, and dear little ones soon to meet him at the cottage gate? Ah, no. The pick is at the cabin door—not in the claim—the sluice is drying and cracking in the sun, and will be useless e'er the water comes; and what is worse, the little gold he has taken out while water lasted, has either been required to pay for food, or sent home to save his family from starvation. Thus are men situated in the mines, and from year to year, unless by some good fortune they strike a lead—it requires the little they may make during the rainy season to keep them through the dry.

But wherefore; is there no water in our mountain stream? Plenty. Cannot that water be taken out from thence and conveyed through the mining districts? Easily. Then why in the name of our prosperity, why is it not done? We will tell you. The hen which layed the golden egg was killed, or if not killed was plucked of all her feathers. *The capital that should have built canals, was almost exclusively invested in real estate;* because *that* offered the largest *immediate* return. *There lies the mistake.*

We have been in nearly every mining district from one end of California to the other, and we know that *the want of water for mining purposes is the great drawback to all our prosperity.*

We will mention one or two facts. At Michigan Bluffs, Placer county, there are diggings now opened that would employ five hundred men for ten years constantly, yet there has not been water to work with over three and a half months out of twelve.

At St. Louis, Pine Grove and Rabbit Creek, Sierra County, there are diggings already opened that would busily employ two thousand five hundred men for twenty years, and yet there has not been water to work with over four months. And these are only one or two instances out of hundreds—yes, hundreds. Then look at the thousands of acres that are scarcely touched, and the tens of thousands of acres of good mining ground that the miner has never even prospected; and think of the vast wealth of California thus uselessly lying idle, and all that is wanted to develope it is water. *Capital* to build us canals, and they would give us water. Then let us ask *is it policy, directly or indirectly to neglect this, the only cause of our business inactivity.*

Miners would work, all know willingly, if they had water; by working thus they would obtain money, and the money put into circulation would make business of all kinds prosperous; and when the good tidings of success spread abroad, men would flock here by the thousand, as formerly, and bring with them their wives and their families, contented to labor and live by the side of their claim, and not as now have to wander from the hills to the streams, and from the streams to the hills, perpetually striving, yet spending all that is made in one claim, at one season, to find them another. Water would be the great panacea—the philosopher's stone to Californians.

The gold is here, the strength is here, the will to work is here, and when *Capital* gives water, prosperity and

contentment will be here, and city investments would pay a much higher per centage than they now can.

There are but few canals but what have paid a much higher per centage than the same amount of money invested in other countries; yet, if they have not paid from two to ten per cent. per month, they have been considered but indifferent investments. And even though as large an investment could not be realized directly here, as elsewhere, it would indirectly be a judicious investment. We invite the thoughtful who are anxious for the permanent success of our State, to think seriously upon this very serious and important subject.

THE DEAD.

They are around us in the evening hour,
When pale stars glimmer in the silent sky;
They come to us like angels whispering near,
To teach us how to die.

They are around us when the evening smiles,
While pulse and heart are beating strong and clear;
They talk to us in the still hour of prayer—
O! then our friends are near.

They are around us in the dreams of sleep,
When the freed spirit roams unchained and free;
O! then they whisper to our listening ear,
The heavenly things they see.

They are around us in the hour of death:—
Angels of Mercy from our God they come;
Gently within their arms our souls to bear,
And take us to our home.

G. T. T.

San Francisco, Aug. 10th, 1856.

Strawberries.—Old Isaac Walton said "Our Heavenly Father might doubtless have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but *he never did.*"

INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE.

Next to the dog and elephant, the horse ranks (which is acknowledged by all naturalists) in sagacity and intelligence. History teems with instances, well attested, of their superiority in all animal faculties of perception, that are not engrossed by creation's lord—Man. Indeed there are records besides those of holy writ, where man has succumbed to the horse and ass in foreknowledge of danger and expedience. We remember an anecdote that illustrates this in no small degree. During the Peninsular war, two English officers had to cross the Sierra de Estrella, a mountain some six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. In its neighborhood were some of the most dangerous passes and defiles in the world, where a false step would hurl the unfortunate horse and rider to instant destruction. They had applied for mules to a well known guide near the road, and he, hearing the route they were to take, made the remark in Spanish—"*Jupiter os guarde de todo wal, en entas encrucijadas,*"—O Jupiter preserve you in such cross paths. He brought out two horses instead of two mules, much to the disappointment of the soldier. "Be content," said he, "you want something else than surefootedness in these roads. I give you two of my best steeds, let them have as much of their way as possible, and you will go safe." After laying down the direction for their guidance, for, during the war, there was no procuring a guide, such was the terror that the peasantry bore to the French army, they proceeded on their journey. They had passed the first ravine on a ledge of rock more than a mile, scarcely broad enough for a dog to travel, when they fell into a dispute, one seeing, as he thought, the safest pass before him, refused to accede to the other's request, who was content to abide by the strict letter of the route, and the intelligence of his beast. The

consequence proved fatal to the former, for horse and rider were found dead scarcely a mile from whence they separated; the poor animal's sides being gored to pieces almost, bearing evidence of being forced, against his will; while the other arrived safe at his destination over some of the most frightful cavities and gigantic rock-fissures that the world perhaps contains.

Another anecdote is so marvellous in its nature that I cannot vouch for its credence, but give it on the authority I received it. A young French officer in the same war, having caroused rather late at night, at the house of a friend, refused the bed offered him by his entertainer, it being imperative on him that he should be at his head-quarters before daylight. The merchant, his friend, at whose house he was entertained, procured him a well known experienced guide, recommended by the mayor of the place, and a steed, and mounting the pillion behind this guide with his enormous horn lantern stretched on a long pole, he jogged on his way. Here, too, ravines, broad and deep, were to be crossed by narrow planks, scarcely wide enough to admit a man, and in some places they appeared to escape being hurled below only by a miracle. After continuing on in this way for two or three hours, frightened by the yawning darkness here and there under their feet, they arrived at their journey's end. The young French officer paid the guide his demand, and he, mounting his trusty steed "blew out the light from his lantern." "What, are you mad?" said the young officer; "you will want the light to go back again, surely?" "No," said the old guide, "I am blind, and my horse too. The light is worth saving. I only used it for you." "Well might I," said the young officer, "be thankful to God for my safety." Not a whip, nor a spur, nor a bridle was used on this occasion, only the terms, "*diesto, gracioso, bonito, benigno, manso,*"—clever, gentle, pretty, good, tame; and now and then as if asking advice, "*Es bueno viajar? Es malo viajar?*"—Is it good? Is it bad traveling?"

A friend of mine, a farmer in the precinct of Dover, had occasion to place his daughter at school at Blackheath, in the neighborhood of the great city. Having no occasion for her pony, he sold it to a friend, a few miles from the school. His surprise was great, about a month afterward, to observe the poor creature, foot bounded, thin, and so weak as hardly able to stand, in its accustomed stall, a distance of seventy or eighty miles from its owner. The little creature must have chosen the night, as the best time to perform its journey, so as to escape the number of *pounds* with which every village between the two places abounds, more especially was this necessary, as it was the time of the corn ripening for harvest, when farmers are usually more upon the alert to pounce upon stray cattle. By what perception could the animal have detected the right from the wrong road, what cunning must it have used in selecting its hiding places to sleep in? These are matters that certainly set at rest the question as to their thinking and discriminating powers. But if this were not satisfactory to obtain for them a character for intelligence, a day spent in any of the exhibition circuses, while they are being trained for any important feat, will suffice to award for them a superior character for this quality.

In one of the Oxford papers (England) of last month, there is a singular instance of a life being saved by the sagacity of a horse. Some farmers going into a field, were so attracted by the extraordinary behavior of an animal, that had never before, to their knowledge, exhibited any signs of intelligence, that one of them was content to be pulled by the frock, to where the creature might lead, and discovered a drunken cobbler of the village immersed in water up to the chin, and who, by its means, was extricated just at the time when life was about to take its departure.

The remarkable horse and pet *Copenhagen*, belonging to the Duke of Wellington, was gifted with a wonderful degree of intelligence. It is said that during the last days of its existence, it would refuse all food except that prepared by the hand of its affectionate master. The trial is said to have been made in the presence of many persons, over and over again, when another hand used the same ingredients, with the same care, in the same proportion, and yet the poor animal could detect it.

"Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched upon the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday, the 24th February, 1830, Mr. Smith, supervisor of excise at Beauly, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, he took the hill road from Drumnadrochit to Beauly. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr. Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glenconvent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr. Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, was in the habit, when ever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner

having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design, and, coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following? A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, however, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable his strength appeared to be exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet sometime after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him; and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animal.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with his teeth and broke his arm; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the by-standers were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manœuvers. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope." He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the man-

ner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c., are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the forefoot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, in his "Travels through Scotland," tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground — whether with or without their masters — they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their forefeet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honor even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

The preceding anecdotes — which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned — exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. "The reduction of the horse to a domestic state," says Buffon, "is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor." If such be the principal features in the character

of the horse—and they are universally admitted—the feelings of that individual are little to be envied who ever utters a harsh tone, draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress.

REMARKABLE COIN.

A most remarkable coin in excellent preservation has been just placed into our hands while we are going to press, an account of which we cannot forbear placing before our kind readers. It is in celebration of Martin Luther, the great triumphant Protestant reformer. It was from Mr. E. Seyd, of the firm of Franck & Co., California street. It was taken out of the wooden cover of a bale of goods consigned to them. It is silver of the size of a $12\frac{1}{2}$ cent piece. On its front is the figure of a candle burning in the midst of a radiated halo, with part of a hand holding a vessel like a modern glass tumbler over the flame as if about to extinguish the light; round this figure, between two neatly cut circles, is the inscription, "*Ecclesia Norica Jubilaus*,"—"The Churh at Norwich rejoicing." On its obverse side is the inscription "MartIn Vs LUther Vs TheoLogIc DoCtor." The capital letters of the inscription are supposed to represent the date 1522, the time when Luther returned to Wittemberg, under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, whom he converted, with thousands of monks who quitted their convents and followed his example in marrying and becoming husbands of the faith. This was the year that he published his celebrated German version of the New Testament, the perusal of which, allowing and introducing self-interpretation, had the effect of causing the condemnation and excommunication of whole convents and monasteries throughout North Germany, and their effects sold and disposed of by the secular power. About this time the monks of Norwich are recorded to have rebelled against their Prior, seized the abbey lands of St. Bennet, Ethelreo and Julian, and their revenues, adopted the new faith, putting on *the whole new armor* and proclaiming the mass as a human institution. They held their sway for some time when after a siege of some months the versatile Henry the Eighth restored the lands and revenues to the monks, or rather the monks repented somewhat and gave up their hostility as a forlorn hope. Afterwards, as is well known, the crafty Henry stepped in and took the lion's share of the prey, converting their rich endowments to his own use. It is conjectured to be of later date than this on account of the modern representation of the measure. By some it is supposed to bear an allusion to the simile uttered by the Saviour, "Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." The milling round the flat edge is observed to be indicative at once of its more modern origin, but numismatists have come to the conclusion that this is not to be relied on, as many coins earlier than Henry the Eighth, bear them. Its clearness, showing no effort of time is only proof that it has been lying a long time concealed. These are our random conjectures.

Hearts may look fondly,
And joys may be known,
But give me, oh! give me
My own quiet home.

The banquet, the revel,
O let them all pass,
But give me the joys
That are destined to last.

My own quiet hearth-side,
My mother and friends,
The dearest of blessings
That God ever *sends*.

TO MAKE a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

Editor's Table.

We think that our kind readers will find the present number is fully equal to its predecessors, and we continue to hope that our Magazine—like good wine—will improve by age. It is our earnest desire that it should be so. We thought and felt that a cheap and good Magazine, breathing the spirit, illustrating the beauties, and treasuring up the wonders of California, was needed, and would be well supported by every well-wisher of our State. To an encouraging extent it has been so; and yet there are many who are "*waiting* to see if it will succeed,"—"*waiting* to see if they shall like it,"—"*waiting* to know what will be the literary standard of its articles,"—*waiting* for anything—*waiting* for nothing, except to see if they cannot magnify a quarter into a dollar by looking at it before they buy it, or, forsooth, *waiting* for some one to make them a present of it. When we started this Magazine, we did not *wait* to quibble about picayunes; nor to dictate that this or that should be its character—except in its freedom from sectarianism and party—that *all*, upon one broad platform, might meet and make it *what they wished it to be*, and California needed. Apropos of this we have received a short and beautiful article from a lady contributor, that we take pleasure in inserting in our table, entitled

WAITING.

Waiting to see if that frail bark which left the haven of home, will be able alone to make its way among the mountain waves, and breakers, shoals and quicksands, in the perilous voyage of life, before you give it compass or chart or one friendly glimpse of the beacon light by which it may avoid shipwreck, and enter bravely and safely the destined port.

Waiting to see if that family which arrived by last steamer, will take a fashionable house, have fashionable furniture, and be visited by fashionable people, ere you remember that they are strangers in a strange land, and to whom one word of encouraging kindness would be like oil upon the the troubled waters, and whisper "welcome" to the strangers' heart.

Waiting to see if that bereaved and widowed mother, as she presses her fatherless babes to her bosom, will be able alone to buffet with the surging waves of adversity; will be able alone to meet the world in that hand to hand struggle, by which she must procure bread for herself and her little ones, now that her support and stay is no more by her side—before you lend her a helping hand, or speak the words of kindly counsel and encouragement to her fainting and bleeding heart.

Waiting to see if that poor old man will be able again to lift the heavy burden of his cares, and alone, unaided, toil up the steep ascent of life's weary and fatiguing journey, ere you offer him the staff of sympathy and assistance, or whisper in his ear the magic word of hope.

Waiting until the last sands of life have run out from your hour-glass, ere you begin to practice the first lesson in that golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

CARRIE D.

We hope that the foregoing will "wake up the waiters," and that many will think how well they can apply it to themselves in every action of their lives, and as a consequence, do better in future.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z.—Declined, with thanks for your many good wishes.

T. P., Plumas Co.—You should have sent us your name; for, believe us, no one will ever obtain it from us without your consent.

H. H.—If your "Conversation with General Washington in a Dream" was half as amusing to the General as it has been to us, we congratulate the "Father of his Country" on his good fortune in making your acquaintance, We like your earnestness, but cannot say as much for your grammar; and, did we but introduce our readers to that "*rough and rajing river, passin to an froe, like mountains of great green and restless moving Eruptions*," why, to a man—including the ladies—they would want to sail on it to-morrow, and California would be a "deserted country," and then, only think for a

moment, where would our Magazine find its readers? No, H.; it is too fearful to contemplate, and we must decline your favor, but—we're sorry to say it!

N., Mariposa.—We can never admit anything that savors of party politics—even when as well written as your contribution. Send it to some newspaper.

I would that Heart were Mine—Is deficient in every element of true poetry. Declined.

C.B.—We think that your "Sunday Morning's Walk" might have had a holier influence upon your feelings, and, as a consequence, made you more liberal in your views towards the class you so severely and unjustly censure. We hope never to forget ourselves so far as to insert, if you do to write, such unworthy articles.

Maria.—Your little piece, if written with more care, will do you credit. We will return it for you to re-write.

Why Did I Sell My Mule?—Is a question that lies between yourself and the animal in question. It is an odd theme for song, and too lemoncholy and distressing for our columns, and we must decline the honor of setting it to music.

Spark.—We take you to be a pretty hard case, but if you take ours to be a powder magazine for the purpose of blowing up people that we neither know nor care anything about, you ought to learn better, and spark on your own account, not ours.

D. B.—Is altogether too full of technicalities; for this reason we do not desire you to physic us with terms we do not understand. We always like to know what the doses are that we take ourselves, or give to our readers.

George T. Wolcome.—If we could soar as high as your stanzas would take us, we believe that our imagination would certainly fail, and—break its neck. Don't cultivate the "highfalutin" style of composition; you have good sense—use it, and send us a sample.

Stipper.—Your articie is more suitable for ballast, being entirely too *heavy* for a Magazine.

V. C.—Had your beautiful article, called "Home," been received in time we should, with great pleasure, have found it a place this month, for no theme is so dear to the true-hearted as home. Filed for next month.

G.—No. We belong, so far as opinion goes, to the "don't care school;" we shall ever try to keep our own respect at all hazards. "Let her *went*, for she's all oak."

As an illustration of the pursuit of (love and) knowledge under difficulties, we are favored by a lady contributor, with the following expressive and affecting correspondence addressed to a lady, then a resident at the British Vice Consulates, of Orau, Western Africa. It is from an amatory son of La Belle France, also a resident there, upon whom the warmth of climate seems to have produced a corresponding warmth of love, and as a consequence, he became deeply enamored of the fair lady, and resolved that, as he spoke only French, and the lady English, he would learn that language for her sake, and in her own tongue tell of the fire, "the hidden fire that slumbered in his breast," and the following is the result, *seriatim et literatim*:

First Letter: I love thou. I did love thou. Thou art so pretty. Thou art so genteel. Love me also. Thou hast my heart. Give me thy own. Tell me I love thou, and I will be happy.

Second Letter: I am sick. I come you to see for me to cure. This night I had fever, and all time I have dream of you my divinity.

Third Letter: I am very fond of and passionately of your beautiful eyes, they so fine. I think only from you day and night. Thy pretty figure. Thy sweet voice. All in thee enchant my heart. Oh! if me were possible to speak how many things I would tell from thou. Adieu. Farewell my Goddess. My heaven—my good luck, adieu.

Our fair contributor has not informed us of the effect of such devotedness, but we presume the lady must have a heart like the shell of a cocoanut, with the milk (of human kindness) all drawn out of it, to resist such distressing importunity.

Literary Notices.

India, the Pearl of Pearl River—by Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth—T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is the pleasing name of a new and pleasing volume, just published, from the favorite and graceful pen of the author of "The Wife's Victory," "The Last Heiress," and other interesting works. It is refreshing to peruse a tale the plot of which is uninterrupted by long and prosy descriptions, and the characters so true to nature that you forget, in your interest for the hero and heroine, that they are but children of the imagination. "Uncle Billy" is a fair specimen of many men, who, while prosperity's sun smiles on you, will be the best of friends; but the moment the storm comes down in earnest, turns and forsakes you; yet, on the first indication of that storm having rolled away, is by your side with professions to "stick to you as long as I live." All the characters in the book are equally life-like, and we cordially commend this interesting work to our readers.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckworth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians—by T. D. Bonner. Harper Brothers, N. Y.

All the early emigrants to this country will remember the mountaineer Jim Beckworth, who was among the first to explore the upper Sierras after the discovery of gold in California. His life of adventure, and his hair-breadth escapes are here vividly narrated; all which illustrate the maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction." Every Californian should read it for himself, as a California book, and we think he will be pleased with it.

Vagabond Life in Mexico—by Gabriel Ferry. Harper Brothers, N. Y.

This is another of those interesting works of that remarkable country; in which Mr. Ferry has successfully pictured the peculiarities of its inhabitants—especially those belonging to certain classes—during a residence of seven years amongst them. It is racy and vigorous in style; its interest never flags; its description never wearies you; and we must confess that we have seldon read a work with more pleasure than Vagabond Life in Mexico.

The following quotation will show some of the difficulties, and the mettle of the man:

The last dispatches I bore from Fort Leavenworth were addressed to California, and I had undertaken to carry them through. At Santa Fe I rested a week, and then, taking an escort of fifteen men, I started on my errand. On our arrival at the village of Abbeger, we found a large party of Apaches, who were in the midst of a drunken carousal. We encamped inside the corral, that being as safe a place as we could select. Little Joe, an Apache Chief, inquired of me what I was going to do with these whites.

"I am going to take them to California," I told him.

"No," said he, "you shall never take them nearer to California than they are now."

"Well, I shall try," said I.

He held some farther conversation with me of a denunciatory character, and then left to return to the liquor-shop.

Foreseeing what was likely to result if more liquor was obtained, I visited every place in town where it was kept, and informed every seller that, if another drop was sold to the Indians, I would hang the man that did it without a moment's delay; and I would have been as good as my word, for they were all Mexicans, and I had felt no great liking for them since the awful tragedy at Taos.

"But the priest—" began one or two, in expostulation.

But I cut them short. "I'll hang your priest just as soon as any of you," I said, "if he dares to interfere in the matter."

I suppose they intended to urge that their priest had authorized them to sell liquors to the Indians. My interdict stopped them, for there was no more sold while I was there.

The next day I saw Little Joe in one of the low saloons; the stimulus of the liquor had left him, and he had what topers call the *horrors*. He begged me to let him have one dram more, but I refused.

"Whisky," I said, "puts all kinds of nonsense into your head; you get drunk, and then you are ripe for any mischief."

When he had become perfectly sober, he came to me, and again asked if it were true that I intended taking those whites to California with me.

I told him that it was perfectly true.

"Well," said Joe, "if you attempt it we will kill your whole party, and you with them. You will never listen to us: your ears are stopped. We all love you, but we have told you many times that we hate the whites, and do not want you to lead them through our hunting-grounds, and show them our paths; but you will not listen to us. And now, if you undertake to pass through that *canon*, we will, without fail, kill you all."

"Well," I replied, "I shall certainly go, so you had better get your warriors ready.

We packed our animals, and I directed my men to travel slowly while I went through the

for them to rush through, and reach me as soon as possible. I then went on all alone, as I knew that, if I encountered Indians in the *canon*, they would not kill me by myself. I passed through without meeting any, and I signaled to the men to come on; they soon joined me, and we issued upon the open prairie. Here we discovered three hundred Apaches, each man leading his war-horse. We numbered eighteen, two of whom were Mexicans. They did not offer to attack us, however, and we continued our route unmolested, although they kept on our trail for twenty miles. A little before dark we rested to take supper, starting again immediately after the meal was finished. We saw no more of the Apaches.

Juvenile Department.

DON'T CRY, MAMMA.

BY "B."

I had just entered the Third Avenue cars, at St. Mark's Place, New York. When the signal for stopping was again sounded, a tall lady and a little boy of some six summers entered, and seated themselves opposite to me. The material of their wardrobe was coarse, but scrupulously neat. They had evidently seen better days.

Interested in reading the morning paper, only a casual glance was bestowed upon them. Once or twice, when passengers entered or left the cars, looking up for a moment, I caught sight of the beautiful and expressive eyes of the boy. Having finished the paper, just as the car entered Chatham Square, I sat carelessly gazing upon the living human tide rushing up the Bowery and down Catharine street, when the soft, childish voice of the boy, uttering the words, "*Don't cry, mamma,*" fell upon my ear. In a moment I was all attention. Within one short half hour I had left my own children with their mother, well and happy. My eyes rested for a moment upon mother and child. There was an air of refinement about the mother; a delicacy stamped upon her classic features, that indicated a cultivated intellect and intercourse with polished society.

Her tears fell like the rain drops. That car was as silent as the chamber of death for a moment, even amid the din and bustle of that crowded thoroughfare. It was painfully evident that she would not weep much longer, for consumption, that so often blights the hopes of many fond friends, had laid a cold and heavy hand upon her heart. Its throbbing would soon cease.

Never—no, never—shall I forget the expression of the clear blue eyes of that dear boy, as he again repeated, in tones that thrilled through the very soul, "*Don't cry, dear mamma.*" The men wept, the women sobbed aloud, the boy too caught the sorrowing spirit he had called forth, and gently laying his head upon his mother's lap, sobbed as though his little heart would break. Again gushed forth tears of sympathy from eyes long unused to weeping. It has been my lot to mingle in many scenes of bitter sorrow, to meet misery and despair in almost every form; but never before had I been so completely overcome by another's woe. As soon as my swelling heart would permit, I addressed her, assuring her that she had the sympathy of all present, and that I would venture to speak for all, and say that we would all do everything in our power to alleviate her sorrows. For the first time she spoke. Her dulcet voice was like the full, rich tones of the flute; her style of expression was chaste, her language elegant and expressive. Her story was a short and sad one. Eight years ago she stood a blushing bride in her father's almost princely mansion, in the city of London. For two years they were prosperous and happy, when, her

husband falling in with bad company, became dissipated, neglected his business, and finally became a bankrupt. His and her friends strove to reclaim him, but in vain. Her parents were anxious she should return to the home of her youth; but, debased and degraded as he was, he was the chosen one of her young heart—in him were garnered up the rich treasures of her first, her only love.

With all the eloquence of undying affection, she entreated him to turn away from his cups—he often promised, but as often broke away from his solemn pledge to her, and his friends. He determined to come to America, so that by breaking away from the scenes and companions of his debauchery, he might reform. Her parents remonstrated in vain. She and her little Willie, then only a few months old, would share his fortune whether bright or sad.

They came to New York. For a while he was a sober man; but alas! he found the same kind of men there he had left at home; with all the blandishments they know so well how to use, he was induced by them to enter the gilded saloons, where the lambent flame for a while plays around their votaries, and then flashes out in devouring fire. Thus sadly he fell;—fell to rise no more. In a few months he became a beastly sot; intercepted all her letters to her parents. Once they sent her a handsome remittance, but he had taken it from her letter and squandered it away to satiate his burning thirst for *rum*.

Year after year had passed; not hearing from home she supposed they had given her up. They began reluctantly to think she had forgotten them.

Anxiety and sorrow preyed upon her mind. Her jewels and watch—gifts from her mother—were pawned by her brutal husband; more, before she was aware of the fact, he had taken from her trunk nearly all of her wearing apparel, and sold it, and drank up the avails of all.

Indeed, her true, noble and loving heart was breaking under her load of sorrow. The bright scenes of her youth had faded away,—the fond anticipations of her young life had been blasted; her buoyant hopes, like the fallen leaves of the forest, were scattered in withered fragments around her aching and bleeding heart. A few days before, her husband had been laid in a drunkard's grave; and now she felt that her dear boy would be alone in the wide world, in a strange land, far from her childhood's home, far from kindred and friends.

That very morning had she received a letter from her parents, breathing the tenderest love for their long lost, but still fondly cherished daughter. The memories that silent messenger called up, and the uncertainty of her living to visit those dear parents again, caused the tears to gush as related above. So melodious were her tones, so tremulously sad her accents, that the music floating from the trembling strings of the æolian harp was never more heavenly.

By the next steamer she and her dear boy left for London. In a few days the beautiful and green shores of Albion were seen stretching far along the eastern horizon; as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the stormy Atlantic, that mother's weary head was raised from her pillow, she gazed for a few moments upon that beauteous land, called her Willie to her side, pointed to the land, told him there his grandparents lived, that he must be a good boy, love and obey them,—she drew him to her bosom, and while giving a mother's last kiss to her noble boy, the angel of death sealed her lips forever. In two days, followed by the sobbing Willie, her wasted form was carried into those gorgeous halls, where eight years before she had stood a blooming and happy bride.

Oh! curse of intemperance how many more victims are to be offered upon thy bloody altar? how many more hearts broken? how many more graves

be filled with the mangled forms of those falling beneath the all-crushing wheels of this blood-stained car?

May God speed the day when thy direful power shall be banished from the land,—yea, from the world.

May Willie's life be long, virtuous, useful and happy, and all our young friends who have good and sober fathers be very thankful.

ANSWER TO MARY AND HER FLOWERS.

If angels wear such on their wings,
To us a partial gift is given:
The pretty graces Mary sings
With angels she may sing in Heaven.

FRANCES B———.

DRYTOWN, Aug. 16th, 1856.

Our young friend Frances never need feel afraid of our making ridicule of anything she may send us, as we remember very well how hard it was to put our thoughts into language, when we were her age—and sometimes even now. No—if we can assist any of our juvenile friends in their little attempts at composition, we shall be very happy to do so; but we love them too much to cause them one sorrow by ridicule. If the little pieces sent are good enough for a corner, we shall endeavor to find them one;—if not, why we shall simply put them away.

"THE BENICIA WREATH."

We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of "The Benicia Wreath," a neatly written and interesting manuscript paper, entirely composed and conducted by young ladies from twelve to seventeen years of age, belonging to the Benicia Female Seminary. We think that it reflects great credit upon the talent and taste of its fair editors and contributors, and we sincerely hope that so good an example may have its happy and encouraging influence upon others to do likewise; and we assure them that we shall always be pleased to find a welcome corner in our Magazine for such bright flowers of California literature. Our desire is that from among their number many may become the pride and ornament, as they are the hope, of our young State, and of the country in which we live.

We have inserted three of the pieces from the Wreath, and we hope that the fair authors of the pieces necessarily omitted will rightly interpret our unintentional preference. The first is an introductory address to her fellow-students, and will speak for itself.

Pleasure, upon her swift pinions has flown by, and now Wisdom's star has attracted us to our hall of study.

Vacation, with beloved home, dear friends and summer delights has passed; and now knowledge, with its rugged cliffs of science, and broad fields of labor, is presented to us. High and noble aims are set forth for ambition's upward flight; never-fading treasures now lie hidden, for the searching mind, and studies only to be conquered by untiring perseverance.

Have we, with minds newly refreshed by the waters of pleasure, and hearts lately made joyous by the charms of home, returned with a strong determination to toil, to study, and win the priceless gems of knowledge? If so, let us renew the energy and ambition of our past school-days, toiling nobly in the great work before us. Though at first, clouds of despair may seem to shadow our youthful sky, and often a tear for "the loved ones" afar will fall, still let it be gently brushed away, and replaced by a will which shall wisely urge us on in the path of education, so that in after years we may shed happiness upon our distant homes. We have good, kind teachers, ever ready to direct and instruct; pleasant schoolmates to cheer us with bright new countenances, to whom we now bid a happy welcome as they enter our band. And as the sacred portals of study are opened to receive us, we spy the "Wreath," for which we loved to cull flowers in hours gone by; and now, as then, shall we delight to twine fair blossoms in this never-fading garland.

"OSAGE."

BEFORE.

A wedding party desirous of spending the honey moon in surveying the beauties of California mountain scenery, entered a carriage for that purpose in their bridal attire. All went pleasantly, even the horses were deliciously fast, but the coachman, amused with the conversation, no doubt, was unmindful of a ditch across the road, while rapidly descending a hill, the crossing of which caused an uncomfortable "shaking up" of the party, and if it changed not their conversation, it did somewhat their appearance. For particulars see

AFTER.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1856. NO. IV.

FRONT VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT.

COINING MONEY,

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT.

On the north side of Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny, there stands a dark, heavy looking building, with heavy iron bars, and heavy iron shutters, to windows and doors; and high above, standing on, and just peering over a heavy cornice, there is a large American eagle; looking down into the building, as if he meant to see, and take notes, of all that is going on within, "and print 'em too." At his back there is a small forest of chimney stacks, from which various kinds of smoke, and different colored fumes, are issuing. This building is the Branch Mint of San Francisco.

On the pavement, in front, stands a number of odd looking, square boxes, containing bottles with glass necks rising above the top, and in which are

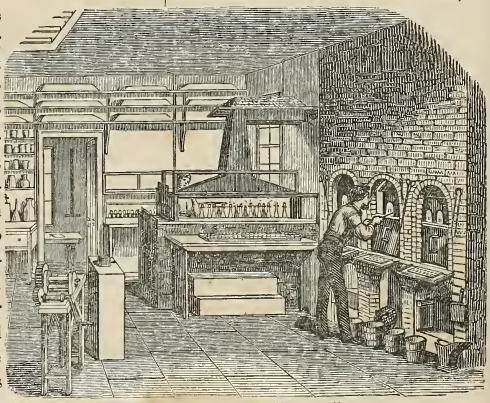
the various kinds of acid used in the manufacture of gold and silver coin within.

In the street can be seen drays and wagons with men unloading supplies of various kinds for the Mint; express wagons with packages of the precious metal from all parts of the mines; men going up with carpet sacks hanging heavily on their hand, all desirous of having their gold dust converted into coin.

At the entrance door a man is sitting whose business it is to inquire your business whenever you present yourself for admission; and, if it is tolerably clear to him that you have no intention of obtaining a hatful of gold without a proper certificate; and more, that you have business dealings with Uncle Samuel; or, at least, wish to see how gold and silver is made into coin; why, it is probable that you may be allowed to pass.

By the kindness of Mr. Lott, the Superintendent of the Mint, and the courtesy of the officers of the different departments, every facility was offered us for obtaining sketches, and all the necessary information concerning the *modus operandi* of coining, cheerfully given in all its branches.

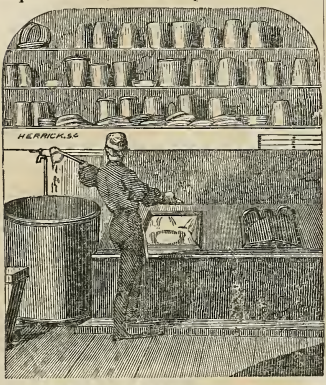
To make the subject as plain as possible, we will suppose that the reader has just placed a bag of gold at the Treasurer's counter, for the purpose of having it coined. Here the Receiving Clerk takes it, and after accurately weighing it, hands to the depositor a certificate for the gross weight of gold dust received, before melting. It is then sent to the *Melting Room*, where it is put into a black-lead crucible, melted, (each deposit is melted by itself,) and run into a "bar." A "chip," weighing about a tenth of an ounce, is then taken from each end of the bar, at opposite corners,—one from the top, the other from the bottom side. These chips are then taken to the *Assay Room* where they are carefully analyzed, by chemical process, and the exact amount of gold, silver, and other metals contained in each chip, accurately ascertained. The Assayer then reports to the Treasurer the exact proportion of gold, silver, and other metals, found in the chips. The standard fineness of the whole bar is then determined, and the value of the deposit ascertained; it then awaits, in the Treasurer's Office, the orders of the depositor. When it



ASSAYING THE "CHIPS."

is withdrawn, the depositor presents his certificate to the Superintendent's Clerk, who issues a warrant upon the Treasurer for the nett value of the deposit; and, upon the payment of this warrant, in coin, or bar, the Treasurer delivers the Mint memorandum, which contains the weight of the deposit before and after melting, fineness, nett value, &c., &c.

To facilitate business and prevent delay, a large amount of coin is always kept on hand, so that depositors are not

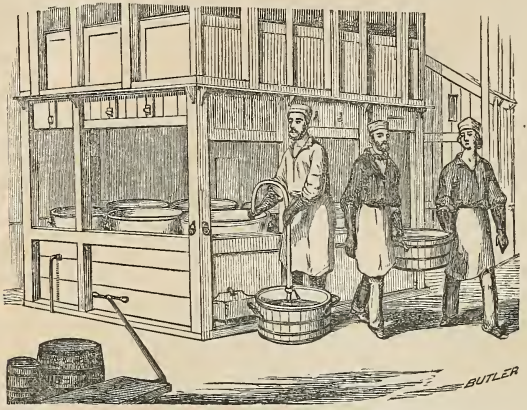


MAKING THE GRANULATIONS.

required to wait until the gold dust taken in, is coined; but the moment its value is ascertained from the Assayer, the value is promptly paid the depositor: this is a great public convenience.

Now with the reader's permission let us see the gold bars accurately weighed in the Treasurer's Office; and let us carefully watch the many and interesting processes through which they must pass while being converted into coin.

On leaving the Treasurer's hands they are first sent to the *Melting Room*—where, as California gold contains from three to twelve per cent. of silver, it becomes necessary in order to extract it, to alloy the gold with about twice its weight of silver; and thereby destroy the affinity of the gold for the silver, this enables the acid to act upon the silver. For this purpose, the gold and silver are melted together; and, while in a hot and fluid state, is poured gradually into cold water, where it forms into small thin pieces somewhat resembling the common pop-corn in appearance, and these are called "granulations." The *Granulations* are then conveyed from the *Melting Room* to the *Refining Room;* where they are placed in porcelain pots, that are standing in vats lined with lead. Nitric Acid is then poured in upon the granulations, in about the proportion of two and a half pounds of acid, to one of gold; and, after the porcelain pots are thus filled sufficiently, the shutters, by which they are surrounded, are fixed closely down, and the granulations and acids boiled by steam for six hours, by which process the silver and all the base metals are dissolved, while the gold lies upon the bottom untouched. The bright orange colored vapor that we see issuing from the top of one of the chimneys of the Mint is generated from this process. After boiling, the solution is drawn out of the pots by means of a gold syphon, (worth over two thousand dollars) into small tubs; it is then carried and emptied into a large tub or vat, twelve feet in diameter and six feet in depth—where a stream of salt water is poured upon it, which precipitates the *nitrate of silver* contained in solution, and it becomes *chloride of silver*. The chloride is then run out of the vat into large filters, where it is washed until the water es-



DRAWING OFF THE ACID FROM THE PORCELAIN POTS.

caping from the filter is perfectly free from the acid. The chloride of silver is then taken out of the filter and placed in a "reducing vat" where it is mixed with *granulated zinc* and water: oil of vitriol is then poured in upon it, where by the action of the oil of vitriol upon the zinc and the water, *hydrogen gas* is generated; which, combining with the *chlorine* of the *chloride of silver* forms *muriatic acid*, and leaves pure metalic silver, in fine powder, at the bottom of the reducing vat.

The silver is then taken out, and again washed carefully for the purpose of removing the acid, and the chloride of zinc that has been formed by the action of zinc upon the chloride of silver while in the reducing vat.

After the silver is thus thoroughly washed, it is placed in a hydraulic press, and subjected to the enormous pressure of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch, and the water nearly all forced out of it, leaving a compact, circular cake of silver, about ten inches in width, by three in thickness. These cakes are then placed on a drying-pan, and the remaining moisture dried out. The silver is now ready for melting, and making into coin; or, for use in the granulating process.

Now, if you please, let us return to the porcelain pots, and notice what becomes of the *gold* left in the bottom. This is now subjected to another boiling process of six hours, in fresh nitric acid in about the same proportion as before, during which time it is frequently stirred, to enable the acid to permeate the whole of the gold in the pot.

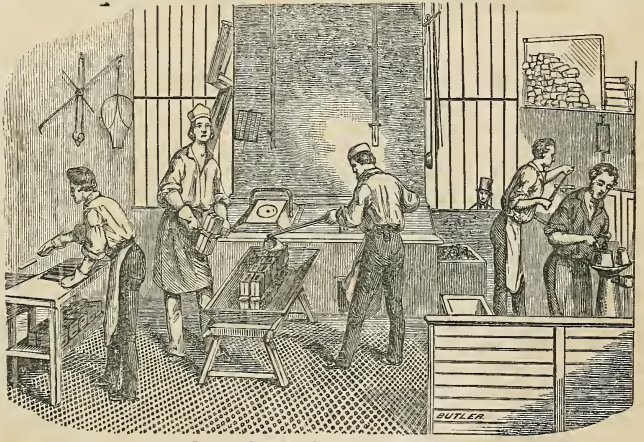
After this second boiling the acid is baled out (and saved for the first boiling process) and the contents of the porcelain pots emptied into a filter, where it is well washed with hot water, prepared expressly for this purpose, and the remaining nitrate of silver is entirely washed out, leaving nothing but pure gold. The water is now pressed out in the same manner as it was from the silver, and the cakes

locked up in a drying furnace for about three hours, when they are taken out and are ready for melting.

Let us now go to the *Melting Room.* There we find men moving about among "crucibles," "shoe" and "ingot-moulds," and what not, in front of the furnace, and as they lift back the cover, and the bright light breaks upon the eyes; down in the white heat we can see the crucible, ready to receive the precious metal. The gold is then put into it, with a sufficient amount of copper to reduce the standard of 1000 to 903. The gold is then run off into what are technically called "shoe-moulds." The bar thus run is termed "toughened bar." It is again assayed, for the purpose of knowing the exact amount of copper to be added to reduce it to 900–1000, or the United States' standard fineness of coin. It is then again melted and reduced to the above standard; after which it is run into "ingot-moulds," and is again assayed, to determine whether it is now of the fineness required.

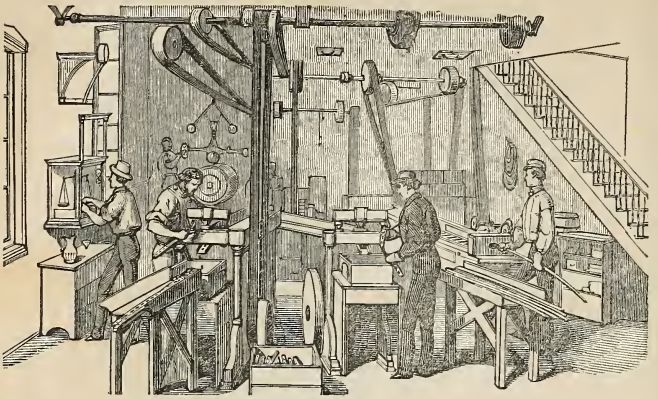
These ingots of standard gold, each weighing about sixty ounces, of which there are from thirty-six to forty in one "melt" are then "pickled," which, being interpreted, means, to heat them red-hot and immerse them in sulphuric acid water, which cleans and partially anneals them. They are then delivered by the Melter and Refiner to the Treasurer, who weighs them accurately and then delivers them to the *Coiner.*

The ingots thus delivered, for twenty dollar pieces, are about 12 inches in length, about 1 inch and 7-16ths in width, and about 1-2 an inch in thickness; yet for every different sized coin the width varies to suit.



RUNNING THE GOLD INTO INGOTS.

They are now removed to the *Rolling Room* where the ingots pass thirteen consecutive times through the rollers, and at each time decrease in thickness, and increase in length, until they are about three feet six inches long; they are then taken to the *Annealing*



ROLLING AND CUTTING ROOM.

Room, enclosed in long copper tubes, and securely sealed to prevent oxidation or loss of the metal. They are now placed in the annealing furnace, where, after remaining for about forty-five minutes in sealed tubes, they are taken out and cooled in clear water. The "strips" of gold are now ready for rolling to the finished thickness and are re-taken to the *Rolling Room* for that purpose; and are afterwards returned to the *Annealing Room* and subjected again to a red hot heat for forty-five minutes, and again cooled as before.

These "strips" are now carried to the *Drawing* and *Cutting Room*, where they are first pointed; then heated, by steam; then 'greased," with wax and tallow; and are then ready for the draw-bench. The point of the strip is then inserted in the "draw-jaw" and the whole strip is drawn through the "jaw" which reduces it exactly to the required thickness for coining. The strips thus gauged are then taken to the "cutting press," where, from the end of each strip a "proof-piece" is "punched" and accurately weighed; and, if found correct is punched into "blanks" or "planchets" at the rate of about one hundred and eighty per minute. Should any of the strips be found too heavy, they are re-drawn through the "draw-jaw." If too light, they are laid aside to be regulated, by what is technically termed the "doctor" —a process by which the strip is made concave, before the planchets are cut out, and which gives them the required weight. This is an improvement only in use in the San Francisco Branch Mint and is, we believe, the invention of Mr. Eckfeldt, the Coiner; and by which some thirteen thousand dollars in light strips are saved from re-melting every day. Simple as the fact appears, it prevents the melting of about four millions of dollars per annum, and is doubtless, a great saving to the public.

After the blanks or planchets are

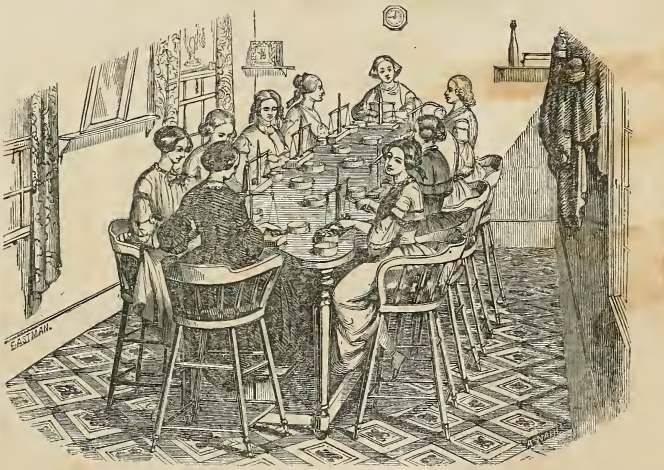
cut out, the strips are bent in a convenient shape for re-melting, and are sent to the Coiner's Office to be weighed, preparatory to making up his account for the day, and which, with the planchets, must make up the gross amount received in the morning from the Treasurer.

They are afterwards delivered to the Treasurer, by whom they are again weighed and then sent to the Melter and Refiner to be again cast into ingots.

The planchets are then carried from the cutting-press to the *Cleaning Room* where they are boiled in very strong soap-suds, from which they are taken and dried in a pan, heated by steam, and then conveyed to the Coiner's Office to be weighed. After which, they are sent to the *Adjusting Room* where each piece is separately weighed, and those found too light, are condemned for re-melting; and those which are too heavy are reduced, by filing, to the standard weight. All the planchets thus adjusted, are then re-taken to the Coiner's Office, and, with the filings and light planchets, are carefully weighed, and that weight must tally with the gross amount of the planchets delivered to the Adjustors during the day.

The work of "adjusting" is performed by females of whom from ten to fifteen are employed, according to the amount of labor to be accomplished.

From the adjusting room the planchets are taken to the *Milling Room*, where they are dropped into a tube, belonging to the "milling machine," and by means of a revolving circular steel plate, with a groove in the edge, and a corresponding groove in a segment of a circle, the planchets are borne rapidly round, horizontally, by which process the edges are thickened,



ADJUSTING ROOM.

and the diameter of the planchet accurately adjusted to fit the collar of the

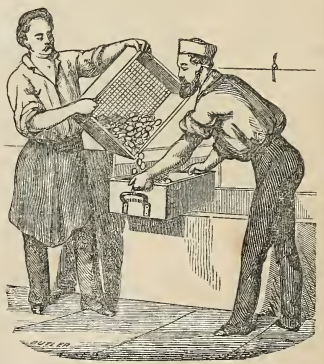
MILLING THE PLANCHETS.

"coining press." After "milling" they are returned to the Coiner's office and again weighed, to ascertain if the weight is correct.

They are then sent to the *Annealing Room*, where they are put into square cast-iron boxes, with double covers, carefully cemented with fire-clay, and placed in the annealing furnace, where they are subjected to a red heat for about an hour, when they are taken out and poured into a "pickle" containing diluted sulphuric acid. By this process they are softened and cleansed; and after they are rinsed with hot water they are well dried in saw-dust heated by steam, taken out and returned to the Coiner's office, where they are again weighed, and afterwards carried to the *Coining Room*, to be "stamped." This process is performed by dropping the planchets into the tube in front of the machine, from whence they are carried by "feeders" to the "collar," into which they are dropped upon the lower die: the head die then descends, and by its immense power displaces every particle of gold in the planchet, and gives the impression upon both sides of the coin and the fluting on the edge, at the same moment. At every motion, the "feeders" not only take a planchet to the collar, but at the same time push the coin, previously struck, and now perfect, from the lower die, which rises and falls for the purpose at each revolution of the wheel, from whence the coin slides into a box underneath.

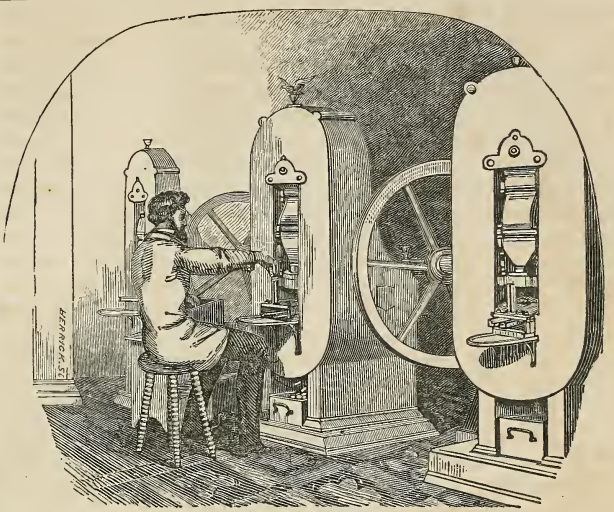
From the Coining Room they are again taken to the Coiner's office where they are weighed, counted and delivered to the Treasurer for payment to depositors.

There is one piece always taken out of about every sixty thousand dollars, coined into double-eagles, and a similar amount from smaller coins, which are



CLEANING THE PLANCHETS.

sent to Philadelphia, and carefully preserved for examination at the "judg-



STAMPING INTO COIN.

ment day," as it is curiously and expressively called, which takes place annually at Philadelphia, under the superintendence of commissioners appointed by the U. S. government.

We are surprised at the aggregate amount of coin produced in so short a time, in such a small and very inconvenient building; for, it seemed to us that every man was more or less in the others' way; and wherever the fault may lie, we think it of very questionable economy, that requires a remedy without delay.

The following statement, kindly furnished us by the officers, will show the large amount of

COINAGE AT THE U. S. BRANCH MINT,
From its Commencement up to September 15th, 1856.

Gold Coinage for 1854.

Double Eagles	$2,829,360 00	
Eagles	1,238,260 00	
Half Eagles	1,340 00	
Quarter Eagles	615 00	
Gold Dollars	14,632 00	
		$4,084,207 00
Bars		$5,631,151 43
Total		$9,715,358 43

Silver Coinage -None.

1855.

Double Eagles	$17,643,500 00	
Eagles	90,000 00	
Half Eagles	305,000 00	
Three Dollar Pieces	19,800 00	
		$18,058,300 00
Bars		3'359,377 43
		$21,417,677 43

Silver Coinage.

Half Dollars	$64,975 00	
Quarter Dollars	99,100 00	
		$164,075 00
Total Coinage, 1855		$21,581,752 43

1856.

Double Eagles	$19,395,000 00	
Eagles	600,000 00	
Half Eagles	455,500 00	
Quarter Eagles	122,800 00	
Three Dollar Pieces	73,500 00	
Gold Dollars	24,600 00	
		$20,671,400 00
Bars		3,047,001 28
		$23,718,401 28

Silver Coinage.

Half Dollars	$105,500 00	
Quarter Dollars	71,500 00	
		$177,000 00
Total Coinage, 1856		$23,895,401 28

RECAPITULATION.

1854	$9,715,358 43
1855	$21,581,752 43
1856	$23,895,401 28
Total	$55,192,512 14

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There is no information, more satisfactory, to form materials of judgment, than satisfactory evidence. Yet this, like all other human aids, is subject to error, where the mind becomes too much biassed by it, as to shut out rational probability.

Judges, knowing this, are careful, in their charges to juries to draw clearly the line of demarcation that distinguishes certainty from doubt; yet, notwithstanding all their care, remarkable instances have occurred where human life has been forfeited to its fallacy; and long imprisonment, to its natural dictates.

Some remarkable instances of this kind of presumptive evidence, are worded in the second volume of that admirable work Chamber's Miscellany; where, life even has been destroyed, well worthy of the reader's perusal. Indeed, it is the duty of every thinking person, who may be called upon in the course of his life to serve upon a jury, to bear such instances in mind. Of the latter description,—where life has been only spared, I will relate an instance never before published.

My grandfather, a wealthy yeoman, residing at a place called Headcorn, had occasion to attend a cattle market, held in the county town of Maidstone, in Kent, England. As the distance was somewhat considerable, he left every thing home of importance, except his gold watch and appendages, which, at the time I am speaking, some hundred and fifty years ago,—was of sufficient value to be of great consequence. Jogging along on "his ambling pad poney" he came up with a fellow horseman; and without ceremony, as was his wont, soon fell into conversation with him. He found him, I suppose, a man of much information, and travel, and when they had arrived at the end of their day's journey; where the coach started for the metropolis—London; my grandfather invited his fellow traveler to take dinner with him; but he having pressing business, as he said, on the way, was obliged to refuse the civility; but the old gentleman would insist upon his alighting to take one parting glass at least. At dinner, my grandfather, who always retired early to bed, especially while travelling, put his hand to his fob, to draw out his watch, to observe the time; but to his astonishment, discovered that it was gone. At a considerable expense to the old gentleman, the hue and cry was soon raised, and no expense being spared, the country for miles round was scoured in all directions; but no sign of the watch or its purloiner appeared for nearly a year after. In due time an advertisement having appeared in all the London papers, a watch, answering in every particular to the description given, was traced to have been pawned three days after it was missed, at a house in Sheffield; and in a short time afterwards, the person, who had pawned it, was discovered, and lodged in confinement, to await his trial on suspicion of the theft.

The pawn-broker was unable to produce the article pledged, for his house had been burnt to the ground some months previously; but the transaction was so vivid in his mind, and the watch and appendages so well described in one of the books saved from the wreck

of his property, that the presiding judge, and the jury, on the trial, could not but coincide in a verdict of guilty. The description tallied even to the cipher on the seal, which was described with more than usual accuracy, from the circumstance, as the pawn-broker alleged, of the watch being a very valuable one, such effects, calling forth, as the judge remarked in his charge to the jury, a commendable vigilance on his part.

The man, after conviction, received the sentence of transportation for life, as he was supposed to be of a bad stamp, for his obstinacy in refusing to offer *one* witness to his previous good character. Some twelve or fourteen years rolled on, and the affair, and all connected with it appeared to be entirely forgotten; when the road, by the inn aforesaid, losing all its traffic, from the circumstance of a shorter one being made to the next town in a straighter direction, the house fell to the auctioneer's hammer. It was bought by a London tradesman, who proposed to make it his retiring residence, and on taking the old dilapidated stables down to make room for the intended improvement; an old saddle was discovered hanging to the wall near the furthermost stall; and, on taking it from its peg, a gold watch, chain, keys, and seal, were discovered attached to the buckle, which held the strap of the stirrup. The former landlady, now an old woman, was applied to for information respecting it, when she remembered, fortunately, the circumstances. My father was communicated with upon the subject, and, the Judge, who presided at the trial, (Lord Chief Justice Guerney if I rightly recollect) was addressed by my father's attorney, and the innocent convict, after the King's pardon was obtained, which took nearly three months in preparation, was set at liberty. I remember well my father describing the seal, and the good King George the Third's signature. I too, remember asking of my father, when he related the story, what compensation the poor man had for his long, long years of penal servitude, in a strange land, cut off from his family, his friends, his country, his associations, his all that life holds dear; and received the answer—*His Majesty's Most Gracious Pardon*, for a crime he never committed, and some ounces of red sealing-wax attached to a mad man's scrawl.

It appeared upon the discovery of the watch, that the saddle was never used after the loss of the watch, that it was an old one, kept expressly for my grandfather's use, who, perhaps, may not have been fond of equestrian exercise, he being described as a stout man of heavy weight. He, pro bably being advanced in years, never made so long a journey afterwards, fearing the safety of the road.

The man upon trial, refused to offer any witness to his character, fearing his occupation, that of a smuggler, might be elicited in cross-examination.

Another, almost as remarkable an instance occurred, of a man who was convicted of murdering his fellow traveler, who had partaken of the same bed, in a small village inn, the night before the usual market-day; in a locality, of which, I now forget the name. In this instance, the suspected one, his bed-fellow, was pursued and taken; and the purse of the dead one, found in his pocket.

This man's life was saved, from the fangs of the law, by a miracle. After condemnation, (there was a recommendation for mercy appended to it in the shape of commutation to transportation for life) a child, who lived next door to the inn, happened to mention, one day at dinner, to her mother, that she saw the supposed murdered man, by the light of the moon, on the night in question, sharpening a knife upon a grindstone; at the back of the inn yard; which yard, her window overlooked. That the noise awoke her, and that she saw him pick his purse from off the ground where it had fallen, and put it into the pocket of the pants he then wore. That the pants were light ones,—the victims, own were black.

The young man, his bed-fellow, on awaking the next morning; it appeared, seeing his bed-fellow lying beside him with his throat cut, and his own shirt wet with his blood, on the spur of the moment, thoughtlessly fled. He denied all knowledge of the possession of the purse that was found upon him when taken, and this denial, furnished the jury with an argument in proof of his guilt. The blood was traced from the grindstone, up to the bed-room, into the bed whereon he must have fallen dead; while his companion was in a dead sleep; so that he must have worn his friend's pants, burst his own vest in the frenzy of the moment, to proceed down stairs with.

The confidence of the little girl as to this man's identity and her knowledge of him, confirmed by his having given her, the day before, a few pence to fetch some article from the village apothecary, which turned out afterwards to be poison; and which fact, strange to say, was not known on his trial. Her recognition of his height, color of his hair, &c., differing entirely from that of the accused, became conclusive evidence, afterwards, in favor of his innocence, and he then received a reversion of his sentence, which, but for this observation of the child, would never have taken place; but his life would have doubtlessly been forfeited, to the requirements of a legal conviction, based upon circumstantial or presumptive evidence.

THE SNOW-FALL.

The snow had been falling lightly
From the heavens all the day,
But the evening stars shone brightly,
And spotless the white earth lay.

The white-robed granite mountains,
Seemed moulded of fleecy snow,
And the muffled voice of the fountains
Was murmuring far below.

Yet my soul was sad with grieving,
And the snow-fall from the cloud
Seemed slowly and silently weaving
My heart in a funeral shroud.

And the trembling tear is starting
From eyes unused to tears,
As I think of our last sad parting,
The winter of youthful years.

Alice, thy step was lighter
Than fall of the white-flaked snow;
And the blush of thy cheek was brighter
Than the Northern Lights' red glow.

Soft was the snow flake pressing
The mountain lake's pure breast;
But softer thy fond caressing,
And the kiss which thy lips impressed.

The stars shone forth in splendor,
From depths of the midnight skies;
But brighter the glances tender,
Of thy loving and soul-lit eyes.

My restless steps have wandered,
'Mid vales where the gold streams flow;
And often my heart hath pondered,
The snow-fall of long ago.

To my lips has been pressed the chalice
Of many a bitter woe,
But memories of thee, Alice,
Fall softly as feathery snow. S***.

San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1856.

THE POISON OAK.

This oak, so called, has scarcely any characteristic in common with any of the species of *quercus;* of which there are no fewer that one hundred and fifty. The larger genera, of which this is not one, are difficult of distinction, while the smaller are not properly defined. Oaks, like roses, are scarcely known in a wild state in the Southern hemisphere. They reach their most southern limits as far as Java; passing upwards, beyond the Equinoctial, along the eastern parts of Asia. They spread to the western along the Himalayas, and, reaching Europe, only stop at the Atlantic. They find their way also, from their Asiatic origin, to this line of eastern demarcation, then overspread North America, in abundant variety; from Canada to California, and through Mexico, down to the Isthmus of Panama; below which, no trace of any, in a wild state, are seen.

Oaks are generally divided into three classes, *Robora*, *Ilices*, and the *Cerres*. The first are the lords of the forest, with a large, long sinuate leaf, and producing long acorns with capacious capules. The second, is an evergreen; with smaller acorns; some species having small leaves, like the prickly holly, and producing diminutive acorns with almost globular seeds. This species abounds on the hills and vales throughout California, and is familiar to every one; it however, makes a poor tree in a forest compared with the former, and entirely exhausts, in time, the surface above its roots, so that little or no vegetation is seen under them.

The latter,—*Cerres*, are very common all over the southeast of Europe, with exceedingly large leaves; some species, have a thick down upon them, and their seed-caps also are downy, furry or prickly. New species are being periodically added to, by botanist-travellers, and seem to be almost inexhaustible. To none of these species, however, does the *quercus viri*, or poison oak bear any resemblance; except in its lower leaves. It is somewhat of a creeping plant, although it is devoid of tendrils, it upper stems bear a clear resemblance to the dogwood shrub, with leaves like those of the maple; its flower is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and its fruit consists of clusters of small, round, pea-like berries, of hard consistency, approaching very closely to the *achenia;* its pericarp being formed of a hard, dry, indehiscent skin. It rarely attains the height of eight feet, and is not generally very bushy, when it has attained to this size. If it were not of so poisonous a nature, it probably would be noticed only by botanists; but its unenviable celebrity, on this account, forces itself on the attention of every one within its neighborhood. The manner in which it affects different persons is somewhat remarkable. People of a sanguiniferous and lymphatic temperament, are greatly affected by its contact. The first symptoms are observable in a dull itching sensation, increasing more and more as the parts affected are irritated; until the the surface, first touched, becomes full of pricking sensations. Quick swellings then immediately ensue, until the whole extremity, whether of head, hand, or leg becomes infected; the appearance then assumes that of incan-

descent dropsy with most people, but sometimes has a reddish appearance. If the head becomes affected to any extent the virus so rapidly gains ground, as soon, entirely to obliterate every trace of the features.

Some persons of thin, spare habits, can handle it with impunity, and even rub the leaf of it into a fresh wound without harm. Horses and hogs eat it with avidity, and as far as observation extends, the same may be said of all gramniverous animals. Its roots when thrown together, impregnate the air with a rank odor, somewhat similar to those of the hemlock. These are succulent at their extremities, but woody towards the stem, where it rises from the surface of the earth. When creeping along the ground, its younger leaves are tinged with a dark red color, it is then, that the plant assumes the appearance of the first exfoliations of the common oak, the *Robora.* So rancorous does the air of the neighborhood become, where it is left to grow in abundance, that whole families have been known to be affected with its poisonous influence, at such seasons, when the wind blows in a direction towards them; more especially, of those of a temperament before mentioned. It is easily rooted up, except where it entangles itself among low shrubs, when it is rather difficult to eradicate, owing to its roots connecting several growths, as in all ordinary plants of the creeping kind. The three forms of leaf which it bears are not peculiar; for many plants, such as the Ivy for instance, bear different shaped leaves, while remaining on the ground, from those when adhering to any erect support.

It is much to be desired that some reliable method of cure should be well known. Hitherto, its treatment has been confined to simple washes of solution of common salt in cold water, and nitrate of silver; the latter is not recommended by the writer from personal knowledge; but any chemist almost of experience may be trusted with its cure, as that appears only to be the work of time, and no instance of a fatal result, is recorded of its virulence.

We hope to refer again to the subject, and shall be glad of any fresh information upon it, especially that relating to its care, as it is becoming of considerable importance, especially to miners, who often suffer much from its poisonous contact.

STORY OF A LIFE.

I saw two children, dancing in their glee,
In the gay spring-time, when the flowers were young,
Chasing the butterfly and humming bee,
And mocking the gay birds that round them sung.

I saw two lovers, whispering as they sat
In an old orchard, by a mossy well;
With eyes that with their light put out the stars,
Speaking strange language, that only eyes can tell.

I saw two graves upon the village green,
With pale spring flowers and violets overgrown;
Above a simple slab, with names inscribed:
Who are the sleepers underneath the stone?

Sept. 15, 1856. G. T. S.

Subgecks of Diskushion.

Is dansin morralle rong?

Is the readin of fictishus works kommendible?

Is it necessary that femails shud reseave thorough litterary educashun?

Ort femails to taik parts in politiks?

Duz dress konstitute the morral part of wimmin?

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

Well, here I am, with my pen poised above this huge sheet of foolscap, ensnared in a descriptive dilemma. In taking a survey of the past with its intricate wanderings, I cannot refrain from penning a crude thought or two, to wile away an hour of loneliness. I shall give my opinion regarding words, persons, dates, and times, connected with these sketches, even at the risk of being charged with egotism. That precious piece of *oro* in 1848, caused a golden epidemic to prevail. Its fearful ravages reached my northern home on the beautiful Ohio. We, like many others, had the golden fever; but, slightly recovering, remained in a convalescent state until 1852, when we took a relapse, as the shout rang out on every hand, "Who'll go there? who'll go there?" Many, many times, we sat at nightfall in our cozy cottage home, talking of that far-off golden sunset land—and often would the luscious red apple be eaten that lay upon the tray mellowing in the fire light; the cup of sparkling cider quaffed to the dregs, as the fire burned down to a few wasting embers, 'ere we quitted our castle buildings—to be realized some bright day, far away in the dreamy and shadowy future. Many were the cricket chirpings we heard before we laid our heads upon the downy pillow. It was finally decided we should go to the gold regions. Then followed in quick succession all the annoying preparations appertaining to such a hazardous adventure. Home, with its thousand and one endearments in the vine-clad cottage, was in due time sacrificed for the vague uncertainties of a shadowy future. A year or two would not be long—and then, oh! how brightly the fire burned upon the hearthstone, as we talked of the hair-breadth escapes we should encounter, while gaining our (sure to be) millions.

The homestead was mortgaged for a few hundreds to defray our necessary expenditure, till we arrived where large pieces of *oro* were (supposed to be) lying around loosely. All was ready, and ere the morrow's sun was up, we were to bid adieu to all we had loved from childhood, and which were engraved upon the heart by the magical hand of affection. The last night I remained under the roof that had sheltered me from infancy, was one ever to be remembered. The evening, till bed-time, was consumed in packing away many little articles for the pilgrim's comfort, which none but the watchful eye of a mother could have provided. With a nervous hand she placed in my hands a little gilt-edged bible, a parting gift, with an admonishing verse written upon the fly-leaf, which I still preserve as a holy memento of the absent. I sought my pillow at a late season, to waste the hours of darkness in musings of sadness, half regretting I had consented to launch my frail bark upon the sea of an untried future. Should I ever be permitted to return to the old roof tree—and make the unbroken circle again complete—a group of glad and happy hearts, or should I fill a nameless grave on a foreign shore, where the happy birds, or the evening zephyrs would come to chant the sad requiem above my lonely pillow. A

bright morning, however, vanished all my repining, when I seated myself at the breakfast table, perhaps for the last time: slightly tremulous was my mother's hand when she passed me the last cup of coffee. I drank, I ate without tasting; father, mother, sister and brother all sat in silence, around the table, each eye was moist with tear-drops at the adieu of so long a separation; and the home was now sad, where smiles and merry laughter made the old farm house oft times ring with shouts of mirth and gladness.

Every favored old haunt was visited; the passionate embrace, the loving kiss, and the last *good bye* were taken, and I was gone. The iron-horse, with a loud snorting, bore me away from the village of L———, that place dearest to memory. I closed my eyes—passed my hand before them to shut out the painful scene. I had just left a father whose head was silvered o'er with age; a mother, upon whose bosom I so oft had pillowed this aching head of mine. Oh, what name is half so lovely, or replete with so many thoughts of childhood and helpless infancy, as mother? What words in the whole vocabulary are fraught with half the meaning? I had also left with the words, "God bless you" still ringing in the ear, from those who had mingled their ringlets with mine, as we conned o'er our lessons in the little red school-house together. I still held in my hand a little locket, containing an auburn lock, lately severed from the head of her, my only sister, whom I love with an affection akin to madness.

"'Tis not gold that I worship,
But a being as pure
As the dew-drops of Heaven."

All! all! weer gone, I had firmly set myself against crying at parting; but still my heart clung to home with such fond tenacity that I could not restrain my emotion, and my tears flowed thick and fast.

The gray dawn of another morning, found us in the jostling, crowded streets of Cincinatti, the queen city of the west, where the boat Lady Pike, lay moored to bear us away. On the 12th of March, the boat left the landing, when the band struck up "Home! sweet home!" As we stood upon the deck the crowd gave three cheers as a parting benediction. I never before or since felt such a feeling of utter loneliness—a feeling of abandonment and desolation—as then had taken possession of my soul, and when I saw the last handkerchief waiving an adieu in the distance, I felt this to be the last visible link that bound me to my native country, and I wept freely, overpowered as I was, with mingled feelings of regret and pain. I will here draw the curtain, to hide from the busy world these scenes of frequent parting, to tell you in No. 2, how the Californians prospered.

A witty correspondent sends us the following notice of a brief street colloquy held between a maiden lady of a little beyond a certain age, and a newly married feminine:—

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said the elderly maiden.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose," was then queried.

The newly made wife colored and then quietly responded that—

"She really didn't know whether it would be a boy or girl."

DREAMS.—A REVERIE.

BY COL. JEEMS PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.

How singular, and at the same time how beautiful it is, that when we dream of the dear departed—of those whom we have loved in life, and with whom the happiest hours of our existence have been passed, how strange it is, *that they appear to us in all the truthfulness of reality*, and the scenes of our youth are present with us once again, and the voice, the glance, the pressure of the hand, and the warm kiss of those dear ones who reared us in our helplessness and infancy, are as distinct as when we were blessed with their presence on earth. Last night I "dreamed a dream," that made me for a time forget that I was growing old — that made me forget that I was thousands of miles away from those who love me—that made me forget that I was the *last* of our family circle, (for out of twenty-two, but five remain, and *I* am the youngest,) that made me oblivious to everything — every trouble, anxiety and annoyance, and careless of the future; for I was once again at home! —and the table was "set" for dinner—and such a dinner too! for it was Christmas Day, and there too, as I entered the room, (for I had just arrived from San Francisco, but I was yet a boy, and how I had got there I did'nt know, and didn't care,) I was greeted with the love and kisses of father, mother, sisters and brothers; everything looked so cozey and natural—nothing changed; and I thought how funny it was, that they all looked *just the same* as when I left, seventeen years ago! still I was a boy you know, mind that—for the most unaccountable and anomalous occurrences take place in dreams, and then to feel as I did, *once again in life* the warm embrace of a mother and a sister that I loved so well!—to look into the eye of *one* whose love for me (however perverse or wayward I may have been) knew no variableness, and was in its depth unbounded—and to whom I could turn in the hour of distress or trial, with the full conviction that love only dictated her counsellings—to feel as I *then felt*, her dear hand in mine again, and hear her pleasant voice greeting me once more! Oh! I cannot tell you, or describe the joy that then possessed me, for all the time I fancied I had been for a long series of years absent, and that I had *that* day arrived from a long and tedious voyage—that I had come direct to the "London Docks," and I wondered how the ship could get in there from California!—and our old man servant (who had been dead for 20 years) stood right on the gangway to look after my luggage— and he seemed so rejoiced to see me that it made me cry; and he said I looked "better than ever"—as though I hadn't been away from home at all!—and then, as we rumbled along the street, I noticed that the shops were closed, and I asked him if it were Sunday? and when he told me it was "Christmas," I shouted for joy! the idea of a Christmas at home once more, after an absence of so many, many years!—then the snow was so deep upon the ground that the carts and coaches made no noise, and I thought it strange that there were no sleighs or bells; and then he said they'd been expecting me, and were all on the look-out, and that

there'd be such rejoicing—such fun—and to think that he'd lived to see a "live Californian" that he'd heard master talk on so often!—and would I take him back with me just to get a "thimble full of gold?" And then we reach the well remembered street, and we are at the door of the old homestead. There's the plate, the bell, the knocker with the lion's head that scared me so when I was a youngster. I rush up stairs and go into the nursery where "Ann," dear old Ann, who has been in our family more than 25 years, wishes me to come and be dressed for dinner, as it being Christmas day, I am, as a great favor, to dine with the family! I can't exactly "get the hang" of this, yet it seemed all correct and natural. And then the door is opened, the thick red curtains closely drawn, the bright coal fire, blazing, spluttering, crackling, singing, hissing and curling round the bars, and ascending the chimney in one broad flame, that dazzled the eye and tingled the cheeks of us all. I had never seen such a fire I thought, except in San Francisco in May, '50! and yet I also thought I'd just come home from school for the Christmas Holidays, and I asked if I might "read my piece"—yes, before dinner!—and when told that in the evening when the games and romps commenced, it would be better, and more in order, I thought that a pretty way to treat one who has been absent for so long a time in a foreign land, and I began to sulk, but by the time the turkey was exposed to view, and the savory smell went up from numberless joints and dishes, the slight was forgotten, and with a clean pinafore, shiney face, and very red hands, I was eating with wonderful avidity, everything within my reach; and then they'd ask me what I thought of California, and whether Oregon was anywhere near the North Pole? and what kept them alive; and if Australia (for I was going to sail thence the next day) would be as profitable to me as California had been:—(for I was supposed, though an infant, to be very rich!) And then, and then, the lights grew fainter, the room seemed filled with a sort of mist—I fell from a great height—I rubbed my eyes—turned over in my little cot—awoke, and, alas! found—it was but a dream!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MRS. BRUNTON.

When thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
Where past the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract—
Where I with thee was wont to talk—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

"Sonny, what are wages?"

"Don't know."

"What does your father get on Saturday night?"

"Tight as a brick,—shame on him?"

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERIOR OF HONDURAS.

BY CHISPA.

A more thorough knowledge of the geography of the American continent was attained by the masses in the United States, in 1849, than could have been disseminated in twenty years, by all the common schools from Maine to Texas. The all-absorbing topic of conversation and subject of geographical research, were the nearest and most expeditious routes to the newly discovered El Dorado. The dreary passage around Cape Horn, seemed interminable to the impatient Hotspurs who were eager to delve into California's golden mountains at once. The route through Mexico seemed hazardous to a people passing it on a peaceful expedition, who had just returned from that country as victorious soldiers. The routes through Texas and New Mexico had been but little explored and were consequently but little known. To cross the plains through our own territories required patience, as no trains would start until the opening of spring, and with the *yellow* fever raging in one's brain, three months' delay was equal to a century in ordinary times. The Isthmus of Darien seemed to offer the greatest inducements to the California-bound adventurer, and in common with thousands of others, I determined to embark for Chagres.

The steamer Galveston sailed from New Orleans for that port on the 15th of February, 1849, with as cheerful a lot of passengers as ever trod a deck. We bade good-bye to our friends on the levee, and steamed down the river, with light hearts and bright hopes. A "pocket full of rocks," seemed to glimmer in the bright future. Not a man upon that steamer could have been induced to change his prospects for the best plantation on the Tombigbee. But alas! how many were leaving happy homes, affectionate wives, loving sweethearts, and peaceful children, never to revisit them; to endure sickness and death among strangers, or be laid in the cold grave far from all their hearts held dear, without a kindred sigh of regret at their departure, or a hallowed tear-drop to moisten the ground that shut their forms forever from the world. Gold! gold! thou hast been the author of a thousand ills, as well as comforts, to mankind! Wert thou as precious as the dews of Heaven, and a hundred times as abundant as thou art, thou couldst never repay the sorrow, the anguish, the misery, and the forlornness thou hast created! Thou canst not at eventide, fill the vacant chair in the family circle, which thou has bereft of its occupant; thou canst not relieve the sorrow thou hast created in the widow's heart, nor return the father thou hast taken from the orphan; nor canst thou render back its wonted sunshine to the mother's grief-worn face, whom thou has deprived of her sole prop in the decline of years—her darling, perhaps her only son.

We had been but a few days at sea, when an accident occurred to the machinery of our steamer, which forced us to put into Balize, Honduras. Here we were informed that we could easily cross the continent from Omoa, (a town situated at the head of the Bay of Honduras,) and a party, among whom was myself, composed of seventeen passengers, organized themselves

into a company for that purpose. Sixteen hours sailing up the island-studded Bay of Honduras, brought us to the hut-built city of Omoa.

The only object of interest which we found here, was a dilapidated fortress, built about a century and a half ago by the Spaniards. For want of proper care, it is fast going to ruin. Its loop-holed parapets are crumbling into dust, and its time-worn bastions are cracked and tottering. Damp and dismal chambers, opening on the interior, are used as cells for criminals, whilst indentations in the wall facing the town serve as barracks for the starvelings called soldiers. One leaves this place with a feeling of regret that the people who once possessed the energy to erect such a monument of their enterprise as this, should have degenerated into the apathetic race which now ekes out a scanty existence among the nations of the earth.

We chartered a train of mules and muleteers to convey our baggage to Puerta-la-Union, a town situated on the Pacific slope, in the State of San Salvador, at the head of the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded on our journey. To the admirer of the grand and beautiful in nature, our route afforded ample opportunity of gratification.—Here, the trail winds its sinuous way around a mountain,

"High as huge Olympus,"

and anon ascends to its very summit. On either side, shading the cerulean vault from view, the majestic mahogany tree rises high above our heads, and joins its branches in an arch embrace; pending beneath its dense leaves we see the oval nut containing its reproductive seed. All around we find ourselves enclosed by the luxurious vegetation of the country. Several species of the cactus, the mescal, the wild plantain, and the mango bush, grow so densely that but here and there you can see an aperture, through which beams a lank ray of the tropical sunlight. Quadrupeds, disturbed by our approach, dart wildly into the foliage, and disappear from view. The very atmosphere is musical with concordant warblings of nature's feathered musicians. Suddenly we emerge from this picturesque scene, and find ourselves on the brink of an abrupt mountain. The altitude is so great, that we experience the frigid chill of a northern atmosphere. Far, far beneath, winds the serpentine road, until, at length, it so diminishes to our sight, as to resemble a cord laid carelessly along the ground. Uninterrupted by any obstruction, our view encompasses an immense valley, intersected here and there with sparkling rivulets, "meandering onward to the deep." Its green carpet is studded with unpretending, tiny habitations. One among the number, looms high above the rest: It is God's house. Hark! the wind brings to our listening ears, the dying tones of a church bell! Our muleteers prostrate themselves, for it is tolling the hour at which the faithful repeat the *Angelus Domini*.

We turn to the north and west, and in the far distance we discover the misty tops of the Cordilleras; to the east, we see the turbulent bosom of the ocean, "lashing itself into fury;" to the south, and as our gaze is fixed on the magnificent scene before us, we are lost in admiration and amazement —we ponder, and we adore God!

The exquisite view we had from Mount Beautiful (so we christened the delightful spot I have described) had such an effect upon us, that we found ourselves but little impressed, comparatively, with the picturesque magnificence afterwards witnessed, although we frequently passed through scenes of grandeur and beauty that would challenge the admiration of the tourist.

In about six days after our departure from Omoa, our stock of provisions was exhausted, and we were obliged to habituate our stomachs to the *cuisine* of the natives. We camped for the night at a small town called Santiago, near the river Llayapa, (locally famed for its wealth in silver mines,) and, after our customary precautions in placing a guard over the baggage, and making our camp fires, several of us started into town on a foraging expedition. We had not proceeded far along the main street before our ears were saluted in the true vernacular:

"Tare and 'ouns, ef that phiz' hasn't the looks of Erin stamped on it!"

Being somewhat astonished to hear anything approaching to the King's English in that region, we naturally turned to view the speaker. Standing in the door of a more than ordinary looking *casa*, we saw as fair a specimen of an Irishman as you would meet in a day's walk, smiling and making all sorts of bowings. We approached him, made the usual conventional inquiries, and asked what fortuitous decree of Providence had located him there.

"Och, faix! it's a long story. Come inside gintlemen and accommodate yoursilves to a sate."

We entered the *casa*, and seated ourselves on a rude bench of home manufacture. Our new acquaintance retired to the back part of the house, but soon returned with a calabash and a couple of gourds.

"Sure it's a good wind blowed ye this way. Och, it's an awful relafe to the eyes to see the unadulterated, homemade boys. Here, gintlemen, take a dhrop of this an' it'll do ye a power of good," said he, handing us the calabash and gourds. "If it's not as good as the rale poteen, sure it's the best they have in these parts. Whisht!" said he, turning to me, "you need'nt be delicate about taking it: it's a poor cow that runs dhry on the first milking."

The liberality of our generous host caused us to drink rather freely of the liquor, and we were soon in a talkative vein. Señor Don Patricio O'Blennis, as our host was called by the members of his household, gave orders to prepare supper for us, and despatched one of his native dependents to our camp with a bounteous supply of jerked beef, yams, and *frijoles*, and a gourd filled with *aguardiente*, for the use of our comrades. It was not long before a liberal repast was spread out upon the table, and we busily engaged in discussing its merits. Amongst our party was a countryman of O'Blennis, named Ryan, who, by the way, had been a soldier in our army in Mexico, and spoke tolerable Spanish, a desideratum which we greatly appreciated. They engaged in conversation and soon formed a warm friendship. "May I ask," said Ryan, "what part of the old country you came from?"

"I was born in the County Kerry, but airly removed to a place called Drymeleague, in the County Cork. Och, but that's the divel's own place for a skrimmage. Your pardon, Mr. Elward," said he, addressing himself to one of my comrades; "can I help you to a morsel of this dish? No! Well, it's rally quare how we all are prejudiced at ating *iguana* the first time. It was so with myself, but by dint of persevairance, I've made myself belave it's aiqual to tendher pullet."

We had often seen the hideous animal called "iguana" on the route, and had heard that the natives considered it, when cooked, *un morceau récherché;*

but our stomachs were not, as yet, sufficiently acclimated to relish what we looked upon as a "lizard *fricassée*."

"Well, as I was saying, Mr. Ryan," continued our host, "Drymeleague and a broken head are all one in the dictionary. Bad cess to the Fair Day or St. Patrick's iver passed widout the whole town nadeing the doctor. Good luck, or bad luck, it's one of thim skrimmages I may thank for being now secrated in this out-of-the-way place."

"Indeed," said Ryan, "I would like to hear that adventure. It must be interesting.

"Well, if it's agrayable to yez, I'll tell you the long and short of it."

We all repeated the request that he would relate the story. After a bumper of *aguardiente* O'Blennis commenced:

"Ye must know, thin, to comminee at the beginning, that in the ould counthry, on Fair Days, the boys and girls gather into the town from all parts, to dhrink and enjoy themsilves. One Bridget O'Connor, whom I had some pretinsions to, was there, among the rest. I met her in the morning, and av coorse made my salutations to her.

"'Top o' the morning to you Miss Bridget,' says I, 'how do you find yourself this fine morning?'

"'Very well *Misther* O'Blennis,' says she, just as cowld as you plase, and turned around to Tim Donovan, and commenced talking very purtly to him.

"Wh-h-ew! thinks I, what's the maning of all this. Surely I thought it was draming I was. But no; there she was—Bridget O'Connor—and she smiling and laughing wid Tim. Donovan and turning her back on *Misther* O'Blennis. The blood of the O'Blennises was up, and I had made up my mind to make Tim Donovan pay the affront Biddy had given me.

"To dhrown my agitation I tuk several dhrops uv poteen, and by the time night came I was a match for the best man in the parish. Widow Dolan, that kept a *sheebeen*, or public house in Drymeleague, had given me an invitation to a ball she was to give that night, and whin the hour arrived I was in illegant humor to dance a hornpipe or break a head. In I goes to the room, where two blind fiddlers were playing the 'Rocky Road to Dublin,' and the floor covered with boys and girls who were shaking the dust off their brogues, as if they wuld wear out their feet. At one ind of the room, who should I see but Biddy and Tim swinging and hugging aich other at ivery turn of the tune. I never lifted my eyes off the pair till the dance was finished, when up I steps to Biddy, and says I, in the purlitest imaginable manner;

"'Miss O'Connor, may ask the pleasure of your company in the nixt jig?'

"'Misther O'Blennis,' says she, 'I'm engaged.'

"'Well, then, the nixt?' says I.

"'Sure, I'm engaged for that too,' says she.

"'And the nixt?

"'Engaged, also. The fact is, *Misther* O'Blennis, I'm engaged for the whole avening!'

"'Indade,' says I, somewhat astoonished; 'and. by your love, may I ask who to?'

"'To Misther Donovan,' and she turned her head from me.

"I was in a terrible rage, and the dhrink I had in didn't at all tind to cool me. I turned to Bridget, and commenced talking in a loud voice; says I:

"'Biddy O'Connor, ye think yersilf above dacent paple since your uncle died, and left you a ten-acre farm barrin' nine, wid a brindle cow and a litter of pigs, and a mud house. I've seen the time I wuddn't flip a happenny to be the Lord Leftenant; but thin I didn't put on the airs that the likes of ye do. Have'nt I known you, Biddy, to come to my father's to beg oat-male and praties, to give yer old crazy mother whin she had the small pock so bad none of the neigbors wud go near your house? And Tim Donovan! Who's he? Suppose he has a few hundred pounds (which the Lord knows whether he came by honestly,) does that make him

anything but an impudent upstart.'

"And so I went on, till the first thing I knew I saw Tim squaring himself for me. I picked up a bog-shtick that was handy, and in I pitched into Donovan. The room was soon cleared of the women, and the min were divided into two parties,—some for Tim. and some for mysilf. Tim and me had it right and left, until I saw an opportunity, and gave him a blow over the head wid my shillelah that laid him shtiff on the ground. Barney O'Keefe came up to me, and said:

"'For the Lord's sake, Pat, run; you've kilt Tim Donovan, and we'll all be hanged.'

"I was sobered in a minute, and saw the awkward perdicament I was in; but it was too late. The Sheriff, who was in town came in and arrested me in the name of the Queen, and the nixt day I was taken to Bantry. At the next sessions I was thried for manslaughter (for, rest his soul! poor Tim died,) and I was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Biddy, poor thing! came to the jail and saw me before I was shipped. She was in a terrible state of mind, and blamed herself for the whole transaction.

"I didn't remain long in the employ of the government at Hobart-Town; for, shortly after I arrived, an American whaling ship came into port, and amongst her crew was one Jim Delaney, I had known in Bantry in former times. Jim arranged a plan to shtow me away on the vessel whin she was ready to sail, which succeeded. After a long cruize in the South saas we came this side of the line. Our vessel, unfortunately, sprang alake during a heavy gale, and we were obliged to take to the boats. Poor Jim got into the one with the first mate, and must have aither perished from hunger or dhrowned, as I niver heard of them or the boat since. We, afther much suffering, rached Puerta-la-Union, and were sent across the continent by the American agent at that port; but whin I got as far as this place I was captivated by a dark-eyed señorita, and came to the conclusion to cast anchor in Santiago. So, you pércave, Mr. Ryan, how the Drymeleague skrimmage brought me here."

We were all highly interested with O'Blennis' story, which, from the quaint manner in which he told it, ever since has been as fresh in my mind as though it were told but yesterday.

We passed the rest of the evening in social converse, alternating our jokes, stories, and songs with bumpers of *aguardiente*, and the "wee hours ayant the twal" had crowded upon us before we bid good night to the jovial and generous O'Blennis.

At daylight we were stirring and preparing for our departure. I must confess that I awoke with a very uncomfortable headache. My scalp felt as if it had been tightened to its utmost tension; or as Elward suggested, "my head had swollen too large for my scalp."

We were soon ready for the road, and as we passed O'Blennis' door, we saw him hurrying out. He beckoned us to the house, and Ryan and myself went over to him.

"Come in boys," said he, taking us by the arm, "come in and thry a dhrop afore ye lave."

I told him I had a severe headache, and was afraid to drink any more.

"Whisht," said he, "I have a bottle of the best medicine for that ye iver tasted—some pure *conyac*. Tare and 'ouns, I only had one bottle, and I was ashamed to bring it out last night, knowing that it wudn't go round."

The inducement was great, and in we stepped. O'Blennis went to a shelf and took down a bottle on which he lavished the most extravagant praises. We filled and drank each other's health, and I must say that I have ever since had the impression that that was the best brandy I ever tasted.

O'Blennis accompanied us a couple of miles on the road, before we parted company. The generous Irishman

shook us cordially by the hand, wishing us "God speed," and as he turned to leave us a flood of tears rolled down his manly cheeks. Ryan and myself walked on our road a long distance, without exchanging a word. He had his handkerchief out most of the time, and feigned to need it about his nasal organ; but I noticed, that he always ended by using a corner of it at his eyes, and, reader, is it necessary to mention it, regret at leaving caused me to imitate him?

The rest of our route across the continent was void of incidents of interest. We passed through the city of Comayagua (the capital of Honduras) the day after a battle between two aspirants for the Presidency. We were told these contentions were of common occurrence, and, from their frequency lost the nature of remarkable events.

On the twenty-second day after leaving Omoa, we arrived in Puerta-la-Union, on the Pacific—a town totally barren of everything that would interest the tourist. There was no vessel in port we could charter to bring us to California, and it was impossible to form any idea when there would be an arrival that would afford us a passage.

To the indomitable spirit of energy that characterizes the American, there is "no such word as fail;" and under any circumstances, as we had started for California, it was proposed that, instead of leading an indolent life awaiting a problematical opportunity of sailing to San Francisco, we should *build a vessel!* capable of taking us there. The proposition, at first seemed utterly impracticable, as, with the exception of timber, but little material could be procured for building a vessel. To those who have courage and perseverance' however nothing in reason is impossible. All the old pieces of iron and rope that could be scraped together in the country were brought into requisition. We laid the keel of our vessel on the 17th of March, and on the 17th day of May, we sailed from Puerta-la-Union, on board the *José Castro*, a fifteen ton vessel, named after the Commandante of the Port, who had extended us every facility in his power to procure the necessary material.

I will not fatigue the reader by relating the many and wearying experiences of the voyage. Let it suffice to mention that we put into nearly every port upon the coast between the Gulf of Conchagua and the port of San Francisco, and as our vessel was too small to carry a sufficiency of water and provisions, we were nearly the whole time on short allowance.

After *one hundred and forty-five days*, (on the tenth day of October, 1849,) we entered the bay of San Francisco, our hearts overflowing with an excess of joy, that at last after so much privation and suffering, we could look upon the golden hills of California, and feel that the goal of our hopes was reached, and that our long, long journey was at an end.

Women endure pain, poverty, and the severest misfortune with more fortitude than men, but melt at the first harsh words from those they love. With her own heart open before her, no true mother can speak harshly to her child—the tone would rend the little tendrils of affection that are clinging to her, and, like vines in spring, ruthlessly cut, they might bleed with a fatal hindrance to health.

THE VINE BY MY FATHER'S DOOR.

BY A. M. BATES.

Oh! the vine that grew by my father's door,
With a dark and lonely shade;
How the sunbeams wandered there of yore,
And amid the leaflets played:
And the summer wind that wandered by,
Had no music sound before
It wakened delicate melody
In the vine by my father's door.

White was the cottage and low was the roof,
The eaves were both old and brown,
But the leaves lay there in emerald woofs,
Till the zephyrs brushed them down:
Bright pearls of dew in prismatic hue,
'Neath the sunbeam starred them o'er,
And the rain-drops lay, like pale sea spray,
O'er the vine by my father's door.

Its foliage came in the early spring,
With the April sun and shower,
When the blue birds first began to sing,
And wakened the daisy flower: [away,
I've watched in the time that has wandered
Full many a night of yore,
To see the light of the young moon stray,
O'er the vine by my father's door.

When summer was rich in her wealth of balm,
And her flowers of gold and flame,
To the glossy leaves in the misty dawn,
The bee and the hum bird came:
They gathered sweets from the bells of bloom,
Till they tumbled o'er and o'er,
And a faint perfume stole up to my room,
From the vine by my father's door.

When autumn came with its ripened grain,
And its garb of rainbow dye,
And the harvest moon hung bright again,
O'er the cornfields and the rye:
As the reaper gathered in the sheaves
From the fertile fields once more,
Brightly the frost king tinted the leaves
Of the vine by my father's door.

But oh! our home is desolate now,
And echoes no mortal tread,
Tall, rank weeds, in the garden grow,
'Mid the pinks of white and red:
Gone is the mirth and cheerful sounds,
That were 'neath that roof of yore,
But still the wind goes wandering round
The vine by my father's door.

Greenly it hangs o'er the time worn sill,
And the rooftree old and gray,
But the fresh and bounding hearts are still,
That under it used to play:
Oh! the *voice of the past* is 'mid the leaves,
That sigh as they did of yore,
And I weep o'er love's dismantled sheaves,
'Neath the vine by the father's door.

SONCOOK, Aug. 1856.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII.—The mad king of Sweden, as he was called by some of his cotemporaries, was a pledged man, if not a member of a teetotal society. Charles, as every body knows, in the commencement of his career drank to great excess. In one of his drunken bouts, he so far overstepped the limits of propriety as to treat the Queen, his mother, with great disrespect. The next day, on being informed of his rudeness, he took a glass of wine in his hand, and repared to the Queen's room. "Madam," said he to her, "I have been informed that yesterday, in my cups, I forgot myself towards you. I come to ask your pardon, and to prevent a recurrence of such a fault I drink this glass to your health, it shall be the last during my life." He kept his word, and from that day never tasted wine. In his subsequent life, no king was ever known to have undergone greater hardships, and no man to have enjoyed better health than this cold water monarch.

Splendid qualities break forth in dark times like lightning from a thunder cloud.

AN old Vermont lady was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged?

"I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about nominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. I.

"Like the gloom of night retiring,
When in splendor beams the day,
Hope again my heart inspiring,
Doubt and fear shall chase away."

Fill up your glass again, old friend: come, light another of those prime Havanas—and, as the influence of the old wine sends a glow to our hearts, and the aroma of the balmy herb steals over our senses with its dreamy influence, I will try and tell you some reminiscences of old '49—a year, fraught with the reality of romance, of danger met, of difficulties overcome, of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of dreams, wild as Eastern fable, realized—of dreams, bright and enchanting, which vanished in the night of tears—aye, bitter, bitter tears, which, in their weeping agony, struck down many a noble, manly heart, never to rise again, and silvered the raven locks of youth, long before the time. Still, there is a fascination in the memories of that time, which those of us who mingled in its whirl and excitement, call back with delight and intense longing for such days again. Aye, even here, old comrade, amid this quiet, this comfort, this happiness which I now realize, I feel a pang, almost amounting to pain, at the thought that I shall never see their like again. It is almost ever thus. The traveller, from the burning tropics, treading the soil of his native land; the ship-wrecked mariner, rescued from the reef, and arrived safely in the haven of rest; the soldier, home from the battle field, dreaming, perchance, amid the very flowers of life, and the peaceful pleasures of his own fireside, of the excitement and dangers of the camp, often feels stealing over his heart a yearning to mingle again in the "war of elements;" to hear the low booming sound of the cannon, the whistle of the shot, the cry of agony, and the shout of victory. So with the unquiet soul, who, wandering over this broad earth in search of fortune and adventure, is oftentimes the subject of an ever restless feeling which mocks the stillness and quietude of his earthly heaven, after it is gained by much privation, exposure, and often at the risk of life itself: eager for the days of adventure back again. Back again! how my blood tingles at the thought boiling up as it does with the old lava of my youth. Ah! I can call them here—the spirits of departed hours, old friends, true friends, with strong hands and great hearts, who were my comrades beneath the giant pines, and mid the scenes of the camp and watch-fires high up in the eternal Sierras, and which are before me now with their light flashing in the ruddy, joyous faces that sat around. But I wander from our night of hope.

Ours was a rare old ship—the *Sally Ann*, with a square, broad bow, and a square, broad stern, which for eight months bumped the huge waves like a great leviathan. What were the knots got out of her in a gale of wind I know not now, but I well recollect our Captain in a state of ecstasy when, for a few hours on one eventful day, she bumped out six knots per hour, right dead before the wind. Then, in anticipation, we were mining in the great hills of the *terra incognita* of our hopes. She creaked in the fashion of a "fine old craft, all of the olden time," and tacked and hove to, and then carried

away a studding-sail-boom, by way of variety. Sailing on the Atlantic, in due course of the lazy months we crossed the line, doubled Cape Horn, and soon were gliding along the Pacific, in an Indian clime dreaming away the weary hours, and right glad were we to be off the coast of California, and standing in for the heads towards San Francisco.

It was gloomy when we neared the land; heavy fog had gathered all around us, but by and by when it lifted up a little, right ahead of us towered the high mountains of the northern coast, hiding their lofty heads in the curtain of the mist. We were close upon it, and could see the white waves rolling and breaking upon the sandy shore, and the trees and herbage growing upon the hills.

Land ahead! oh, it is a glorious cry! giving birth to an ecstasy of feeling known only to the wanderer on the deep. Oh, mother Earth! how we loved thee then! How we longed to spring with fleet bounds from our tardy sailing prison and climb thy glorious hills; to run, and gambol in thy green glades; to feel the firm earth beneath our feet, and to pluck, in our wild delight, the wild flowers of thy love and throw them aloft in our jubilee. This, in reality, is a sensation, which almost repays by its delight, for the weary dreaming of a long and dreary voyage.

"Ready about!" "Aye, aye, sir!" was the word, and the dear old ship was round with a jaunty quickness that made our Captain boast that there was some life in the old craft yet. As we made for the Golden Gate the bright stars shone down in beauty from the deep blue arch of heaven, sending a radiance and a glory on the peaks of the hills and the islands off the shore. Far out to sea a heavy fog hung like a pall around the lake of dancing light, but it soon lifted up and rolled away, showing lights around us on every side, like rival stars to those above us, as they rise and fall with the rolling of the sea. Ships from all parts of the world are our companions for the night, and their lights sent a glow of pleasure to our hearts as they glanced across the waters to our ship. They were also steering for the land of gold. Our pulses beat quick, and our hearts were brave that night, as we gathered in knots here and there upon the deck, and spoke in tones of gladness of our fortunes in the unknown land, and the friendly clasp was given, and we promised, aye, swore, to stand by each other in the hour of need, like brothers in a band, and, from our unity of action, were to bear down all opposition, and become so rich that the nabobs of the land we had left would pale before the greatness of our high estate.

Ah, me! how little we knew of the ordeal we had to pass through—of the selfishness of human nature; of the privations; of the struggles; of the sickness of mind and body we had yet to meet; of friend forsaking friend; of brother deserting brother; aye, son and sire forgetting their tie of relationship. Still, we were brothers on that night, and each one sought his couch, his heart filled with the warm glow of friendship, and the light from a golden future beaming in his face.

Yet ours was no holy brotherhood: we were linked to each other by no lofty or enobling ties, no true aspira-

tions, no ardent devotion. Oh no, for in truth we were worshippers of a false divinity, and our friendships were but selfish interests, guarding self from the misty shadows of coming time. And our prayers that night went not up to the Father in Heaven, but we bowed our heads in adoration to the visions of heaped gold, glittering from the mine, which was to be to us the key of earth's heaven—of man's friendship and woman's love.

They left me, one by one, and I was, as it were, alone on the deck of the *Sally Ann*, leaning over the taffrail, looking out into the night, and up into the light of the stars; and their silent influence stirred up memories of the past, and my heart was full of love. Aye, I, Harry, the boy whom men called cold and hard, the stern and grasping man of business, the schemer and speculator—I, dreamt, my boy, of love, and of a fair young girl, in a far off land, whose eyes, perchance, might be looking into the light of the same stars with me, thinking of the absent one who had gone to seek fortune for her sake alone; and back to me now comes the boy dream of my love. Strange magic spell, over which space and time hath no control! Dwellest thou, alike, in the hearts of the innocent as in the hearts of the guilty? Livest thou ever on, through change and time, till old age, till death—aye, onward in the spirit land? I knew not then, but I had my answer in the years to come.

"*Call the watch!*" "*Ready about!*" "*Aye, aye, sir*"—startled me from my reveries, and I retired below. So ended our night of hope upon the sea.

"The morn is up again—the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom;
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if the earth contained no tomb."

And so the morn was up with us: the bright, the glorious morn. And the sun's beams lit up the ocean and the land; the mountains of the coast were radiant with his glory, and the wavelets of the sea, and the surf on the shore, were sparkling and glowing in his light. On the deck of our old ship were gathered the dreamers of the night—looking at that land of hope, and at a sight which rarely falls to the lot of man to witness, for not less than a hundred ships were now in sight, their white sails bent like racers, all steering for the break in the mountain chain, which we had learned, by this time, was the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay. "They come, yes, still they come." The gold-seekers from a thousand homes, the self-exiled from many a different clime. Science triumphant over space and time, danger and difficulty: the trackless ocean, the dark nights of storm, the reefs of unknown shores, even the wild wind which had howled in its mad fury, had been chained and harnessed for man's use, and he became victorious.

Let me call back that time, my friend. Let me feel once more the big thoughts which were within me then, as I looked upon that bold coast line and up into its high and distant hills. *But more bye and bye.*

"I say, sranger, how far is it to the next town?"

"W, ab-b-b b che-che p-p-p st-st-st stam-it! go ahead you'll g-g-get there 'fore I can t-t-tell you!"

WHEN IS OUR GEORGE COMING HOME?

Two neighbors, owning adjoining farms, and between whom a strong and pleasant friendship existed, made up their minds to journey together to California. In due season they arrived safely in San Francisco, and without loss of time made the best of their way to the mines. They were pleased with appearances, and after sundry inquries agreed that as neither of them understood the *modus operandi* of mining, it would be better, either to hire out until they knew what they were about, or seek to get an interest in a claim with a company who did understand it.

The same afternoon they both made satisfactory arrangements to join different companies, although in claims adjoining, and with a willing hand went immediately to work. In earnestness and sweat, early and late they toiled: neither the burning sun of summer, nor the chilling rain of winter, caused any loss of time to them, and were alike unheeded. The remembrance of the dear and waiting ones at home made them anxious and diligent here. But it so happened that the one claim paid remarkably well, while the other did not pay anything: yet, when they commenced working, the prospects of both were equally encouraging.

Months rolled away, and while one neighbor was rapidly amassing a fortune, the other had not even made his current expenses. Yet both had worked equally hard, and both were alike provident in their expenditures. One morning, as they sat at breakfast, for they "cabined" together, the successful one said to the other, "George, I've half a mind to sell out my claim and go home. I believe I would if I could get what it is worth.."

"What will you take?" said one of his companions.

"Two thousand dollars. For that amount you shall have my interest in the claim, tools, cabin and provisions."

"I'll give it," was the immediate rejoinder.

The bill of sale was made out, the money paid down; and in one hour from that time, the lucky neighbor was ready to start upon his journey home.

Now let us for a moment contrast the two men. The one with his heart swelling with joy and pride, thinking of those his presence will soon make glad: the other, that when his companion and friend is gone, a feeling of loneliness will be added to that of disappointment, and long will he miss the cheery converse and companionship of his kind-hearted and fortunate neighbor—even while he rejoices in his prosperity.

The thought that crowded most oppressively upon his heart was this; he could not even hope that *his* turn to visit the dear ones that were waiting to greet him at the old homestead would be likely to come *very* soon—oh, no. It is true that before the last blow was given that very day "they might strike the lead," and then—yes, *then* he too would have the prospect of going home, and in the dream of what *might* come to pass he forgets his disappointments, and as ever toils earnestly on. It is this thought that keeps hope always alive within the breast, and enables the miner to do prodigies of labor, suffer hardships almost incredible, endure privations and brave dangers that would almost appal the comfort loving souls of home.

Now, however, he cheerfully takes the labor-hardened hand of his neighbor, and although the tear of sorrowful regret rises to his eye, from the depths of a noble and earnest heart, he wishes him "Good bye, my boy, and may God bless you!" He would have added, and tell them at home the reasons *why I* do not come. However, I know you will do that for me, and do it kindly too, won't you? but he knew his friend and trusted him.

After all his old acquaintances had wished him "good bye," as they stood watching his departure, each one almost simultaneously remarked "Well, after all, he's a lucky fellow—isn't he?" "He feels all right!"—"He's got his pile," "I wish it was my turn!" as they walked away to their claims to seek, if possible, mental relief in bodily labor: and each one sighed and thought still more earnestly of his distant home.

Light-hearted and glad, the other one sped on his homeward way, and was soon welcomed with greetings and kisses from the dear ones who loved him. Neighbors and acquaintances heard of his return, and gathered around him, to ask all sorts of questions. Among the many inquirers, one of the most anxious was the wife of the unfortunate neighbor, who, with quivering lips and agonized twitches of the countenance, asked, "When is our George coming home? my George?" The thrilling earnestness of her look told the disappointment of her heart, when she heard of his discouraging misfortunes, and she again exclaimed, "Oh when, oh when is our George coming home?"

"Why, Thomas," interrogates a *neighbor*, "how is it that George has not come home with you—he went out with you, didnt he?"

"Yes, but he has not done very well, or otherwise he would have been but too glad to have come home with me."

"Why," queried the neighbor, "has he not worked well in California?"

"Yes: no man harder."

"What! has he fooled away his money, then?"

"No: no man is more careful."

"Well—that's strange. I thought everybody got rich that went to California and worked hard."

"There, neighbor, you, like many others, make a very great mistake. That I have done well, I owe to my very good fortune, and a favoring Providence, but I might have worked just as hard—as many do for years—*and made nothing:* and this you will discover, if you ever go there."

It is truly astonishing how few men, up to this very hour, ever dream of the months and years of unremitting and unrequited toil, by the miners in California, without even saving one dollar. And yet, their hopes are only surpassed by their efforts to make a fortune, or die rather than return home without it. And what is the most heart-sickening of all is that friends at home should for one moment suppose their labors are not incessant, their efforts not constant, their exertions not unwearied; or that they are improvident, and, wantonly forgetting the claims of home, squander their hard earnings in frivolities.

Did friends but know how much is borne without complaining, how much is accomplished without reward, they would, rather than censure even in thought, write encouragingly and con-

fidingly to the absent ones, and cheer them on in their struggle to gain the prize.

It is the almost certain knowledge that sooner or later, the Californian will meet with his reward, that encourages him to renewed efforts, and, rather than give it up, his noble heart feels that it would sooner cease to beat, than that he should come to the land of gold, and return without the reward, when at any moment fortune might smile upon him, and, in a few brief months give him sufficient to make a whole life comfortable.

An elderly female with a heavy figure and a superfluity of bandboxes and trunks, and an umbrella, anxiously inquired of us "which is the best steamboat for being safe to go in to Sacramento city." We thought for safety there was no particular choice. "But," she reasoned, "I am afeerd of them boats, for they explode you know, sometimes, and it 'ud be mi'ty onpleasant you know to be blowed up by 'em, and if you'll just show me one of them are steamboats what an't got no bilers in 'em, I shall be greatly obleeged to you —for *them*, you know, *can't* blow up?" We thought it very probable, and regretted our inability to give her the comforting information.

Tears do not always flow from a sad and grief stricken heart, even when they have the appearance of doing so; for instance, read what Tom Hood says on the matter:

"After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife;
But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,
He's laying her dust for fear of it's rising."

THE IRON HORSE.

Elihu Burrit, the learned blacksmith, thus eloquently discourses upon the iron horse:

"I love to see one of those huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, chemping and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would "snake" St. Peter across the Desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little, sober-eyed tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for begrimmed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery—as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

Now for ourselves we want to see this "iron horse" snorting and puffing through one of the many passes of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and as he rushes on, on, beneath the shadows of our densely timbered forests, or darts across or down our beautiful and fertile valleys; we don't care if all the Indians in creation lift up their hands in wonder at it, or fly with fear from before it. We want a Railroad.

What care we if this or that political party make it a hobby, jump astride it, and seek to ride into power upon it; all we say is—*give us the Railroad*, give it to us *somebody*—give it to us *anybody*—give it to us *everybody*. It is the RAILROAD that we want; and

we will not quarrel about the source from whence it comes. We don't care who gives it, who pays for it, or whether it pays for itself—to us that is of lesser importance, altogether. Give us the Railroad, gentlemen senators and congressmen, and give it to us *at once*. No shirking, no shuffling, no log-rolling delay, no quibbling, no subterfuges, nor substitutes. We want *the Railroad*. Yes, we, THE PEOPLE want it, *and must have it*. And please not forget that *we want it without delay! Progress* prays for it—*Commerce* waits for it—*Peace or War* demands it. Then why not give it? Besides we want "to go a visiting 'the old folks at home,'" and as we can't afford to go one way, we want to go the other; and there are many more just like us—too many. You who live in comfort and luxury at home must not forget the "red shirts" and workers here. Certainly not. Then there are a *few* of our acquaintances east of the Rocky Mountains, yet; and they wish to have a little pleasure trip to see us—"drop in to breakfast" early some morning, and after "panning out" a little gold—just enough for a finger ring,—to say good bye, and return by way of Salt Lake City, to see the "Saints" and elders, and their wives, as well as take a peep at the little saints, just to see, you know, if they are like other little people: and what is of more importance, find out if the saints of the masculine gender are simply men, or giants, that they can manage more than *one* wife.

Then, again, we want to send our friends a basket or two of our ripe luscious peaches, and a box of our "five pound bunches" of tempting, mouth-watering grapes, and a car-load or two of our forty-five pound watermelons, and a thousand other good things that we have, for dessert.

Besides there are *one* or two articles we wish to import in quantities—and the first to be mentioned is *muslin*, with a pretty, good-tempered, loving, kind-hearted, intellectual, and contented lady-love, within it; or, if you will give us the latter we will grow all that we want of the former. Now if that one consideration is not enough to tempt you to give us the Railroad, we will talk to you about China and the East Indies, and—well, all the places and things that must come and go upon this great highway towards the setting sun, and the rising of empires on the broad and beautiful Pacific, &c., &c., &c., until you go to sleep: and, on awaking, find yourself a day behind the age. The "*Iron Horse*" gentlemen, the IRON HORSE, THE IRON HORSE—give it to us *at once*, and our consequent prosperity shall tell you how much we appreciate the gift.

"MADAM ——— How is it that you are always so early at church? Because it is one part of my religion, not to interfere with the religious worship of others."

[We hope that the *gentleman* who wears creaking boots, and always enters church about the middle of the service, will, to oblige us, read the above twice over, and in future if he *will come late*, take his boots off before walking down the aisle to the farther end of the church; and when he *departs*, carry his boot-jack under his arm, in the same way he used to do his Bible!]

REMEMBER IT.—The natives upon the Isthmus of Panama have a saying concerning fruit, that it is *gold* in the morning, *silver* at noon, and *lead* at night.

ANNIE WHITTINGHAM.

Howard Whittingham, after closing the store for the night, seated himself in his little back room, and counted his gold. It was a small pile, and he looked dissatisfied. "It is five long years," said he to himself, "since I left my wife, my little ones and my dear old home in Baltimore—for what? Gold! yes, gold! and I have made but this paltry sum, after all my toil, privation, suffering, and hair-breadth escapes, I have only five thousand dollars in ready money. To be sure, I have my store filled with goods, all paid for; and a pretty cottage, too. With this sum I might furnish it comfortably, and send for my wife. There's no use in waiting to get rich. I would as soon die at once as lead this hermit's life. But will she come, when I tell her she will have to live in a cottage, and dispense with the luxuries to which she has been accustomed all her life? Of course she will prefer her husband's society to all the luxuries the world affords, without him. At least, she ought. I will write at once, and ask her to come out."

The letter (extolling our mild, delightful climate and beautiful country; and, above all, the cottage home, waiting only its fair tenant to make it the most lovely and romantic place imaginable,) was written, sealed and sent.

Howard Whittingham was the only son of a wealthy planter in Maryland. He lost his mother in infancy, and was early sent north and placed under the care of a maiden aunt, where he remained at school until he completed his education, paying occasionally, in vacation, a short visit to his paternal home. At the age of twenty-two he married Annie Walton, a young lady of Baltimore, whose beauty won his admiration. Her features were regular, her complexion fair as the lily, with soft blue eyes and flaxen ringlets. A sort of wax doll beauty, and born to be but a pet or a plaything.

Four years after Howard Whittingham's marriage, his father died, leaving his son sole heir to his estate.

He entered largely, and less cautiously, into the speculations in which his father was engaged, at the time of his death, that, in imagination, yielded a large profit, but resulted, in reality, in failure, and, ere two years had expired, instead of being a millionaire, as he expected, he became a bankrupt.

Annie, now the mother of three children, with less beauty and more brains than herself, was quite distressed at the idea of giving up their princely residence, carriage and servants. Although Whittingham had been for some time in trouble, and often spoke of it to Annie, she paid little attention—invariably replying, "Don't bother me with your business affairs. It is something I never trouble myself about."

At such times, Howard thought and wished that his wife would pay less attention to dress and more to his comforts. He still loved Annie dearly, and could not bear to see her deprived of her luxuries; yet, it was impossible to keep up their present style of living.

He collected what he could of his scattered wealth, placed his family in less expensive quarters, allowing Annie to still retain the carriage, though he could ill afford it, and handed the remainder, which was but a small sum, to a friend named Benton, to be paid her in monthly installments, reserving just enough to pay his passage to California.

He arrived in San Francisco at the close of the year 1849, and soon secured a situation in a mercantile house then just established. He remained clerk but a few months, for his employer became so well pleased with him, that he admitted him a partner in the concern. Now, thought he, I will soon return home, a millionaire indeed.

But fortune frowned again. Fire, that devouring element, in one short hour reduced their store, with its valuable stock of merchandise, to ashes. All that was saved was a few thousand dollars with which to commence busi-

ness again. Nothing daunted, the firm with which Whittingham still continued, started anew, and was fairly launched in business again, when they were a second time burned out. The elements seemed to war against them. Yet they were not the only sufferers by the tremendous conflagrations of 1850. Many firms, like theirs, went down to rise no more. Disheartened, Howard Whittingham, after this last misfortune, started for the mines; but, unused to toil, he soon gave up mining, and opened a small store. Having acquaintances in San Francisco, through them he procured goods, and was making money slowly, but steadily, as we find him at the commencement of our story. He had now been five years in California. Three years of that time he had passed in G———.

His wife, who had through all his reverses, lived in good style on his hard earnings, did not relish the idea of following her husband to California, to live in the country, in a cottage. But a good opportunity offering, and having no plausible reason for declining, she, with her family, set sail. Benton, who had long wished to visit California, accompanied her. The voyage was a long one to him, for Mrs. Whittingham was, if possible, more inanimate than ever: the nurse was seasick a great part of the way, and the care of the younger Whittinghams devolved on him. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that he first beheld San Francisco. Mrs. Whittingham exerted herself to go up on deck.

"Oh, my!" said she, "is that San Francisco? It looks like a desert, with shanties scattered over it. I think it is dreadful."

"Sahara would be welcome to me," said Benton, "anything to get out of this."

Howard Whittingham was among the first to jump on board. His wife looked about the same as when he left her, five years before, but the young misses of six, eight, and ten, had grown entirely out of his knowledge. He could scarcely realize that they were the same prattling children that he left behind him.

"How old you look, Papa," said Eleanor, the eldest, "your hair is quite gray. I think Mr. Benton was mistaken, in saying you were about his age."

"I have seen care and trouble, my child. You cannot realize all that I have gone through. But let us away to more comfortable quarters."

Benton followed, leading the little girls, and muttering to himself, that if he had such a wife he would set her in the China closet.

Whittingham stopped a week in San Francisco, that his family might recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and then took them to his home in G———.

Benton and the little misses enjoyed the sail up the Sacramento river, and were delighted with the new and ever changing scenery. Arriving at the city of Sacramento, they stayed but a short time, and then proceeded to their home in the mountains.

The stage was crowded with miners. Some returning to their homes; others going to the country in search of employment. Their coarse and soiled clothing attracted the attention of Mrs. Whittingham, and she drew her shawl more closely around her, and crowded herself farther back into the corner, that she might not come in contact with them, and was astonished to hear her husband make himself familiar with such rough and uncouth fellows.

It was quite dark when they arrived in G———: so Mrs Whittingham lost the fine view of the little village, of which her husband had given her such a glowing description. Assisted up the steps, she entered the cottage and took a hasty survey of the interior. The parlor, dining-room, kitchen, with closets, and sleeping-rooms, were duly inspected, and Mrs. Whittingham sat down quite exhausted.

"My dear, you make no comment," said her husband, as he assisted her to

untie her bonnet. "Pray tell me," said he, smilingly, "if it is not better than you expected?"

"I cannot say that I am pleased with what I have seen," languidly replied his wife, "the most I want, at present, is rest: perhaps things will look better in the morning."

Benton, who was making himself generally useful, bringing in the baggage, and setting things to rights, muttered to himself, as he heard Mrs. W.'s reply: "I defy anybody to suit her. She came with the fixed determination not to like anything in California. It is the first time I have ever seen her show any decision of character at all."

The little girls were delighted with their new home, and were gaily skipping from one room to another, and peeping into the closets and cupboards, to the great annoyance of Maggie, the maid of all work, who was trying to arrange the tea-table.

Mr. Whittingham looked sad as he seated himself at the table. He was disappointed that his wife did not find something to commend in their new abode. But when he looked at his three rosy, merry children, who were eagerly devouring the eatables, a smile passed over his countenance.

Soon after supper, Mrs. Whittingham and the children retired. "I am afraid," said Whittingham to Benton, when they were left to themselves, "that Annie is not going to like California. What do you think?"

"I think," said Benton, "that she came (as many other ladies have done before her,) prepared to find fault with everything."

"She was always delicate, and has not yet recovered from the effects of the journey, Benton. Perhaps, in a few days, things will look better to her."

"Perhaps so," replied Benton. "At all events, the children are happy as birds uncaged, and that is worth something."

Benton stopped but a few days with the Whittinghams. Annie's discontent rather increased than diminished, when she was introduced to their neighbors, two of whom turned out to be the veritable men of the stage whose rough dress had so disgusted her.

"Must I associate with these people?" said she to her husband, one day, after some callers had departed. "The butcher's, the baker's and the milkman's families have called to-day, made themselves provokingly familiar, and insisted on my sending the children over to spend the day, and calling early myself. This is a little too much. I hope, Howard, you do not expect me to mix with or associate with this rough set."

"You can do as you like, Annie. But let me assure you, rough and uncouth as they appear now, they have, most of them, seen the time when they have moved in as good society as either you or I. Our butcher is a man of talent and learning; was for several years Judge of A——a county, Ohio. Misfortune came upon him, as it has on me; he left his country to better his condition, and, as he found no practice here, was obliged to do something to keep his wife and little ones from starving. Our house carpenter, too, is a lawyer, from Maine, and finding that driving nails paid better than lying idle he went to work, and is now quite wealthy. He owns one-fourth of the houses in this place, nearly all of which he has built himself. Do not attempt, after this, my dear, to judge of a person's abilities by his employment here. In California, and all over the world, every honest employment ought to be considered honorable."

"Well," said Annie, "you cannot deny but that they are rough."

"Certainly, they are, Annie; but you must realize that most of them have been a long time away from home and the refining society of ladies. I do not say you shall associate with them, but those that have called are among my best friends and customers, and I am, in a measure, dependent on them. I cannot say what effect your

refusing to call will have on my business."

"Very well. I do not wish to ruin your trade, and I cannot bring my mind to associate with these people. So I will go back to San Francisco, and stay through the winter."

"How foolish that would be, Annie. I could not possibly leave my business for any length of time."

"Stay here, then, if you prefer it."

"If I prefer, Annie? On this little store I depend, for all the comforts we are to have through the winter. Will you not stay with me? Speak out plainly, and it shall be as you wish. And though the expense will be greater, and the children will be deprived of the out of door exercise they enjoy so much, still, you may go, and I will live as I have done for the past five years, alone."

When Benton returned to G——— he found Whittingham keeping "bachelor's hall." Mrs. Whittingham had gone to the city with the children, and taken Maggie, the house-keeper, to assist in taking care of them; thus leaving her husband entirely alone, to take care of himself as best he might.

"Upon my word, Howard, you take things coolly," said Benton, when he heard how things were. "As short a time as I have been here I have learned enough of California, to know better than that."

"Than what?" said Howard, opening his eyes.

"Why, letting a pretty little woman, like Annie, go to San Francisco to live in gaiety while you are here drudging at the mines. The next thing you will hear will be an elopement, or a divorce case."

"'Pshaw, Benton, what have you seen in Annie to justify such an opinion?"

"Only this, she is fond of flattery and finery, therefore, may be easily won. There, she will receive a great deal of attention, as her ears will be filled with compliments; you had better by far send her home."

"Benton, you are as jealous a cur as ever lived, I think." "My wife is not accustomed to country life, and she did not like this. I gave my consent to her going."

"Very kind of you Howard. If she loved you as she ought, she would stay by your side, and try to make you happy as you deserve to be, and not take herself off in that kind of style, and leave you to spend these long winter evenings alone."

Whittingham knew his wife was thoughtless, and a little selfish, yet he had no fear of elopement, or a divorce; still, after what Benton had said, he almost regretted having allowed her to go to the city, and after thinking the matter over for a time, wrote to her, expressing a wish that she would return.

After a long delay her answer came, saying, that she was having a delightful time, and could not think of returning to the dull country at present; and ended by saying, that she was very sorry he found it lonely without her. If he wished, she would send the children back, for they were some trouble to her now, for Maggie had taken offence that morning and left; consequently she should have to stay in doors that evening, though she had made a positive engagement to attend the theatre with a young friend of her's, by the name of Esmond, whom she should be most happy to introduce to him.

"Ye gods! Is the woman mad?" said Whittingham, crumpling the letter in his hand, and pacing rapidly up and down the apartment.

Benton, who was always by when not wanted, muttered to himself, "not mad; a lack of brains is the great trouble."

Whittingham passed a sleepless night, and early the next morning started for San Francisco. Owing to an accident in the machinery, it was eleven o'clock, one hour later than usual, when the boat reached the wharf.

It was a bright and beautiful evening; the moon was shining softly down on the smooth waters, and rocky islands

of the bay; but Whittingham was in no mood to enjoy the scene. Immediately on landing, he hurried to the hotel where his family was staying, and passed rapidly through the hall that led to his wife's apartments. He rapped twice, and was at last admitted by his eldest daughter Eleanor, who was aroused from sleep by the loud knocking at the door.

"Oh papa! dearest papa!" said she, springing into his arms, "I am so glad you have come, Ada and Clara have cried for you every night, and we have all been so lonely."

"But where is your mother?" asked Whittinghan, who had worked himself into such a state of excitement that he could hardly ask the question.

"Oh! mother has gone out somewhere to ride, I've forgotten the place now. She promised to stay at home this evening, for we were dreadfully frightened last night. Some gentlemen quarrelled and tried to shoot each other, while mamma was gone to the theatre, and she said she would not leave us any more; but a fine looking gentleman came, and urged her so hard to take a ride, that she went."

"Did any one else go with her Nelly?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Winston, and one other gentleman and lady."

Howard did not wish to excite his daughter's curiosity by questioning her further, or by asking the name of the gentleman who was so attentive to her mother. He doubted not, it was Esmond. How he burned to take the rascal by the collar and chastise him: and it grieved him to think of Annie's imprudent, thoughtless ways, to leave those beautiful children unattended, and hazard her own reputation for the sake of a moonlight ride. That moment, he heard voices on the stairs, one of which he recognized. It was Annie, bidding her cavalier good night.

Howard could hardly restrain his rage as Annie entered the room. She looked rather disappointed than pleased, when she saw her husband, and holding out her hand to him, asked what brought him to the city?

"I wish you to return to G——— to-morrow, for I am not satisfied that you should remain longer," and he gave his reasons.

"To-morrow," said Annie" "'tis past midnight now, and I cannot pack my things; Maggie is gone and I have no one to assist me, so it will be impossible for me to be ready before the day after."

They retired, but neither slept. It was the first time she had ever been found fault with. She thought her husband exacting; and spent the remainder of the night in weeping, partly because she thought herself abused, and harshly treated; and partly, because she must leave the city before the grand masquerade ball came off, that had been so long talked of, and which she had promised to attend with Esmond, whom she believed to be a perfect gentleman, despite her husbands assertions to the contrary.

The next morning, her friend, a Mrs. Southwell, who boarded at the hotel, noticing her red and swollen eyes and sad expession, drew her aside and asked the cause of her unhappiness.

Annie after a little hesitation, related to her the arrival of her husband, his anger, and determination to remove her speedily from the city.

Mrs. Southwell advised her not to humor his whims too readily; at all events take the excursion on horseback, she had that morning promised.

Annie replied "that it was impossible" for her husband had forbidden her leaving the children alone, and would be very angry if she went out again, either walking, or riding with Esmond.

"I will take care of your children, and your husband need not know that you are out of the house, if you don't wish it. Though if I were in your place I would be independent about it, and show that I had a will, as well as himself."

While they were yet talking, Esmond joined them with whip in hand

equipped for the ride, promising Annie to return in an hour if she would accompany him. After some persuasion she concluded to go.

They had but just started when Mr. Whittingham returned, surprised to find a stranger in the room, amusing the children; he asked for his wife, and was informed by Mrs. Southwell that she was out riding. She did not say with whom, nor did Whittingham ask, though he turned pale with anger. He placed himself by the door, at the main entrance of the hotel, that he might observe without being observed, but he was not the only one that was watching. Esmond's friends had observed Whittingham's movements, and were watching anxiously the approach of the equestrians, and the "grand finale."

At last, after an absence of two hours, they rode up to the door. Esmond saw only his friends in the doorway, for Whittingham was out of sight. Springing from the saddle he assisted Annie to alight, then whispering a few words in her ear he raised her small gloved hand to his lips.

"Villain take that," said Whittingham aiming a blow with his heavy cane at the head of Esmond which he evaded, and Whittingham again raised the cane, but ere he could execute his purpose, Esmond drew a revolver from his pocket and shot him through the body.

Annie screamed, and was carried fainting from the scene of blood of which she had been in part the cause.

Whittingham was carried bleeding and almost lifeless to a bed, where, on the arrival of a physician his wound was examined, and pronounced mortal.

The dying man heard calmly his fate, and then asked in a feeble voice for his wife and children.

They came; the penitent wife sunk on her knees by the bed-side, and begged, hoped, prayed for forgiveness, while the little ones hovered around her weeping as though their hearts would break; for they knew that something dreadful had happened, though neither of them were old enough to realize the great misfortune that thus early overshadowed their young lives.

"Cease your wailing Annie," said Whittingham. You are already forgiven, pray dry your tears and listen, for I would speak of these dear children who will in a few hours be fatherless. A double duty devolves on you."

"Oh Annie! my wife! promise me to discharge that duty faithfully, watch over these precious treasures as I have watched over you, teach them as I would have done, to be wise, and useful, and good. As soon as possible after I am gone, return with them to Baltimore. Promise me that or I cannot die in peace?"

Annie placing her hand in his, promised to fulfil his wishes.

Whittingham, faint from the loss of blood paused a few moments, then calling Nelly, the eldest daughter to him, kissed, and exhorted her to be kind and dutiful to her mother, to assist as far as possible in the care of her two younger sisters, and employ every leisure moment in study; for, added he, you will soon have to depend upon your own exertions for support. Nelly, when her father had done speaking brought Ada and Clara to him: he rallied, raised himself for a moment in bed and imprinted the last fond kiss on their soft cheeks, then sunk back overcome by the exertion. His lips moved for a few moments in prayer, then, with out a struggle, his spirit took its flight.

When Benton arrived in San Francisco, two days after the death of Howard Whittingham, he found Annie a disconsolate widow, still watching by the corpse of her husband, but so changed in a few short days that he scarcely recognized her. She was pale as the corpse beside her, and haggard with grief. Care for the first time left its mark on her brow, a mark never to be effaced.

After following the remains of his friend to Yerba Buena, Benton made every exertion to find the whereabouts

of Esmond, and have him arrested. But he eluded them, and took his departure privately for Australia where he lived but a few months. Having one night won a large amount at the gaming table, attempting to return to his lodgings with his ill-gotten gains, he was robbed and assassinated in the street.

Benton settled the affairs of his deceased friend as quickly and quietly as possible, and placing the few thousands that remained in the hands of Mrs. Whittingham, saw her on board of the steamer bound for home, to which she returned a sadder, but—a wiser woman. *

A Proper Term.—How can a man who has no wings be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! O, what sacred tender feelings,
Throb through my heart when thy dear name is heard;
Mother!—my inmost soul's most sweet revealings,
Cluster around that fondly cherished word.

In vain I strive to fathom thy affection,
Unknown its depths and boundless as the sea;
In hours of joy, in sorrow's deep dejection,
Ever the same in its fond love for me.

There's nought on earth flows onward so unchanging,
As that pure tide of feeling deep and strong;—
The polar needle has its varied ranging,
No varying current bears thy heart along.

Thy life dwells mostly in thy love maternal;
Thy death a willing sacrifice might be
To bless thy child; such love is life eternal,
Shall it e'er perish? no, it cannot be.

When death shall doom us for a time to sever,
Father, give strength to say "Thy will be done,"
Till I shall meet thee, where no more forever,
We part through all the eternal years to come.

W. H. D.

Oakland, Cal., Sept. 23d, 1856.

DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.

A GHOST STORY.

In my ride through the north-eastern part of King's County, Ireland, in the year of grace, 1809, I had occasion to visit some of the most extensive bog districts of this part of the world; among the chief was that of the great Bog Allen. The peat from this bog has been the nucleus of many a fortune. It is twelve miles long by as many broad. It is only exceeded, I believe, by that of the greater Eastern Tullomore district, which spreads over a waste of nearly *twelve thousand acres*. Here the eye wanders in vain over the dull heath for some little relief; but no stunted shrub or tree gratifies it—all is barren from Dan to Beersheba. Fifty miles journeying on this lonesome wild, on a dark night, brought me and my tired horse to the door of a shanty of the frailest materials. To my mortification, the uncivilized landlord, in no courteous terms, soon made it known that he had no accommodations, although a broken board, in as broken English, proclaimed the intelligence: "Good accommodation, whether you are a man or a beast:" which no doubt some mischievous wag palmed upon the untutored landlord as a sign of attraction.

"Why cannot I be accommodated? I can pay for what I have," I expostulated.

"Faith, you can pay for what you can't have, if you plases; but I tell't you you must prosade to the next *hotel*: there ye'll have more than ye'll be wanting; but here ye'll be wanting more than ye'll have."

"Is there no house at hand, at a nearer distance than twelve miles? I shall be sure to be knocked up, if I don't get knocked down, before I reach it. What is that building on the top of the hill there yonder?" said I.

"That's aven the big ruin of the seven Holy Churches. Ye may take up yer bed there, an ye plase; ye'll have the holy dead fathers' speerits to

kape you company, if ye'll be knowing how to kape the silent tongue in your head."

"What dy'e mean?" I inquired.

"What do I mane *is* it? No more or less than the place is haunted with the ghosts of good Father Toolan and Bridget O'Grady, who make their appearance at the midnight, to point out the grave of Philim O'Dogherty, the rogue who cut the throats of the pair as they were counting their beads, and ran off with their fortins, and thin the divil chased him round and round the yerth till he could find no place to die in but that same spot where he murdered them."

"Is there anything like a room in the building, to shelter one? for the clouds are gathering darker and darker, and portend a trifle of a storm."

"I tell't ye, stranger, ye'd better make off for the next hotel as fast as six legs can do it, your own and your horse's."

"If there is a room, I shall take up my abode there."

"A room were ye saking?" asked a scowling fellow. "Yes, as purty a furnished room as ever the divil can furnish."

"Give me the key, and a light, a little liquor, and a loaf of bread, and I'll not trouble you more."

"Here are some biscuits and a bottle of whisky," said the landlady, who then made her appearance, despite of the mysterious winks of her spouse. Putting them in my holster, and examining my pistols and re-capping them, I mounted old Rawbones and made for the ruins of the Seven Churches of Clonard House. I found them to be very extensive, forming one of the most interesting groups of ecclesiastical remains to be met with any where.

The buildings, which I examined by torch-light, I found to be of various dates, from the seventh to the twelfth century. The old abbey of St. Kieron, of Clonard, is the ancient burying ground. It is about two Irish acres in extent, and full of romantic interest. I was too tired to examine it farther, and sought the only habitable room, by the directions given me, and made what preparation I could to pass the night. It was a large vaulted room, filled with dilapidated statues, in various attitudes leaning and reposing on tombs which my torch-light rendered most gloomy through the darkness. A sensation of horror crept over me, as I discovered, in a corner, half-uncovered by a broken stone that had fallen on one side, the upper half of a skeleton, with a dingy mitre on his head. I withdrew as speedily as I could, determined, however, to pass the night there, as the rain began to pour in torrents, now and then relieved by fitful flashes of lightning, followed by loud bursts of thunder.

Drawing my blanket from under my horse's saddle, I made him lie down, and resting my body at his side, with my saddle for a pillow, I made my repast. On a sudden, I heard a loud moan. Pshaw, it was nothing but the wind, howling through some old crevice. Then followed another. This I could not stand. So, snatching up my torch from the ground, where I had stuck it; in haste to discover the cause, I stumbled over my horse, who appeared dead with fatigue, and out went the light. At that instant, one of heaven's awful glares of lightning lighted up the whole room, and a loud sound, like some immense gong, pealed along the frightful vaults of the place, and reached the room in which I was standing. Turning my eyes to the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, from the window nearest me, one of the most harrowing sights that the human imagination can depict. An old monk, with ugly cowl over his wizard jaws, was pointing to a grave opposite to him, where stood a wretch, habited like one of Macbeth's witches, with dishevelled hair, displaying one of the most frightful Irish countenances. My very flesh erept over my bones as flash after flash displayed their statue-like forms to my amazed vision. I

was riveted to the spot with terror, and my reason deserted its abode to make way for unrestrained fear. Can it be real? Am I asleep? Is it a dream? No, I am wide awake. I hold on to the arm of a marble knight, who, in full armor, but minus a nose, seemed to enjoy my terror. Now came a pitchy darkness, with furious winds that seemed to shake the very earth from its foundation. Another flash! there they stood, yet immoveable, with their two skinny hands pointing to one spot. Another flash—they have vanished! the wind is hushed: the elements are at peace, and a dread silence reigns. I gave a kick to my horse, and bade him rouse himself, and with trembling hands adjusted the saddle, mounted upon his back, rode him over the tomb-stones, at the hazard of my neck, cleared the stone fence and rode like a fugitive escaping from the devil, who, I made sure, was following close behind: nay, I could hear him laugh; I could smell the very brimstone of his breath. My horse partook of my terror, and ran I don't know how many miles without stopping. After some time I took courage to look behind me, and saw—nothing. The dawn was breaking, and I discovered the *next* hotel in sight. The girl had just taken down the only shutter of its only furnished room, and was feeding her fowls at the door. I alighted and went to bed, without saying a word, but with the determination of finding out the mystery; for a mystery there was. I had seen two ghosts, and I could not bring my mind to believe in one. But some how or other my curiosity subsided with my breakfast, and I proceeded on my way, without clearing up the matter.

Just six months after this, I had to retrace my steps over this self-same road, and on coming to the same inn, where I had been accommodated with a bed, after my fright, I found an unusual excitement at the door. A whole posse of police (constables, they were called then,) were escorting three men and a woman, handcuffed, on their road to the county jail of King's county. They were convicted of keeping a private whisky still, and had managed their illicit craft so craftily as to escape all detection. But an excise officer, hearing of some strange rumors of ghosts in the neighborhood of the celebrated Seven Churches, suspected some cause for their appearance, and had detected the landlord and his wife in the act of the performance which had so unmanned me: but they had not counted the cost of frightening a man of law. Their deviltry could not "run away with the exciseman," for at the time when he was witnessing their performance, some of his men were witnessing another of a different kind—that of removing some illicit whisky, in the neighborhood of the holy Seven Churches; and had pounced upon them and secured the whole party. They had traced an underground distillery, extending far beneath the foundation of the holy St. Kieron's abbey, making advantageous use of its spacious vaults to deposit their animated and life-stirring spirits among the dead.

How I could have been such a craven as to be deluded by such a clumsy performance of Messrs. Doolan and Co., the proprietors of the first hotel in the neighborhood, and who refused me shelter, I can only account for, by the associations of that lonely time and place, the frightful storm, and my wearied and exhausted body. There they were, sure enough, with two wagon-loads of gear captured, with the detestable gong I had heard. I have hated a gong ever since. This was used by them to give warning of danger to the gang of illicit whisky makers.

I have never had patience since to hear a serious ghost story; but have always had an inkling to repair my character by valiantly breaking the head of the ghostly story-teller, be he fogy or twaddler.

London covers 121 acres of ground.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICLEBERRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL RATHER DARK.

"Where is the lad?" inquired Tom of his partner.

"He has just stepped out to get some wood. I have been thinking over the circumstance of old Wiley's death, and that of his wife. Depend upon it there's some dark plot against somebody. This lad is born of very respectable parents. There is no doubt of it. I am almost sure the crest upon that buckle is that of a noble family which my old master, that I was apprenticed to, worked for. I have often, it strikes me, when a boy, seen it on the spoons and forks in the butler's room, when I went to fetch the boots and shoes for repairing."

"What family was that?"

"Earl Elmore's. He must be some how or another connected with that family. How can we proceed to find that out?"

"That's not likely, said Tom. Such a fellow as old Wiley can have nothing to do with such a family. You are always romancing, friend, I can't believe you could live long without a mystery. Have you found the man with the locket yet? There may be something in that. Doesn't one of the letters say something about the locket?" —Yes.—*If anything happens to you, send the locket and the buckle, with the handkerchief, to C. B.—Wapping, under cover.*

"Here is a clue then. Don't you know of some friend in England as fond of mystery as yourself, who wouldn't mind neglecting a good business and spending a fortune to see what moonshine may turn out, eh?"

This is one of the many private conversations the two miners daily engaged in. The letters had been read over and over again, but were so framed, in secret phrases, with private slang, that this was the only phrase that appeared intelligible to them. Who C. B. –Wapping was, they had no more means of discovering, than they had of the chief potentate of the moon, if it were inhabited.

The lad had taken up his abode with them and had endeared himself to them and all their friends. They would not allow him to do any violent work, his delicate frame evidently being unfitted for it. In return, he amused their long dark evenings by relating to them what he knew of books that he had read. Wiley had taught him to play on the guitar, and he was not only a good performer on the instrument, but displayed an aptitude at self-application in this and other studies as plainly foretold that he would one day become no ordinary character, be his future walk in life whatever it might.

Their mining operations were attended by encouraging success, which enabled them to indulge the lad in any pursuit his mind sought after. They always found him cheerful and thankful. Their cabin, through his means, put on an appearance of comfort, neatness, and coziness as are seldom known in mining life. He was carpenter, doctor, and secretary to the whole establishment. Unlike most boys of his age, he seemed never tired of doing something, and his modest merits were appreciated by them accordingly.

"Come my lad," said Tom, as he entered, "throw down the wood, reach your guitar, and let's have a song. To-day is the glorious fourth of July, and we will enjoy ourselves in commemoration of the event. What say you, brother Bull, will ye accept Brother Jonathan's invitation.

"With all my heart, as this is my birth-day, I believe," said the boy.

"Ah, who told you so? Are you sure of such an honor?"

"Wiley always celebrated it."

"He did, he? The old rascal had one peg, then, in his rascality, to hang a violin on. Come, my boy, you look sad. Give us a song — something touching."

The boy doing as he was bid, strung his guitar, and to the exquisite air of Blockley's Hearts and Homes,—the author, of which, had he never written another melody, would have immortalized himself—sung the following:

Homeless as some pathless wanderer,
Of all that life holds dear, bereft;
On fate's dark mysteries a ponderer;
In the world the orphan 's left.

He never heard a father's blessing;
A mother's kiss he never felt;
He never knew a friend's caressing,
And never at an altar knelt.

Yet all a mother's fondness sharing,
With all a father's noble pride:
As guardian angels ever caring;
They know there's One who can provide.

There is a tie—and that He 'll send him,
Sticking closer than a brother;
One through life that will befriend him:
With such a Friend, he needs no other.

"Boy." said Tom, "those words are yours. They are not lost upon us. Here, before the God whom you have invoked, my mate and I swear, (grasping the right hand of his friend, and breaking the clay pipe he held in his mouth) to befriend you."

"Amen," said his mate, shaking his hand in his turn, and joining the other to the lad's who was sobbing enough to break his heart. "Cheer up, my poor boy, there's comfort yet in store for you. It cannot be that a heart like yours is destined for ever to be sad. Come, get me another pipe. My thoughts were running, like yours, in too dreary a channel. It ill becomes us thus to commemorate this proud day."

Tom had turned his back to give utterance to his feelings, which from the frequent motion of hand to head, appeared no less accute than the child's.

"Come," said Tom, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve, "I tell you what, mate, with another such season as we have been blessed with, we'll go to the Old Country, and take our young friend with us, and find out his what-ye-may-call-em-Elmore, and if no other good will come of it, we shall have the satisfaction of having done our best to clear up the mystery.

"Be it so dear Tom, but hang it, I am sighing like a fish out of water, and I hardly know what about so let us change the theme, and have a song or a toast in remembrance of the day."

"With all my heart, fill up your glass and I will give you one. Now—Here's to our forefathers who "struck the lead" of Liberty—may each of us, in union, help to work it, and die, to a man, before we ever see it 'jumped!' Hurrah! Hurrah!" Now you give us your favorite song of THE PIPE.

Let Dame Fortune show'r her wealth and her power,
On those who life's charms in them see;
In cot, or in bow'r, give me but an hour
With my pipe, for 'tis dear life unto me.

Come friend and come foe, come weal and come woe,
Any fate, howe'er black it may be,
Through life quick or slow, I care not how I go
With my pipe—'tis dear life unto me.

Sweet soother of pain, O how great is the gain,
To the man who clings thus unto thee
Whatever my sorrows, all bright are my morrows,
With my pipe—the dear life unto me.

If short be my strife, or I live a long life
But one joy remain unto me;
This should be my drift, I'd bless God for the gift
Of the pipe—the dear life unto me.

Thus, with toasts and songs, they spent the day. Turn we now to a less hilarious event.

ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT.

Good wives to snails should be a-kin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry (fashion's hacks!)
All they have upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still should do,
Speak only when they're spoken to;
But not like echoes (most absurd!)
To have forever the last word.

Good wives like city clocks should rhyme,
Be regular and keep in time;
But not like city clocks aloud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

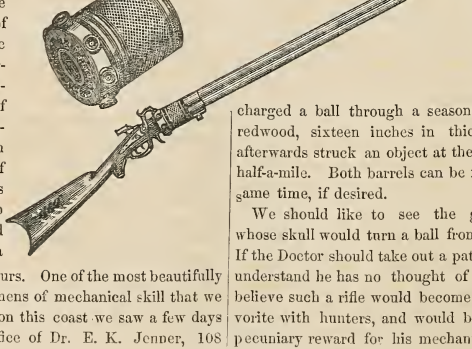
Editor's Table.

The encouraging favors extended to our Magazine, from contributors and friendly well-wishers, leave us indebted in many grateful remembrances of their kindness; and we trust our acknowledgments will be shown in the progressive improvement of each department of our work, as experience teaches to us our wants, and kindly solicitude adds to our list of contributors and subscribers.

We can assure our friends that we are anxious to have a magazine that will reflect the thoughts and aspirations of Californians, and make a lonely hour pass off pleasantly: something, that when the miner is tired with his hard day's labor, he can peruse with pleasure: yet, something that the merchant or professional man can take up and find that his thoughts are drawn away from the business of the day, with all its cares. Something, too, that the lovers of the beautiful may delight to see, as we picture the scenery and the wonders of our magnificent State.

It is very cheering to find that from all portions of the State, we receive words of commendation and encouragement, and a steady increase in the number of subscribers. We hope our friends will continue to extend their favors; and we certainly shall our endeavors.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the progress of the mechanic arts in California, and the development of that mechanical skill which is a source of prosperity as well as pride to any State, and especially to a new one like ours. One of the most beautifully perfect specimens of mechanical skill that we have seen upon this coast we saw a few days ago at the office of Dr. E. K. Jenner, 108 Montgomery street, San Francisco, who although an excellent surgeon dentist, has employed his leisure time in making a highly-finished, double-barrelled, revolving rifle, entirely his own workmanship and design, even to the tools necessary to its construction. The barrels, and a revolving cylinder, containing seven chambers, are made of the finest quality of cast steel. The locks, plates, trimmings, &c., are forged from horse-shoe nails, carbonated into steel. The tube-chamber, powder-bed, bands, thumb-piece, &c. &c., are all made of gold, to prevent corrosion; and the whole are so beautifully and compactly fitted that, with a spring here and another there, pivots yonder and screws somewhere else, it operates with the ease and precision of clock-work. The cap-house, containing fifty-four caps, is fitted in the cylinder, and made to revolve at will, and entirely independent: yet, at each movement, a cap is thrown upon the tube by means of a concealed spring, and at each cocking of the hammer the cap is taken off and the tube left clear. The chambers are loaded from the muzzle, by means of an extension rod which is neatly fitted between the two barrels, and is there securely held with a spring, and can be taken out and replaced easily and speedily. The lock is so arrang'd that it can work with or without a hair-trigger. This rifle discharged a ball through a seasoned piece of redwood, sixteen inches in thickness, and afterwards struck an object at the distance of half-a-mile. Both barrels can be fired at the same time, if desired.



We should like to see the grizzly bear whose skull would turn a ball from this rifle. If the Doctor should take out a patent—as we understand he has no thought of doing—we believe such a rifle would become a great favorite with hunters, and would bring him a pecuniary reward for his mechanical genius.

We are glad to see that we have such men among us, and we shall ever be pleased to notice the progress of anything appertaining to California, and especially so perfect and beautiful a piece of workmanship as that shown to us.

San Francis, Sept. 20, 1856.

Mr. Editur :—My Deer Sur,—I did'nt rite to you, last munth cause I never do anything in a passhun. If I had rit then I should hev rit in a passhun. My blud biled all over when I seed that ere letter I sent you stuck in your Magazeen. I rit it to you privit, just to give you a little frendly device and you hev went and printed it and put my name down in full length at the bottom of it. What will my frends think of me wen they see it? I tell you what it is Mr. Editur, you hev bruised my confedenc. You thort to sell your book by xgibbiting my name as one of your distributurs. You thort to make my name and my litterary reputation secure prescribers for Hutchings Callforny magazeen *without fashon plates*—I know you did. Then anuther thing, you sed you ment to onsult your Artis about sum fashon plates. Hev you ever dun it? No i'll warrent you hevent. Now I can't see no reason on airth why you should be so different to your own good, unles you are an old bachilur and then I dont wunder at it. A marred man would know how necesary fashons are to femails and women and that a book without fashons in it is no beter than a ship is that's lost her ruder, and cant no more make hed way in socity than a woman can without cloths made in the fust stile of fashon. Yes, the more I think of it the more I'm sure of it that your Magazeen aint suted to the litterary character of our femail people nor never will be Ontill you put the fashons in it, and ef you Dont put em we dont take your book—there Now—and I shood like to know how men is going to get along without us femails, us pecibly editurs. Youve got my dandur up, for surtin in that tother letur of mine and now you may put this un in if you like.

I meen too, to find out wether you am a bachilur or no—for if you are, you can no more make a editur than you can anything else. I dont want to speak too discuragin, because I want to see a Californy magazeen, and as I am a littel anxus about its duing well I may try if I cant get sum rale Smart woman to marrey you, and then you and the magazeen will do fust rate, and I'll be bound she'll see that you'll hev the fashons.

Mrs. Mary Metwith,
Mother-in-law to Gudge Swinem.

P. S.—Would you just Anser me wun questen Mistur editur About that bachilur bisness, and send it through the post directed

Mrs. Mary Metwith.

Now Mrs. M., how do you suppose we feel after that lecture? Don't you believe that at this moment we are prospecting for the smallest kind of a knot-hole, that we may creep through and be no more seen forever; but ready "to leave this world and climb a tree?" Did you intend that "shame should burn our cheeks to cinders?" "What then is man? The smallest part of nothing." And we are sorry, for we will say with Shakspeare,

"He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit."

And we will also add, that although

"'Tis man's pride,
His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
To stand by helpless woman's side,"

and, we suppose, give her the fashions! yet, we must say no. Mrs. M., we cannot give you the fashions: and if we had the most coaxing and the prettiest little piece of goods in the world for a "rale smart wife," it couldn't be did. What would Godey say? Why, "Pshaw! he ought to know better." And our artist made the remark—a very beautiful remark it was, too—"pshaw! nonsense!" Then wife says she's going to look after you, and added something about writing to widows (she says she knows you are a widow,) through the post-office, and something about birds, and chaff; and I don't know what. We are, however, sorry that we have "bruised your confedene;" but if you had instructed us not to publish your letter, why we should never have dreamed of such a thing. Now, is that explanation enough? because we must *obey* the wife about that post-office business!

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—We felt about seven years younger, after perusing your article. All right, old boy. "There's a good time coming," yet.

P. T., Yreka.—You are evidently a little vexed. We cannot help it. It is of much more importance to have good articles than doubtful friendship, at the expense of both. We shall always select the best that reach us, for it is our pride and hope that, before a year is over, our Magazine shall be second to none, even if it is in California, and speaks almost exclusively of California themes. We know that the talent is here, and that subjects of the most thrilling interest are here, and, by degrees, we shall be favored by the best. Send us *good* articles, and you need not fear but that we shall find room for them.

Jane A.—Forwarded to you by T. M.

V. C.—Your stanzas are unfortunately mislaid.

H. A., Canon Creek.—We know it: and not only through the months of September and October, but, in many camps, as early as the latter end of June *there is no water to work with;* and this state of things lasts until December.—Well, we suppose when the owners of property have had their sleep out, and their houses and lots are at the dogs, they will wake up a little to the subject; although it is very hard for the willing worker, God knows.

Josiah M.—When a shadow can be caught and clothed, we may be able to "fix up" thoughts that we cannot find. It is thus with your piece—the *thoughts* are not there.

Alice D.—Your "Dreams of Home" require much more care than you have bestowed upon them.

G. E.—Throw down your pick: shut off the water: and marry the lady at once, or you're a lost man.

T. Smeet.—We shall consider it "personal," and challenge you to pistols and coffee for—at least a dozen—if you don't leave off calling us "Judge," for, now-a-days, if a man looks into a court-room he is dubbed "Judge."—"Captains," "Doctors," &c. &c., are almost as common as musquitoes. We belong to the "full privates," and we are content. If, however, we *are* a judge, your piece is criminally negligent in its composition. Is that O. K?

J. J. C.—We have not examined your's yet. Be patient.

Jessie K.—We will try.

K. B., American Valley.—Declined.

H. F.—Why do you keep sending us your conundrums? They are not worth the paper you spoil.

Tom S.—Your're a jewel—and no *Miss*-take, under the circumstances. That's our advice.

Pedestrian — is received from a nameless author, but was too late for this month.

Literary Notices.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition Around the World—In five volumes—By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N. G. P. Putnam & Co., N. Y.

We have seldom seen a work containing so many beautiful illustrations of nearly every interesting portion of the world. Nothing seems to be omitted that can please the eye, or inform the mind, and the graphic charm of description impresses you with its truthfulness, brilliancy and comprehensiveness. From the bold, rocky Island of Madeira, to the coral formed groups of the Southern Sea, one can journey with the author without the fatiguing monotony of a voyage, or the perilous adventures of travel, in a mountainous country. Any man who can spare a few dollars will find them well invested in this well written and beautifully illustrated work.

To Mr. McNulty we are indebted for the perusal of the *History of the American Privateers, and Letters-of-Marque*—by GEORGE COGGESHALL, author of *Voyages to Various Parts of the World.* Every one familiar with the lucid, yet condensed comprehensiveness of Mr. Coggeshall's style, will welcome this new volume to his library. Every man who partook in the brilliant achievements of that eventful time: every one whose daring exploits entitle him to a name in these rec-

ords, will rejoice that the naval veteran has been spared to tell, with such graphic truthfulness, of the blood-bought victories and perilous daring of the war of 1812 to 1814. While reading over the list of honored names of many of the officers who took part in these engagements we always feel a regret that the heroic band of men forming the various ships' companies, by necessity, are almost never heard of except in the mass. Yet, when they read over the brilliant victories won by their favorite ships there is an inward satisfaction that, although their names are not written on the scroll of fame, the service nobly done their country is an ample reward to their true hearted patriotism.

From the composer, Stephen C. Massett, we acknowledge the receipt of two pleasing pieces of music, one is entitled "A Sabbath Scene," and the other, "I would not have thee young again." The pleasing melody of the one, and the touching tenderness of the other will insure them, no doubt, a favorable reception by the public. Mr. Massett is the author of several beautiful and favorite pieces; among others, "When the moon on the lake is beaming." "The love knot," &c., &c. Moreover, to him is entitled the honor of giving the first musical entertainment in California. At that time we were delving among rocks, in the deep canons of the mountains, and remember only, the ever welcome visits of the "Placer Times" and "California True Delta," each of which, frequently contained some literary gem from the fun-loving and fun-giving pen of Mr. M. under the euphonious cognomen of "Jeems Pipes." The cheering and pleasurable influence of those pieces upon us, at such a time, will ever be tenderly cherished, and we accord to him, always, our kind remembrance, and the very best of good wishes.

We see that Mr. M. is about to visit Australia and the East Indies: we bespeak for him a cordial welcome, and we hope it may be as profitable as it must be pleasant. Good luck attend him—Always.

Juvenile Department.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Come draw your chairs close up to mine, and I will tell you a story that I think will please you. It is a *true* story, and I know by your bright intelligent little faces that you like true stories better than false ones; 'though "fairy tales" are all very interesting, and generally convey some good moral. That's right, sit as close as you please, the closer the better, lay your little heads in my lap, *lean upon me*, for I love little children better than anything else in the world. Why don't you know little ones, that you contribute more towards making this bright beautiful world what it is, than all else in it? We could possibly dispense with the trees, the birds, and the flowers, and perhaps make a very comfortable world without them; but little children, you are more beautiful to look upon than all the flowers that ever bloomed upon the earth. Now I'll begin my story.

One morning not long ago, as I entered my school-room I held in my hand a large and very beautiful bouquet; indeed I never remember to have seen one with so many delicately beautiful flowers, and arranged with such exquisite taste. All my scholars gathered around me, lavishing their praises upon it, and it seemed to me as if each leaf and petal reflected back additional lustre, from the dozens of little starry eyes that looked so brightly upon it. Not that a bunch of flowers was such a rarity with us, for there is scarcely a day during the long, pleasant summer,

that they are not brought in and arranged upon the desks and table—but this was *such a beauty!* After calling the school to order, I said:

"This beautiful bouquet, shall, to-night be given *to the best scholar:* the one that is perfect in all his lessons, and transgresses none of the rules of school. Now who will try to get it?"

Every hand was raised, and every eye gave assurance that they would be the winner of the beautiful prize. All went noiselessly to their tasks, and by noon I thought that I should have to buy twenty bouquets to keep my promise good. But in an unguarded moment, one whispered, another left his seat, a third laughed, or made somebody else laugh, and others made mistakes in their recitations, until I quite feared no little heart would be made happier for becoming its possessor. Two o'clock came, and, lifting the bouquet from the vase I asked:

"To whom shall I give the prize?" A dozen hands were raised, but, upon being questioned one after another dropped, until but *one* remained up. Little Frank though but nine years old, had outstripped all his competitors—the hard lessons had been learned without a mistake, and his conduct appeared to me very good. He received it with many thanks, and without a murmur of disapprobation from the rest.

The following morning the bouquet was returned to me with these words: "Mrs. W———, I have brought back this bouquet— I could not keep it, for after I left school I remembered that I whispered *once*."

Never in my life, did a tear spring so instantaneously to my eye. He saw it and added,—"I did not mean to deceive you, I quite forgot it when I took the bouquet, but I thought of it when I went home."

"It is not a tear of grief, but one of joy, to think you possess so noble a heart—keep it my dear little fellow for your honesty."

How do you like the story? It is only a little circumstance, but it is these little every-day transactions, that form the mind and character of the man and the woman. Life is made up of little things, and all that is good, and true, and beautiful in the world is made of little parts. Washington, you know, never told an untruth. "I cannot tell a *lie*, Pa-pa, I *did* cut it with my little hatchet," said he, when he had ruined his father's favorite cherry tree. And now you have heard of little Frank's truth and honesty, you will say that *that* story is not without a parallel, and may all my young friends act as nobly and as good as little Frank.

Your dear Friend,

BESSIE.

MY DEAD MOTHER.

How many long hours I have sat here in my little room and thought of the happy days long ago that I spent by my fond mother's side, and received the kiss of approbation from those lips that are for ever closed in death. There is now no one on earth to whom I can apply the endearing title of Mother. Four times have the flowers bloomed and withered over her grave, and the grass sprung green and fresh from the sods that we placed over her grave. Though dead, she is none the less dear to me than when living. Her form and countenance are impressed on my memory, never to be removed. Yes, the memory of that Mother is a thing ever cherished and very dear to me. Well I remember the pale, cold autumn morning when my father led me into the room, and, between his broken sobs, told me that my mother was dead! I was then but a small child, yet I can distinctly remember the dreadful stillness that reigned in that chamber of death. And when the cloth was removed, revealing her cold, pale brow to my gaze, O, how long and earnestly I looked upon the calm sweet face—it was the last time that I ever looked upon it. Yet I can remember the many little acts of kindness that she used to bestow upon me, acts which only a Mother can bestow upon her child.

Since her death, I have come, with my father, to the shores of the great Pacific. I have seen many strange faces, and watched them in the pursuit of pleasure, but amid the gay and happy throng, one word often rises to my lips to which no one answers: it is the dear, fond word—Mother! FRANCES B.

[F., you are improving.]

They who put on no airs in times of prosperity, meet with respect and sympathy in seasons of adversity.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1856. NO. V.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN CALIFORNIA.

There is a wild, bold, and beautiful magnificence in the mountain scenery of California, that strikes the mind of those who look upon it for the first time, with feelings of delight and awe. Its pine-crested hills; its deep mountain-gorges; its towering and rugged cliffs; its dark and densely-timbered forests; its impetuous and foaming cataracts; its rolling and surging streams; its deep and shadowy cañons; its cabin-dotted and miner-tenanted ravines; its populous and busy mining towns; with all the diversified landscape of hill and dale, and all the variety of active mining life, and difference in method of living and working; that, while it pleases by its novelty, interests and charms by its mystery and singularity.

It is our pleasing task, this month, to place before the reader some of those scenes, and to give a brief sketch of each engraving. Commencing with

A MINER'S CABIN, NEAR PINE GROVE, SIERRA COUNTY.

There is a peculiarity in the construction and appearance of cabins in

ONION VALLEY AND PILOT PEAK.

the northern part of Sierra county that is not often seen elsewhere. This consists in the roof being about twice the length of ordinary ones, with one end enclosed as a dwelling-house, the other being left open and occupied as a shed for firewood. The necessity and convenience of this arrangement will be seen at once, when we mention that snow often falls to a very great depth, completely burying up every thing. Even the ditches which supply these districts with water have to be timbered over to prevent them from being choked up.

ONION VALLEY.

During the winter of 1852 and '53, snow fell in Onion Valley to the depth of twenty-five feet, entirely covering up every building in it. Had this fallen in 1851, it would have caused an excess of suffering seldom heard of, for at that time it was supposed to be the business centre of a very large district, and the head-quarters for Rich Bar, Hottentot, Nelson Creek, Hopkins', Dickson's, and Poor Man's Creeks. Even the towns of Gibsonville, Seventy-Six, Pine Grove, Whiskey Diggings, and several others, did their trading here. So that stores, hotels, gambling houses, &c., &c., went up with the magical rapidity of many California towns, and a population of nearly three thousand souls collected there. Fortunately, as other little towns sprung up, and trading posts were established at them, Onion Valley became gradually deserted; and, when this heavy fall of snow came, there were but about one hundred and twenty persons remaining. The few houses shown in the engraving were all that withstood the immense weight of snow —and there were no less than thirteen hotels, besides stores, and other buildings—and even to save these it became necessary to cut down the liberty poles

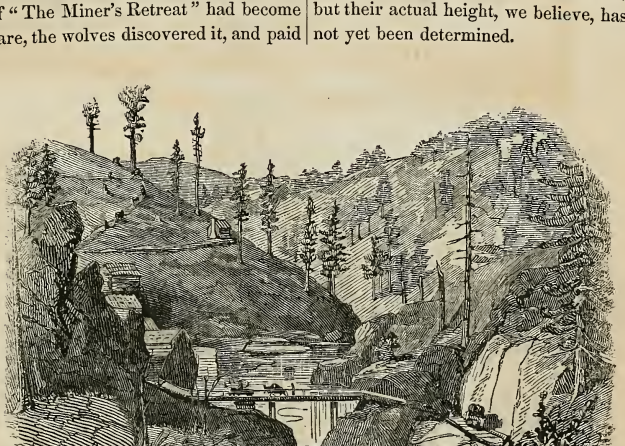
and draw them in to use as props. We can easily imagine how much suffering, and even death, the falling buildings would have caused, had they been occupied, independent of the scarcity of provisions so severely felt that winter.

A passage was dug by the inhabitants, under the snow, from "The Miner's Retreat" to "The Golden Gate," whereby they might communicate with each other in their snow-walled prison.

A short time after the thaw had commenced, and a portion of the roof of "The Miner's Retreat" had become bare, the wolves discovered it, and paid their nightly visits, to howl, while they warmed their feet.

This is said to be the highest valley in the world that is yet settled. Now it contains only one store, one boarding-house and outbuildings for the convenience of "packers" passing through to other places.

"Pilot Peak," in the distance, "Slate Creek Mountain," and the "Downieville Buttes," are the highest points of land within a circumference of seventy miles, and are considered to be about eleven thousand feet above the sea; but their actual height, we believe, has not yet been determined.



VIEW OF NELSON POINT.

NELSON POINT

Is a very romantic little settlement at the junction of Nelson Creek and the middle fork of Feather river, about ten miles north of Onion Valley. Lying as it does, just underneath the hill, as you descend from the valley, it is not seen until you are within a few yards of it.

Being upon the main pack-trail from

Gibsonville to American Valley, and the central point of trade for Nelson Creek, Rich Bar, and other places, besides being surrounded by a rich mining district, it is a town of considerable importance.

The population in the summer is about six hundred; and, in the winter, one hundred and fifty. When we were there, not very long ago, there were eight resident families, but *only one* marriageable lady! and we thought that had there even been as many as there were little fishes after feeding the multitude in the days of our Saviour—that being only a pair—we might exclaim, with wonder (and compassion), as did the unbelieving Andrew, "what are they among so many?"

At Henpeck City, about half a mile up Nelson Creek, during the summer months, there is about five hundred ounces of gold dust taken out weekly, which, with the amount bought at Nelson Point, would make the nett weekly product in this section about thirteen hundred ounces. About three and a half miles below, at the head of Rich Bar, there is a singular mountain, about two thousand feet high, in which there is a crater about eight feet in diameter at the top, and of a depth yet unascertained.

The whole of the scenery here is very singular and beautiful.

VIEW OF GIBSONVILLE.

GIBSONVILLE.

This is a prosperous mining town of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated on the "divide" between the middle fork of Feather river and the north fork of Slate creek, about four miles south of Pilot Peak, seventy miles north-northeast of Marysville.

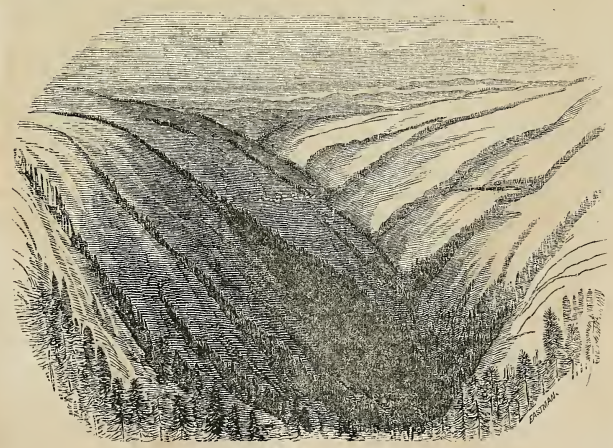
The diggings are tolerably deep and pay regularly and well, from the surface down, although nine-tenths of the gold is found upon the rock, and is

generally coarse. In the *water season*, there is about *three thousand ounces* of gold dust taken out here, *weekly*, although there is but about *one hundred and twenty ounces* taken out *weekly* in the *dry season*. We would earnestly invite the attention of the public to this fact: the GREAT WANT OF CALIFORNIA IS WATER for miners to work with.

The country around is wild and mountainous, and one vast forest of pines, firs and cedars.

About half past nine o'clock on the morning of Jan. 1st, 1855, when the inhabitants were peacefully sleeping, many were suddenly awakened by the rushing of a violent wind, almost resembling a hurricane; and, being surrounded by trees, they left their beds in haste, and with anxiety awaited the result. Mr. W. H. Alcoe and Mr. S. Snyder had kindled a fire, and just sat them down beside it, when a fir tree fell across the cabin, without doing the least injury. Mr. Lowell, hearing the trees fall all around him, became somewhat alarmed, and went out of his cabin to see where he could go for safety. He had scarcely reached the outside when a large tree fell upon the cabin and completely crushed it. One end of one of the logs struck Mr. L. on the shoulder and threw him several feet, without any further injury than a good shaking and a worse frightening.

Dr. Rutherford, wife and child, were soundly sleeping in their bed, when a large pine, almost four feet in diameter, fell across the cabin and crushed it to within about two feet of the bed. The neighbors, hearing the crash, and thinking the inmates were injured, if not killed, ran immediately to the spot, and soon received the cheering news that all were safe; as the branches of the fallen tree had blocked up and fastened the door, it was immediately broken open; and, ere they had left the building ten minutes, the tree settled entirely down to the bed.



VIEW OF KANAKA CREEK.

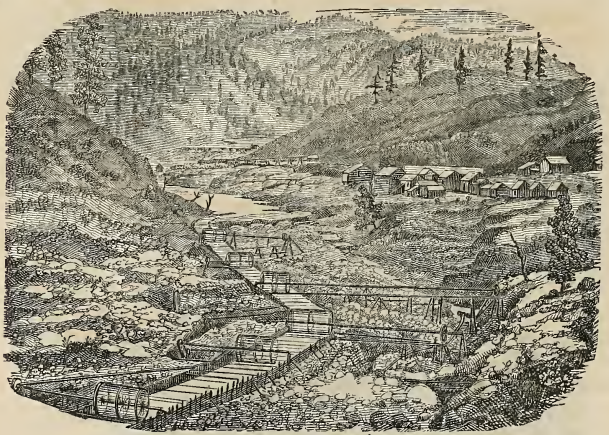
Several trees fell on other cabins and leveled them with the earth, yet no one was hurt.

Mr. Alcoe's cabin, unfortunately, caught fire, which destroyed all of his goods and provisions; and, as if to complete the destruction, two other trees fell upon it while it was burning.

The same wind did considerable damage on Hopkins Creek, about eight miles northeast of Gibsonville. One large tree fell upon a two-story hotel, in the bedroom of which fourteen men were sleeping, and who were precipitated into the bar-room below without ceremony, and the building was shivered to atoms; yet not a human life was taken, nor a bone broken, although eighteen hogs which were sleeping underneath the floor of the hotel were instantly killed.

KANAKA CREEK, SIERRA COUNTY.

Few who have never seen them can conceive how deep are the furrows in the face of nature in some portions of the mountain heights of California. The view before us was taken from just below the emigrant road, on the divide between Wolf and Kanaka creeks, looking west, towards Marysville, with the coast range in the distance, and gives an excellent idea of the situation of some of the mining towns that are built on the very edge of these very deep and steep canons. Here "Chips Diggings" is seen on the left bank, and "Smith's" on the right, in the great "Blue Lead" of Sierra county, and which are some of the first mining towns the emigrant reaches after crossing the Plains by way of Beckworth's Pass and Seventy-Six.



FLUMING SCENE ON SCOTT'S RIVER.

The illustration above pictures a fluming company's claim on Scott's river, Siskiyou county, just after the water of the river had been turned through the flume.

The claim, with many others on this river, proved very rich. It was no uncommon event to take from six to ten pounds of gold from a single pan of pay dirt, and a single day's labor of

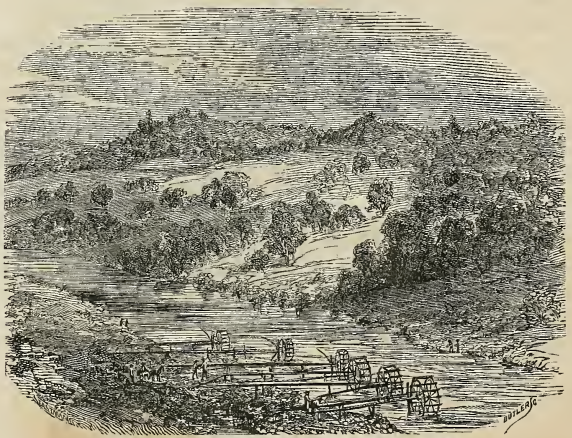
the company to pay from five to seven thousand dollars.

An almost incredible amount of labor and money has been invested in river mining in California; and although vast quantities of the precious metal have been produced, and men have been made rich—very rich, in a single summer, it is our conviction that, as yet, more gold has been invested in river mining than has ever been realized from it, as a whole.

Miners nevertheless hope on, and try their chances in this honorable kind of lottery—some to win, many to lose.

There is a much larger number of men at work on this river this season than on any previous one, and most of them are doing well.

The "bank" diggings pay regularly very good wages; and, were it not for the very heavy "stripping" required, men could take out a competency in a single year.



VIEW NEAR LANCHAPLANA, MOKELUMNE RIVER.

This view was taken just below the flourishing little town of Lanchaplana, on the Mokelumne river, a short distance from Winter's Bar.

The wheels shewn in the foreground of the engraving are used for the purpose of elevating water from the river, with which to wash the pay dirt that is carted from the diggings to the river for that purpose.

SCENE ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

There are but few among the ever beautiful and picturesque scenes of California that are more pleasing to the eye than the one before us; and, when the snow is melting in the mountains, and the water of the river is high, and rushes past you with booming and impetuous haste, it is one almost of enchantment.

When the Indians first saw Chinamen at work on this river, just above this spot, there arose a dispute among them as to whether Chinamen were Indians (!) or not—one party arguing that they were an inferior kind of In-

Indians that lived far over the big water; and the other, that their eyes and general expression of the face, in no way resembled those of an Indian; consequently they could not belong to the Indian people at all. They all, however, came to one conclusion, that if Chinamen were Indians (!) they could certainly swim. This being decided upon, they soon determined to prove the fact; and, while a Chinaman was crossing a log (when the river was at its highest,) the Indians, without any further ado, quietly pushed him into the surging stream and drowned him! This at once set the question at rest; and all are now agreed that *Chinamen are not Indians!*

VIEW ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

ANE AUNCIENT BALLAT,

MADE AN' KORRECKIT BE ANE SKOTTISMAN,

(ANNO D. 1500—29)

Farre doune youne glenne,
Fra the hauntis o' menne,
Thaire livits ane maydin faire,
An' bricht as the gleime,
O' the mornin' brime,
Was the glint o' her gowden hair.

The reid, reid rose,
Quhilk sweetly blowes,
An' casts arounde sweit perfuime,
Was ne'er half so faire,
As e'en to compaire,
Wi' this maydin in her bluime!

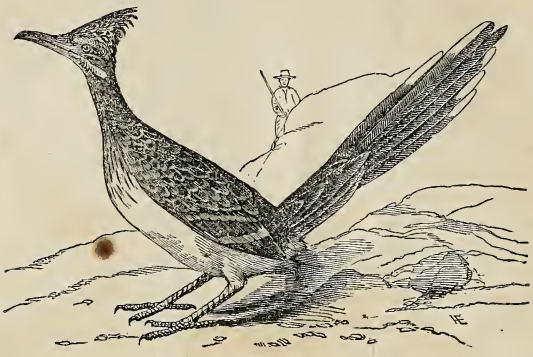
The vi'let blewe,
Quhan wet wi dewe,
Was the hue o' eyne sae bonnie;
The lylye faire
Tint its parenesse thaire,
Quhan laide on the breiste o' Annie!

Farre doune yonne glenne
Frae the hauntis o' menne,
Thaire livit ane maydin faire,
But, noo she is gonne,
Quhilk maks me moane,
This maydin lives nae maire!

Ohe! why shoulde I moane,
Because she is gonne?
Why sorrowe for her in the tombe?
She dwalls noo quhair,
The skies are aye faire,
An' the flouris for ever bluime!

J. T. A. A.

Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?



THE ROAD-RUNNER OF CALIFORNIA.

THE "ROAD-RUNNER."

This very strange and rare bird, called, in Spanish, *Courier del Camino* or *Piasano*, is peculiar to California and some portions of Mexico. So far as I am acquainted, it has not been described by any ornithologist, and still remains a distinct and isolated species from all other birds, roaming about over barren plains and hills, in search of lizards, snakes, and other reptiles, upon which it preys.

It is always seen upon the ground when first discovered, and instantly runs off, with remarkable fleetness, to the nearest thicket or hill, where it generally escapes from its pursuers either by hiding or sailing from one hill to another. It is very quick in its motions—active and vigilant; indeed, its remarkable swiftness enables it to outstrip a good horse.

At first sight, one would suppose it to be a species of Pheasant, or belonging to the ambulatory or galinaceous class of birds; but when examined more closely, it resembles them in no particular.

The most remarkable feature about it is its feet, these being more like those of clinging birds, such as the woodpecker or parrot, having two toes behind and two before, armed with sharp claws. Its legs being strong and muscular, make it well adapted for running.

Its plumage is rather coarse and rough, of a dusky hue, marked with white and brownish specks on the neck and upper parts, while its under parts are of a dirty white. The tail is long; the bill is strong and slightly curved; eyes of a greyish brown, the pupil encircled with a light colored ring. A bare space extends from the eye to the back of the neck, of a pale blueish color, tinged with red.

At times it utters a harsh note, not unlike the sudden twirl of a watchman's rattle.

The Road-Runner is seldom seen on trees, unless pursued very closely, when it has been seen to spring from the ground to the branches, at a height of ten or fifteen feet at a single bound; but it prefers running along a road or path, from whence it derives its name.

I have met with this bird frequently in my travels over the country, and have never seen one in company with any other bird, either of its own or any other kind. It is excessively shy and solitary, inhabiting the wildest and most unfrequented places. It has no song to cheer its solitude, but silently and lonely pursues its avocation in the wildest spots of California.

I have now in my possession one of these birds, which is becoming quite tame, and readily feeds upon any kind of raw meat, but prefers lizards and small birds, which it swallows whole—feathers and all. If given to him alive, he will play with them awhile before swallowing them, just as a cat will do with a mouse. I have seen him devour three sparrows, one lizard, and a portion of the breast of a coot, for his breakfast, without experiencing any apparent inconvenience. It is exceedingly ravenous, and, like all birds of that class, has a disagreeable odor, and should, I think, be placed in the order of rapacious birds.

Although it cannot fly well, by its activity and quickness it easily catches small birds, whether on the ground or in the thicket.

The specimen I have now before me, measures twenty-three inches from the tip of his bill to the end of his tail. The tail is eleven and a quarter inches, the bill two and a half inches.

Much more might be said concerning this singular and curious bird; but lest I might be intruding on the patience of the reader, I will forego further comment. A. J. Grayson.

We are favored with the above from Mr. Grayson, of San Jose, a gentleman who is devoting his attention to the study of the habits, and the making of water-color drawings, of all the birds of California. If our friends will be kind enough to send any specimens of birds, or any of their observations concerning them, we shall be happy to see that Mr. G. receives them safely, to aid him in his interesting pursuit. In a new country like ours, there is so much to be learned of the animal as well as of the vegetable life around us, that any information upon any subject will be thankfully received.

WATER! WATER! WATER!

We would that we could write those words in characters of fire; or, illuminate each letter with the brilliancy of an electric light, that every man might read, and reading, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them. We would make them so plain, that by day or night, "he that runneth may read;" for in them is the gospel of California's pecuniary salvation.

Before the vision of every business-man we would make it as ever present, and as potent in its influence, as Nancy's ghost; and as omnipresent as Sykes' dog, that he might be led to ask a few questions as to its hidden meaning.

Nearly every capitalist has the words upon his lips—"We want population." "Give us population." "Nothing can improve in California until we get more population." "The value of property would double in six months, if we had population." "Give us cheap steamship and rail road communication, that it may bring us population."

Oh! yes, gentlemen, that is all very fine, and we want all those good things you would or could mention—badly

we want them—but there is something we want *much* more, *immeasurably*, more than population—now—immediately—and that is Water! Water! Water!

Not water to drink, for that can be found bubbling up by every way side and on every mountain top — but WATER TO WORK WITH; *that* is what we want, and what *California wants* more than anything else—for *that* is wanted immediately. No thirsty traveler upon a weary desert: no bedridden patient with burning brow and fevered pulse, ever needed water more for his immediate physical wants, than does California for its present pecuniary necessities; and whatever else we ask or get—first and last, is wanted WATER.

Men who now work but *three months* out of *twelve*, could work constantly if they had water. If they were able to work they would take out gold *all the year* round; and taking out gold for *twelve* months instead of *three*, would make *some* difference in the amount put in circulation, and if the gold thus taken out was in circulation, every department of business would feel the benefit of it: while the glad tidings of the prosperity of those who are here, going Eastward, would soon bring others, and then we should not only have a "population," but we should have a *prosperous population.*

California's prosperity therefore, can be summed up in a nutshell thus—

Water, enables men to work—*working*, men dig gold—*gold*, thus dug, would be put in circulation—that *circulation* would give prosperity—*prosperity* to those now here, would soon bring others: and all would be content.

We will therefore. with the same language as the horse-leech, cry, "Give, Give," but let the gift be WATER! WATER! WATER!

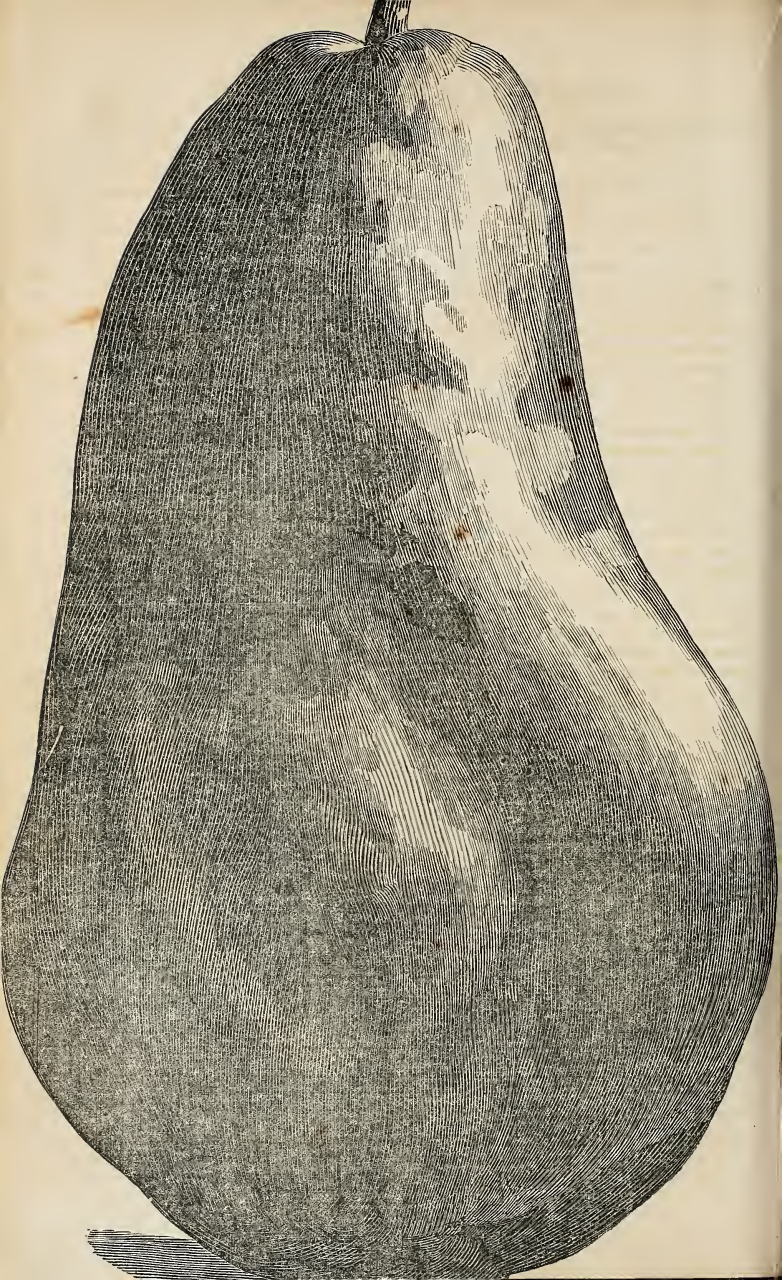
A LARGE PEAR.

It must ever be a source of astonishment and gratification to Californians, that the prolific production of our soil is such as almost to challenge the world. Who could ever dream that in a country comparatively new, so much perfection has already been attained in the culture and growth of fruits, flowers and vegetables, as to give us, in a few brief years, advantages that are as yet unpossessed by older States. Where, but in California, for instance, has there ever grown a pear of such proportions as that on an opposite page?—its natural size, from a photograph taken by Mr. Carden, of Bradley's Daguerrean Gallery, near our office, and kindly loaned us for the purpose by Mrs. E. J. Weaver, of the Washington Market—weighing, as it does, two pounds twelve ounces avoirdupois, and is one of five, all nearly as large, from a very young tree in the orchard of Mr. Beard, Mission of San Jose; and gathered, too, before they were ripe, to be exhibited at the State Fair at San Jose, and were the largest offered for exhibition.

Next month we shall find room for a more extended notice of some of the vegetable wonders that we have seen —the products of California soil.

THE FARMER.

Who makes the barren earth
A paradise of wealth,
And fills each humble hearth
With plenty, life and health?
Oh, I would have you know
They are the men of toil—
The men who reap and sow—
The tillers of the soil.



THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER IX.

REVENGE FEEDS ON DARING DEEDS.

"How's the patient?" asked the Captain, of the Doctor of a schooner just off the Downs, in the Malay dialect,

"He's not yet conscious. The dose must have been a very powerful one."

"Yes, drugged I suppose, within an inch of life. When his wits return, tell me, for I have a short account to settle with him. Don't stare, man, I don't mean one of *your* short accounts."

The man bobbed his head down under the hatchway, as if avoiding other questions.

Three days sail brought them out of the Channel, on the trackless ocean, and another day hid the shore from their sight.

"Now," said the Captain to himself, now it is my turn. I've long looked for this day; now for a hearty, full revenge for all the wrongs inflicted on me by that hated class."

"How does your honor find yourself this cool morning?" said he, when confronted with *the patient*.

"What is the meaning of all this?" enquired Lord Lovel. "Are you aware of what must be the consequences of this outrage, committed on a person in my position?"

"Perfectly aware; and more so than you appeared to be, thirty years ago, of a similar outrage upon me," said the Captain.

"I never remember having seen you before," rejoined my lord.

"Let this remind you, villain!" quickly answered the Captain, stripping himself to the skin, and exhibiting numerous scars on his back, crossed and recrossed, similar in form to sharp notes in music, on a larger scale and more lengthened. "Do you remember my being flogged round the Nore while you were a middy on board the Bellerophon, merely for calling you a saucy child, in retaliation for your daring to call me a lazy, fat lubber, before the boat's crew?"

"Yes — I remember; you were boatswain on that occasion. But there was another provocation."

"There was. You—you—a child, three months in the service—kicked me—me—a man, who had untimely grown grey in it—and I slapped your face and boxed your ears soundly, to teach you how to respect your superiors in years, and your masters in experience."

"I now remember it well. And can a British tar harbor, for thirty years, feelings of demon-revenge towards an individual for the slight indiscretion of a boy?"

"Not against him as an individual, but against the whole race of his vile caste. As I was selected, a victim, to teach the class from which I sprung slavish subordination to your race, so I—mark me—*I* have, in like manner, selected you as a victim, to teach you and yours a lesson of respect towards honest labor and manly virtue. Never until the day when you insulted me, was I wanting in my duty or reverence towards the flag of my country; and if I now disgrace it, you, and you only, have set me the example, and upon you be the shame and disgrace of the reprobate pirate."

"Pirate!" cried the amazed nobleman. Gracious God! into what hands have I fallen! I confess I unknowingly have wronged you; but do me the justice to attribute your inadequate and, I must confess, cruel punishment to the Dracon-laws of the British service—made, not to rule thinking men, but for the outcasts of society, from which order, you know well, the service was mainly supplied. You forget how I went on my knees to the captain, that he would soften the rigor of your sentence. Nay, more, that very event was the sole inducement of my leaving the service."

"It may be; but there is another account with another aggrieved one you have to settle."

"What is that? But have you calculated on the chances of your escaping the lynx-eye of justice? All the world will ring of this misdeed, if found out, and your bones, after the ignominious death of the scaffold, will be left to rot in the air, as a warning to future evil-doers."

"What care I for this old carcass, riddled with shot and mangled with the cat? What is the chance of the most intolerable death-pangs to the sweet indulgence of a life-cherished revenge?"

"Martin," cried Lovell, "set me on shore at the first land you can make, and, I pledge you my honor, not a word shall ever escape my lips of this matter; nay, more, I will use all the influence I possess to restore you to your former position in society. Dispose of your bark, get rid of your crew, and from that time I swear to befriend you through life, to make some little atonement for the evil I unwittingly have done yon."

"No; no!" said the old mariner, beating his breast; "this—this has come too late. I cannot retract; I cannot—I dare not look back. I, too, have power. I am pledged to execute a deed—to carry out a project, that will not admit of one particle of flinching—to punish wrongs that the British laws have no power or inclination to remove."

"What! would you murder me?"

"No; I am no cowardly assassin."

"Challenge me to single combat?"

"Not a bit of it. That would be as cowardly."

"What, then, are your intentions?"

"To land you on a cannibal island, with none but a companion whom your noble father—noble, forsooth—has wronged more, much more, than you have wronged me, and that's not a trifle."

"My father! Lord Elmore! wronged he any one? How, in the name of all that's sacred! what can he have done to any one? Speak! what can he have done?"

"Murder!"

"Murder?"

"Murder! murder of two innocent, virtuous, industrious, sober people; morally, I could add another, to make a third."

"Speak! explain!"

"Robert Woodgrove—outlawed by your father, Earl Elmore, for threatening him on account of prosecuting his son Robert, who hanged himself while in gaol for shooting a rabbit, and whose mother died of grief shortly after."

"Gracious God!" said his lordship, burying his face with both his hands; "have I lived so long unconscious of these misfortunes?"

"I am pledged to see you safely landed with Woodgrove, who is now on board with us."

"Where?" hastily asked his lordship.

"That at present is a secret between us. You will find a tent with provisions, materials, etc., to make you both as comfortable as the circumstances of a transportation, perhaps for life, will admit."

"And am I daily to be confronted with, and make sport for, this man, whom I never injured?"

"Yes, daily; that is to say, if the cannibals on the island do not, some fine day, make a savory roast of you and your companion, as a couple of side dishes, to garnish a war-feast!"

"Well, I am in your power now, and must make the best of it."

"You had better; it is the best philosophy you can urge upon yourself. Woodgrove risks his life as well as yours. He is a noble fellow, that Woodgrove—one of nature's, not society's, noblemen. He wants to teach you the use and virtue of several arts, which the latter people despise and persecute."

"What arts are these?"

"Of procuring a living in nature's enchanting wilds, where a dowdy, minikin fop would starve. He wants to show you how to snare birds, wire rab-

bits, stalk deer, net fish—in short, to show you the art of living well in the midst of abundance, instead of, as heretofore, starving with plenty around you. He is an ingenious fellow, and if you behave yourself you will, after your probation, if your life be spared, come out a wiser, a better, a happier, if not a more enlightened man—wiser, better, happier, more enlightened, I repeat it, as to your duties to your so-called inferiors, who, you well know, live only to administer to your comforts and pleasures."

CHAPTER X.

WHO WOULDN'T, IF ONE COULD, TRAVEL AND SEE THE LIONS?

"Now, Mrs. Berry jes put your wus foot behind, and your best foot afore, for the cab will be here in five minutes less than no time," said Dickory, taking out his huge gold watch, a few degrees in circumference less than a juvenile warming pan, and which he had of late such frequent recourse to, that one would think that all his friends had fevers, and that he was continually called upon in a medical capacity to feel their pulses.

"Why one cab'll not hold half them things mum," said Flora the buxom help of Mrs. Hick.

"You mind your own business, Flora, and look after the younger Adam, and leave the older one to look after his self. Who ever heard of a cab that couldn't be stuffed so full at top and bottom as not to contain one trunk more," vociferated Hickory.

Flora was not a pet dog, but Mrs. H's pet help; she had selected her out of fifty advertised for, to go to California, by Times' advertisement, because she could do a good day's work, and look after Adam in the bargain, with one eye, and see the pot a boiling with the other, while the rub and scrub went like steam all the time. But what Mrs. H. wanted with a washer-woman on so extensive a scale, on such a journey; and what her parents were thinking about when they gave her such a name, Mr. H. could not for the life of him see.

With him, Mary—good old fashioned, John-Bull-Mary, was to be her name. With Mrs. Hicklebury, she might be what Mrs. Hick liked, he never interfered; and as for the bearer of such a picturesque name, she didn't care, she said, what she was called, so long as she wasn't called too late for dinner.

"We have done with the Irish woman," said Mrs. Hick, to her bosom friend Mrs. Poodle, "for at the end of an excursion we took in the country, or rather, intended to take, little Adam was taken sick with a bowel complaint, and we came back rather unexpectedly, in the evening, and found pretty doings, at home, I assure you. For, after knocking at the door, pulling at the bell, thunderin' at the shutters for a hour, Mr. H. was obleeged to borry a ladder of the bricklayer, next door, that he and the perleeseman might get in at the winder; and sitch a scene did we see, as we never met wi' in all our born days afore nor never shall again, if we lived to the end of all time. But I've not time to tell you all about it now, dear Poodle, but as I was a saying, the wretch had the impudence to have the private performance of a Irish wake in our own house, and had even gone so far as to have the blessed corpse removed to our own parlor, and there was the abused mortality, as parson Briggs would say, as large as life, the only thing and person in the house, what was not turned topsy turvy, for not even one of the pewter pots from the next public, to the number of thirteen, as I am a sinner, (the Irish love odd numbers, the song says, you know,) stood upon its right end; but wasn't in the very same disorder; and it was not until the purlece, assisted by three others, with wheel-barrers, and stretchers, and hand-cuffs and wot-not, had cleared the house, and Flory and me had the histerics very bad, and the Doctor had come, and the perleceman,

good fellow, had been made all right by the sovering reward, and a good glass of brandy and water in the bar-g'in; the house had been fumigated with brown paper, dipped in vinegar, and my poor head with lavender-water, that matters had been all put to rights ag'in."

"Where did you put them bits o' things of Adam's, Flory?" said Mrs. H.

"In the box next to the one with a yeller top Mum."

"Well, mind and keep your 'eyes on 'um, and see they're handy-like on the woyage."

"Now then, here we are all right. Here comes all our old friends, to give us the last shake of the hands, Missus. Bless me, I didn't know we had so many friends in the world. There, don't be a snivelling, Mrs. H.; you'll set up young Adam's pipes presently, and you know it's no joke when he gets a-goin'. One 'ud think that you were attendin' a funeral to see the doleful face you're a-makin'. Come wipe up your face and tuck your hair under."

Mrs. H. did so, and turning to Flora, pathetically inquired if she was quite sure she had put up her second best bonnet all safe, and where was the silk umbrella with the red coral handle, with Mr. Hickleberry's name on it."

"All right Mum," responded Flora, "don't cry Missus, it's nothin' a-crossin' on the 'Lantic, I know many of my friends who have done it, and they all say 'twas nothin' but a pleasure trip."

"Is this the last," shouted Hick.

"Yes," replied Flora.

"Time it was, for that's the fifteenth, I think," said Hick; one would suppose that we was a-goin' on the water povided for another deluge, to last double the time of the old one, by all this gear. That's the wust of wimmen, they never can set off full sail wirout so much riggin; whereas a man with a puss in his pocket, can throw on his cloak and hat, take his stick and be off before a woman can put on just her bonnet.

"Drive to King's Cross, Coachee. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye all."

"No, we're going to see you off."

"I'm not a-going to take all on ye behind," swore the cabman, "unless you pays the fines!"

"Go it, and never mind the fines," shouted all, and away they rolled on towards the King's Cross station.

"Lawks! I have forgot the mixture for Adam, and the brandy," said Mrs. H. suddenly, "what shall we do when he wakes up?"

"Never mind the brandy, he shall have a gallon when we get to the Cross."

"Now, when you gets to the station, Flory, don't you get gawking and staring about ye, else we shall lose half the trunks; d'ye hear? said Mrs. H.

"Never fear me, Mum, I havn't traveled all my life for nuthin', I can count thirteen, I hope, Mum."

"Yes, but there is sitch a thing as countin' a dozen and not seein, one on 'em. If countin' on 'em does all the business, a veek's vash vould soon be over."

"Wat the dooce do you want with washing now, Mrs. H.? surely we've done with that 'ere reeking business for one while; least-wise as far as six months goes, so leave all them 'ere cares about the soap-suds behind."—"Here we are, now look sharp, Missus; Mary, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, to take care of your teeth, or they'll not be sharp enough for the London sharpers, I can tell you."

Here, what with bells ringing, railway whistles, slamming of doors, wheeling of trunks, running of porters, calling of officers, "good-bye's" of friends, poor Mrs. Hick, and Flory were well nigh bewildered. It was well that Hick, himself, had so many friends behind to take care of them and their trunks.

THE sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

NARRATIVE OF A WOMAN WHO WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE, UPON THE ISLAND OF SAN NICOLAS, COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Editor:—It is with pleasure that I have seen your efforts to rescue from oblivion, and perpetuate in your Magazine, the many wonderful things that relate to the early history of our State. During a residence of eight years upon this coast, in which time I have explored over eighteen hundred miles of it, I have been enabled to treasure up many things in my journal which may be of interest to your many readers; I shall take pleasure in occasionally giving you an extract from it, and, as there is no time like the present, I will commence with the following:

Alexander Selkirk, the hero of Defoe's enchanting story of Robinson Crusoe, was only four years upon the desert island of Juan Fernandes. Could we but find an author at the present day, with Defoe's graphic imagination, we believe sufficient facts of the lonely exile of this woman for eighteen years, could be obtained to make one of the most thrilling and beautifully descriptive volumes ever published.

Those who are acquainted with the geography of this coast, will remember that about two hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco, a chain of islands commences, called the Santa Barbara Islands. While stationed upon one of this group—the island of San Miguel—making tidal observations for the U. S. Government, I was visited by Mr. George Nediver, an old resident of California, who came over from the main land, on a hunting excursion, and encamped beside me, and from whom I obtained much valuable information concerning the early history of these islands, as well as the adjacent coast.

One evening, while seated beside our quiet camp-fire, placidly smoking our pipes, Mr. N. related to me the following remarkable history:

Twenty years ago, the whole of the Indian tribes inhabiting this group of islands were engaged in a fierce and exterminating war with each other, and to such an extent was this deadly hostility waged that already the population had very much diminished, and would, in all probability, before many years, become entirely extinct. To prevent this, and at the same time to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, the good Fathers of the Mission of Santa Barbara conceived the idea of removing them to the main land, where they might be watched over, improved, and preserved, under their immediate superintendance.

For this purpose they visited the islands, in company with a few partially civilized Indians, and explained to them the advantages of removing to the Mission. They listened attentively to the proposal, and finally consented to go, on promises of protection from their natural enemies being given by the Fathers.

Accordingly a small vessel was sent to the different islands, and the various tribes were taken one by one, to the Mission of Santa Barbara. But while the last of the Indians were embarking, at the island of San Nicolas, and all were supposed to be on board, a child was missing, and its mother, in great distress was seeking everywhere, without success; each portion of the vessel was diligently searched; all the adja-

cent rocks were examined, but no child could be found. Almost frantic, the mother requested the Captain to wait while she went into the interior to search for her child, to which he reluctantly consented.

As night closed down in darkness, heavy masses of clouds rolled up from the horizon, and gave threatening evidence of a coming storm. All were anxious for the return of the woman and her child, before it broke upon them, but still they came not. The wind began to blow, harder and stronger; the storm was rapidly increasing: and as the groups of Indians on board strained their eyes, trying to discover, in the darkness, some object that resembled the returning woman and her child, yet saw them not, there were many sad hearts and anxious countenances that night, on their account.

The storm at last came on in all its fury, tossing their little vessel up and down like a feather, and compelled them at last, though reluctantly, to put to sea for safety, before any tidings of the absent ones could be received; and, although the cargo of living freight reached Santa Barbara in safety, before the vessel could return for the woman, it was wrecked and entirely lost; and as no other could be oblained at that time, the poor woman had to remain upon the island, where she lived, *alone*, for eighteen years; no doubt forgotten, or given up as long since dead.

After the discovery of gold, it was rumored that San Nicolas was inhabited, and this, no doubt, had its foundation in the fact that several hunters of the sea otter, had seen the print of human footsteps, and they endeavored to discover the whereabouts of the individuals, but could not: yet, as all the footprints were alike, they concluded that there could be only one person living upon it; and many attempts were made to find out who, and where this strange being was, but without avail, until one of California's oldest pioneers, Mr. Nediver—the gentleman who related to me the story, and who arrived in this country some twenty-five years ago, and still resides at Santa Barbara—went over to look for her, and who, having spent many years as a hunter, and trapper in the Rocky Mountains, was as expert as an Indian, in following a trail, and consequently found but little difficulty in discovering the track, which he followed until he saw a singular object among the rocks upon the sea shore, near the mouth of a ravine, upon its knees, engaged in skinning a seal. Upon approaching, he found it to be a woman clad in a singular dress of feathers; and, when she saw him, she jumped up, and with excessive joy ran towards him, and seemed almost beside herself with wild delight, at the sight, once more, of a human being.

In her hand she held a rude knife-blade, that she had made from a piece of old iron, probably obtained from the fragment of some wreck, and which she evidently valued beyond anything else in her possession.

She was unable to make herself understood, except by signs; in making which she showed a great amount of intelligence, and signified her willingness to accompany him to Santa Barbara. Here Father Gonzales, of the Mission, took the greatest pains to discover some of the Indians who had been taken from those islands, eighteen

years before, but not one of them could be found, and what became of them, is a mystery unto this day. Not one of the Indians within a circumference of many miles, could be found, who could understand her. So that she could communicate only by signs.

It appears from her narative, that after leaving the vessel in search of her child, she wandered about for several hours, and when she found it, the wild dogs which infest the island, even to the present day, had killed, and nearly devoured it. We can better imagine the feelings of a mother at such a time, than describe them. When she returned to the spot where she had left the vessel, to tell of her sorrows, for the loss of her child, that too was gone, and was bearing away her kindred and friends from her sight.

Could she have realized, then, that for eighteen long years she must live *alone* in the world, without one kind word of comfort, one cheering look from a friendly eye, or one smile of recognition, it would have been too much for even her wild, but womanly nature to bear, and with her, as with us, it is well that we know not the future.

From day to day, she lived in hope, beguiling the weary hours in providing for her wants. With snares made of her hair she caught birds; and with the skins, properly prepared, she made her clothing; her needles were neatly made of bone, and cactus thorns; her thread was of sinews from the seal: in these, and many other articles found in her possession, she exhibited much of the native ingenuity she possessed.

Whether she still remembered her own language or not, will forever remain a mystery. She was very gentle, and kind, especially to children, and nothing seemed to please her more than to be near them: and the poor woman would often shed tears, while attempting to describe, by signs, her own little one which had been killed and eaten by the wild dogs.

The sympathy felt for her welfare, caused the people to supply her, bountifully, with everything she needed; and, very imprudently, allowed her to eat almost anything she chose, and the result was, that in about six months after her escape from her lonely exile she sickened and died—having, undoubtedly, been killed with kindness.

At the conclusion of the old gentle man's tale, I was more than ever convinced of the truthfulness of the remark, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."—C. J. W. Russell.

Immensity of the Universe.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the dili gence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Ross's telescope, says that Lord Ross has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thonsand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

Forget injuries and remember benefits. If you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

THE OLDEN TIME.

Oh! sing us a song of the olden time,
A song of the friends we loved;
When we listened at eve to the village chimes
And through the meadows we roved.
Oh! sing us a song—a good old song,
That's gentle, tender and slow;
Of the friends that we knew—of the chosen few;
In the days of long ago.

Oh! tell us a tale of the olden time,
When life and we were gay;
Ere death had come to call *them* home—
The friends of our early day.
Oh! tell us of them—the gentle and good,
Whom we loved in the days of old;
Ere the cares and strife, and the storms of life,
Had made our warm blood cold.

Oh! tell of the scenes of the olden time,
The scenes of our early years;
Ere the fountain of hope in our heart had dried,
And dim were our eyes with tears.
Oh! for a strain to return again,
As of some forgotten chime;
A song—a tone of that which is gone,
A voice of the olden time.

G. T. S.

San Francisco, Oct. 15, 1856.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. II.

"But fate whirls on the bark,
And the rough gale sweeps from the rising tide,
The early calm of thought."

Bulwer.

It was the footsteps of destiny in the bright light of the nineteenth century, marching onward and upward, while "excelsior" was the cry.

Too long the boundless prairie had lain waste; too long a thousand hills and vallies, gardens of Eden, "had bloomed unseen," aye until now, but the vanguard of civilization, impelled by the will of God, was gathering on these shores, "to make glad the wilderness, and make to blossom the rose in the desert.

Soon we sailed beneath the old Spanish fort, which looked down so grim upon us. Could it have been possible to have rolled back years, or to have summoned from the spirit land the Spanish soldiers that in old time garrisoned that battery, what a sight for them would have been our fleet, of different nations, fearlessly sailing beneath their guns, and never saying "Don Cæsar, with your leave." And the *Alcaldes* of the Presidio, the magnates of the adobe capital, with their gold lace and their pride—ah me, what a stir would have been among those *compadres* at such a time.

Surely it was a new era on the Pacific. The gold seeking filibusters of the Spanish race, who came bearing aloft the cross as symbol of their faith to christianize its people, are now effete and degenerate, and rapidly passing away before the strength of a new people, governed by liberal and just laws, pushed forward by love of adventure and of commerce, to seek for new fields of enterprise in the sunny lands of the beautiful Pacific.

"Ready about," and before us lay, what seemed a forest of pines, covering a low island. It cannot be, we exclaimed, by heavens! it is a forest of ships. A thousand were riding at anchor in the Bay, and soon we were among them. Ah! there was our old comrade the "Adams," that we sailed with down the Atlantic coast, and kept company with in Rio, and there our friend of Valparaiso, and there our consort off the Horn, with whom we doubled the Cape on that dark stormy evening, when it blew great guns and carried away our crossjack yard and sprung our fore topmast at the cap.

Their decks were crowded, for they knew their old friend the "Sally Ann," and their wild cheer burst forth, and we answered in return, and as ship upon ship of our fleet sailed past us, they were welcomed with tremendous cheers. I tell thee old friend, it was a scene which few men ever behold, and our blood was bounding in a fever heat.

It's a strange sound, the rattling of the heavy chain as down goes the ponderous anchor in the deep; and it is difficult to describe the mixed feelings which are born at such a time. Our voyage over, our sea life ended, and our land life to begin. The dreamy luxury of long inaction dissipated, and the work of reality about to commence. The first look at our new home, the first vivid realization of our field of enterprise, hope, courage, resolve, a little fear, trying to look away out into the future, a peering into the faces of our friends, and wondering if they will be staunch, and true, and steadfast; an inward prayer, a look aloft at the spars of the now dear old ship, and then a rushing down below to see if all our traps are ready to be sent ashore. A hail from your friend of the opposite stateroom to yours, who is standing with half a dozen other good fellows, to take a last parting glass from the last bottle, and drink success to our hopes. Another rumbling of the chain as more is given out, to make the ship ride easy; so ends our connection with the floating home, where for months, after all, we have been so happy.

Then all is rush and excitement, bother, trouble, care and glimmerings of disappointment. The man of yesterday, indolent, jaunty and careless, with the smoke from his hooka curling through his lips in graceful, lazy festoons, cannot be recognized in the fretted, anxious, overheated and excited fellow, who is rushing past you in search of a lost trunk or a missing carpet bag.

With me it was different, thanks to my travels and connection with the embassy in Europe, where often I had to get ready for long journies at a moment's notice, every thing with me was in its right place, and I was on deck looking with some degree of amusement, at my fellow voyagers in their anxious hurry.

Soon I turned from them to look out at the beautiful Bay. Its headlands and shores I traced far up and down, and wondered what was in the hazy dim beyond, and where in that bright scene my destiny was to be cast.

Our city then was like a camp, its white tents glistening in the sun, and from where we lay, we could hear the rush and struggle of business, and hear the hammer and the axe at work. A mighty city was springing up, as if by magic, before our eyes; there was the future seat of commerce, wealth and power, the first foundation stone of a mighty capital was laid amid that throng of tents.

And in the inlets and bays of the great harbor, the seat of many a happy and thriving town. Away in the interior, the future homes, the happy homes of freemen and their sons, a people who were yet to control the destiny of the Pacific. For, far out in its waters, were yet to sail the ships of this new land; and along its coast, and in the harbors of its islands, the flag of this new country was yet to wave aloft, the arbiter of them all.

Strange this reading of destiny in the present, yet it was truth; a mighty lever had found its fulcrum, and the new world was being re-youthed again, and the first flashings of its future splendor shone out through the darkness of the past, even then, with a lustre, before which the old glory of the fabulous Spanish conquest and achievements were paling, as a star before the brilliant sun.

The prophetic spirit was within me, and I felt its power, as I looked upon that city in the glory of years to come, and heard its future warriors and statesmen speak, and beheld the throes and struggles in its young giant life—its virtues and its crimes, its noble patriots, and its traitor sons, mingled together in the far off time—now triumphant, now dismayed—now calm, now stern—now peace, now strife—now lifted up by the good, now cast down by the bad—now prosperous in the calm of happy, peaceful commerce—now swayed, and torn, and riven asunder, as her angels of good and demons of bad struggled for the mastery—still 'twas triumph, 'twas upward and onward in the future of the *Golden City* of the *Pacific Empire*.

Our boat was soon dashing through the waters of the Bay, propelled by strong arms, and willing hearts, for the beach, which was thronged with the rush of human life. Soon her keel grated on the sand, and we were on our feet, one strong push altogether with the oars pointed downwards, and her bow was high and dry, one spring and we were on *terra firma*, and our arms were stretched aloft with a long respiration of satisfaction, right glad and thankful to be on land again, and that too in the great El Dorado, with our feet upon her *golden shores*.

In truth it was a strange scene, that mingling of the races there, at the footstool of the altar of the golden god.

I linked my arm in that of an old friend of mine, and through the heavy sand of the streets, we commenced our explorations of the new city. It was a medley of confusion, but all were busy; some erecting stands and laying out their wares to tempt the eye of the passer by; some building their tents, sawing lumber, heaving the axe on high, and cutting timber into shape with the sharp adze; some piling up goods in their open warehouses, others buying, bartering, and selling; and others listening and searching for information, that they hoped, was to open up the way, for them, to wealth.

One thing struck me as remarkable, ere I was an hour in San Francisco, —the intense look of selfishness which was on every face. And before night, when I was back to the old ship, I found that the same shadow had fallen on the faces of my comrades. It was now impossible to come to an understanding with any of them, as to what they intended to do, and what information they had gained. It was now every man for himself and a long farewell to the big words and promises of yesterday.

Self was up in arms, protecting self—they were watchful and wary as Indians, lest a word spoken in amity or hope might commit them, and act as a clog to aught the gods would grant them ere another day was past. We were far, very far from being wealthy, many were on their last dollar, yet we were r ch in expectation—and were al-

ready misers in our hearts, and the old adage that "riches harden the heart," was exemplified with tremendous force; for many a poor hombre without a single ounce was already guarding his imaginary wealth, which the coming time was to bring to him.

Human nature, human nature, thou art not the boasted divinity which some high toned philanthropists, with great words would make thee—standing naked before the searching eye of truth.

Faugh! I have seen thee tried in the prairie, on the wreck, in the flight on the battle-field, in the hour of deadly famine, when all was lost but the tremendous principle of self; and, oh! how abject I have seen thee, how cowardly, how base. Still, I have seen exceptions, when the God-like principle of brotherly love has been visible with a light brilliant as the halo of an angel, —where the soul, in the right of its divine origin, has held the weaker humanity in check, and made it act a work, with courage and nobility, a manly, glorious part, which deified the creature, and made the *mortal* for the time a *God*.

Well, we strolled on through the sandy streets, now and then standing in some canvas groggery, where vile peach brandy and *aguardente*, from Chili, was sold at fearful prices, and there listened to great tales which some ruffian sailor would be telling, and every now and then display his large bags of the shining dust. Truly the place was a sailor's heaven: plenty of gold, plenty of rum, and no "call the watch," and "all hands, ahoy!" to reef topsails on a stormy night.

Clink! clink! clink! the sound of counting silver came ringing on the ear at every turn, in every street. The sound was from the gambling-houses. My friend and I entered and passed around the crowd of human beings intent on trying the favor of the demon, chance.

The rooms were crowded with those made after the image of the Creator, peering with restless and cunning eye at the dealers' hands, who, shuffling the cards, kept continually drawling out, "The game is made," and hauling into their overflowing coffers fifty to one they lost.

Well, there was piled on their tables great heaps of glittering coin of every realm and land under the sun, and large, solid, knotty pieces of virgin gold, with heavy bags of shining dust, showing there was no lack of wealth among the card-shuffling fraternity, whose fingers glistened with diamonds, and who, in the surrounding multitude, were remarkable for their fine dress. They were the Brummels and Chesterfields of the scene.

My friend staked a dollar, I ten; he lost, I won. He staked five, I twenty; the luck was still the same. I staked fifty, and won again. My friend would play no more, but the spirit of evil had got into me, and I staked a hundred—won once more; two hundred, and once more I was a victor.

My friend sat down and, whispering, reasoned with me that I should leave while luck was with me. In vain he talked. I played on, now a winner, now a loser. One, two, three hours rolled on, and I rose the winner of *two thousand dollars*.

When in the street, I sat down upon a pile of lumber and looked into my heart, and found that there was deeper

guilt in it than I had ever dreamt of, for my blood was in a fever heat, and the full spirit of the thorough gambler was rampant in me.

Still I had strength enough to lay my hand upon the veins of my heart, pausing to reflect, and soon I was master of myself, *and then and there* I made a vow never to stake a dollar at cards again; and, thank Heaven, I kept my resolution, aye, when tempted in the hour of trial.

Not for millions would I again feel as I did when I was winner of that two thousand dollars. No, not for the uncovered wealth of California, piled in its glittering masses like the fabled wealth of the genii, would I give over, for two hours again, my soul, and heart, and being, to the mean, cowardly selfishness of spirit which had possession of me for that short but eventful period.

Well, time rolled on, days, weeks, and months, and I was a speculator. A fortune was in my grasp; but the culminating point of my luck was turned, and, in the ratio of my gain, I lost, until, alas! my position, from the expectant millionaire, was that of a day laborer for hire.

Damp, heavy fogs, like the mists of winter in a northern clime, enveloped, in its humid cloud, the Bay and City of Tents; and then lights and fires peered out with a heavy glare from the hazy atmosphere.

Strolling on the sand-beach, where now stands one of the finest streets of the city, I was looking into myself, and the examination was not flattering to my vanity, and helped to increase the gloomy depression of spirits which had been gaining on me for some days past. I had begun to feel a longing desire to leave this new land, which I had entered with such ardent hopes, soured by want of success in my speculations, and my lack of the knowledge of the world's ways, to enable me to carve out a path for myself independent of patronage.

Proud, unwilling, and unaccustomed to hard labor, I inwardly blamed my seeming folly in coming to a country where, as yet, all men had either to be the traders or laborers. In that bitter hour I cursed the education which unfitted me for holding my own in such a place as I now found myself. And, oh! how I wished that I had learned to be a carpenter, or some other useful branch of trade, instead of studying for years in the dreamy, poetical cloisters of a German college.

The mines I dreaded, from the ruthless lawless men whom I then met every day from there, and from their exaggerated accounts of the misery they endured. Still it had come to this with me, that I had to determine upon my course that night, either to bear the supposed evils which were around me, leave for the mines, or leave the country—"a sadder, but a wiser man."

Earnestly I investigated every information I had received upon the subject, and my own experience. You will say, my friend, that it was easy to decide. I tell you, from the peculiar formation of my mental habits at that time, it was very difficult. True, there was plenty of work at high remuneration, but all in a new field from what I had been accustomed; and then, from my vanity, or pride, or bashfulness, I could not ask a man to give me work. One or two repulses I had met with, and some jeers from comrades with whom

I had labored, at my awkwardness and gentle manners, had made me hate myself and mankind—so that, at that moment I was ready to enter into any enterprise, short of dishonor, which would give me excitement and relief from my own despairings.

Strolling on, planning and thinking, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of revelry and laughter, proceeding from a large frame, canvas-covered building, which broke like a charm upon my ear. I also will be joyous, I thought, as I paused at the edge of its circle of light. One step, another, and I was in its centre, when I was arrested in a manner somewhat strange and abrupt.

At the door stood a tall, fine built man, dressed somewhat in a half sailor, half landsman fashion. I had but time to look at him, when suddenly he presented a pistol point blank at me, and shouted, in a gay cheerful tone of voice, "Under what king, Bezonian?—speak or die." I answered not. Again the question, and with it the flash of the pistol, and a ball whistled past my ear. *One, two, three, four, five, six* shots he fired in quick succession, each ball seeming to graze my head, when he exclaimed, "By heaven! you are a trump, and I appoint you the Captain of my watch!" and making six steps, he was by my side, and grasped my hand as I sprung at his throat. His arms were locked round me with an iron hold, and I was powerless.

"Calm yourself," said he; "I am your friend,"

"Unhand me," I exclaimed; my blood was up to the fever heat. "Give me a fair chance, villain, with gun or pistol, knife or sword, and I will fight thee to the death."

"I knew it, friend," he said, in tones gentle as a maiden's voice. "I have seen thee tried, here and before,"—and bending down, he whispered a word in my ear which made me spring from him with a bound which tore me from his grasp.

It was the name of a small town in Germany, which in memory I ever hated—where once in a mad frolic of some students, I quarrelled with a comrade. We fought with small swords, and he fell. This had been the dark spot of my life, and I had learned to forget it until then.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed.

"That matters not," he answered; "I know you, you see. For some days I have intended to speak to you, and make you an offer which would give you a chance for fortune; but seeing you enter within this light, the mad idea of trying if you were made of the same stuff as ever, made me draw upon you, to see if you would flinch from the whistle of the bullet. Forgive me, 'twas a mad introduction, but not more so than many a frolic on the banks of the Neckar, in old Heidelburgh."

Again he was beside me, and whispering gently, he gave me the password of a society that I had been a member of years before. My hand was within his, his arm was around my neck, and we entered the house like *comrades of the night.* But what happened there, I must reserve for my next paper.

As the needle, frail and shivering,
On the ocean wastes afar,
Veering, changing, trembling, quivering,
Settles on the polar star—
So in breasts of those who roam,
Love's magnetic fires are burning—
To the central point of home,
Trembling hearts are ever turning.

MARY ELTON;

A TALE OF WILKESBARRE.

He knew her when a budding flower;
He watched her growth from hour to hour,
And loved her in her bloom;
But since her soul has flown from earth,
With all its native, saintly worth,
His heart lies in her tomb.

The expense and inconvenience attendant upon the transportation of bulky material from San Francisco into the interior, in 1849, rendered it necessary for California adventurers, arriving here, to squeeze their personal paraphernalia into as small a package as possible; and, consequently, many who had landed with cumbersome trunks were obliged to store them until they returned from the mountains. Many of these were destroyed during the terrible visitations of fire inflicted upon this city in its days of infancy. Those that were stored on board of vessels in the harbor and in houses that passed unscathed through the fiery ordeals, as a general thing, were left unreclaimed, and sales of trunks and contents, "for account of whom it may concern," were matters of every-day occurrence.

Having a few shirts of my own lying miscellaneously around the room in which I lodged, and finding that their original number was rapidly decreasing by the simple rule of subtraction—a part of arithmetic in which my room-mates were particularly well schooled—I resolved, in justice to judicious self-economy, to purchase a trunk, and thereby remove all further temptation. With this commendable object in view, I attended the next sale I saw advertised, and was the fortunate bidder-in of an elegant and fashionable spring-lock, double-covered, leather travelling trunk. In looking over its contents, which consisted of toilet knick-knacks, an assortment of under-garments, etc., I discovered a MS., carefully folded, and endorsed: "My first, last, and only love." Curiosity led me to open it, and I found the following interesting narrative:

In the still, lone hours of night, when all around reigns silence, and man is left alone to commune with his thoughts, how fleetly memory wings back to the moments of the past! How vividly appear, to the imagination, the faces of those we once loved; and how freshly are arrayed before us the scenes of purity and innocence that we passed with them in our halcyon days! Again, in thought, we gambol, with all the buoyancy of youth, over the familiar fields of green, and pluck nature's choicest flowers to present to the idol of our heart; or, perhaps, wander leisurely with her along the river's bank, gazing upon the bosom of the placid stream, as it silently courses to the ocean, and liken our love to it—calm but flowing, and as exhaustless as its source.

Yes, there was a period when each succeeding day rolled on with such unalloyed happiness—when requited love gave sunshine and brightness to every hour, that I now almost regret memory remains to give me the power of contrasting that time with the present.

Mary Elton was a rare and beautiful flower that bloomed in the town of Wilkesbarre, on the banks of the Susquehannah. She was adorned by nature with a form of excellent symmetry and a face of marvellous beauty.

Although she was endowed with an easy and fascinating grace in society, her manners were naturally retiring. Her family, being in affluent circumstances, had given her an excellent education, which she made use of not to show others how far she was their superior in learning, but to attract them towards her that she might impart to them the treasures she had received at the fount of knowledge. To the poor she had endeared herself by her benefactions; her peers she had won by her kindness and amiability; and her seniors she had conciliated by her veneration and tractability.

Though situated in vastly different worldly circumstances and prospects from Miss Elton, I grew up, from my earliest years, in her acquaintance. Our friendship, at the age of adolescence, ripened into love, and at length happiness for either was only to be found in the other's society.

Two years passed away, from the time we had first interchanged our vows, without interruption to our happiness. My mind had become so engrossed with the enthralling passion which possessed me, that I could not pay that strict attention to business which is so necessary to attain success in the legal profession. The reputation I had gained during the first six months of my practice was rapidly waning for the want of exertion on my part; and I at length opened my eyes to the injudiciousness, if not folly, of my course. There were obstacles to our union I had not heretofore reflected upon. The object of my affection was the daughter of a wealthy father; I must be the architect of my own fortune. Would it be right, would it be honorable, to draw her down to my own level of poverty, with the bare prospect that my industry and talents would one day open the way to fame and opulence? And then, even should I overcome my present scruples, would Mr. Elton be willing to give his daughter's hand to one who had nothing to offer in return but the poor pittance of professional ambition and a world of good intentions? Reason answered, No! And yet, how could I for a moment release the jewel that so enchained me. "The spirit parting with the soul" could not offer half the measure of suffering that a separation from the idol of my heart would produce. Honor and duty dictated the course which prudence sanctioned; love and affection lured me on in the current which the heart approved. I decided, on the moment, to sink the latter consideration, and resolved to acquaint Mary, at our next meeting, with my reflections, and beg to be forgotten.

But, alas for human weakness! When next we met, our hearts' outpourings were as deeply imbued with love as they had been in our most thoughtless days. When I said:

"Mary, I fear our positions in life are too widely different to permit the hope of a union,"

She replied: "Positions different, Henry? What matters it how different our worldly positions may be, so long as our hearts are united by a congenial sympathy. Oh, Henry, you have known me to little purpose if you have yet to learn that no worldly consideration can come between you and my love!"

"You misunderstand me, Mary; I mean, your father's intentions would

be an insuperable obstacle to our union."

"Fear not, dear Henry. He will love you because I love you. He will but see in our union the mutual happiness of his children, and gladly avail himself of the opportunity to sanction it. Although he has many eccentricities, he nevertheless possesses a warm and noble heart."

"Let us, then, go to him at once, Mary, declare our love, and ask his blessing," said I, transported by the enthusiasm of my well beloved.

We quickly threaded our way to Mr. Elton's residence, and entered his stately mansion. We found him seated in his study, and I was kindly, if not cordially, received by him.

Mr. Elton was a person of imposing presence. Past the meridian of life, with a form unusually erect, he wore an air approximating to aristocratic stiffness. His features, though prominent and inflexible, appeared handsome and intelligent. I said he received me kindly; but yet—perhaps it was the consciousness of the audacity of my errand made me think so—I imagined I saw a degree of severity in his countenance when he bade me to be seated that augured ill for the success of my interview.

I attempted several times to open the subject to him, but my heart faltered. I lacked the moral courage boldly to ask his daughter's hand; and had it not been for the adroit device of Mary, I fear I would have quitted the house without having broached the subject.

"Father," said Mary, "Mr. Woodsby has business of importance to communicate to you, and as it is perhaps not proper that I should be a party to your conversation, I will withdraw."

This well-devised ruse completely entrapped me. It would have been cowardly on my part not to have entered the lists boldly, since Mary had thrown down the gauntlet. I had but one course left to pursue, and I called into requisition all my moral stamina to nerve me for the task.

"Mr. Elton," said I, when Mary had closed the door, "pardon the abruptness with which I approach a subject which will perhaps meet as much with your astonishment at my presumption as it will excite your indignation at my temerity. Children of circumstances, our idols are frequently the authors of hopes which can never be realized; and our greatest comfort is often in the enjoyment of what must eventually prove a visionary happiness. By a fatality over which I had no control, I have become passionately, irrevocably attached to your daughter. I need not say that my love is returned, for it is repaid four-fold. Our beings are inseparably, religiously blended, and it needs but your parental sanction to secure our happiness."

Mr. Elton at first seemed astonished, then alarmed, then stupefied, and at last relaxed into a cold, severe, and patronizing demeanor. I expected to see an indignant burst of passion—and I believe I should have preferred it to the calm and marble expression of his countenance—as I closed my passionate rhapsody. After a few moments of (to me) embarrassing silence, Mr. Elton, in a cold, deliberate, and measured tone, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Woodsby, it is unnecessary to mention that I am very much aston-

ished at your abrupt proposition. The welfare and happiness of my daughter is a matter of very deep importance to me. I must say that I regret the affection that has sprung up between you; not that I suppose you are not worthy of her, but that you are unable to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed. Your profession is an honorable and elevating one; and although you have not, as yet, gained in it a high reputation, your talents and industry may one day ensure your success. If my daughter feels that her destiny is irretrievably linked with yours, she shall have my consent to wed you. But I will impose one condition, as a test of your sincerity and worthiness."

"Oh, name it," I enthusiastically exclaimed; "and though it were as difficult of execution as consummating Sysiphus' task, or as perilous in purpose as buffeting the turbid Hellespont, I will attempt it."

"It is neither difficult or dangerous. All that is required is patience and industry. Listen! If, at the expiration of two years from the present time, you shall have established an acknowledged reputation in your profession, and have secured an income that will comfortably support my daughter, you shall have my consent."

I unhesitatingly availed myself of the proposition, and thanked him for his generosity. I resolved to apply myself with assiduity to my business, and force a reputation from the legal fraternity.

When I reached the garden in front of the house, I met Mary, who was anxiously waiting to hear her doom. I related what had passed between her father and myself, and assured her that the task did not now seem difficult, as the incentive to exertion was so great that success was sure to follow.

Mary did not receive the intelligence with the satisfaction I anticipated. She had hoped that her father would have given his consent without imposing any condition, and was therefore disappointed.

I told her that the prescribed time would soon fly around, and pictured in glowing colors the advances I would make in my profession, and how much more worthy I would be of receiving a treasure like her, when my fame and success were heralded by every tongue. We would meet, oft meet, again, and talk of the bright and happy days which the future held in store for us. Time would but add fresh fuel to the flame that burnt within, and when my task was done, life evermore would be but one continued exstacy of love.

The fervency of my hopes communicated itself to Mary, and lighted up her visage with the rapture that animated mine. Ere we parted, a long and warm embrace sealed our plighted troths. Heaven and earth had never before been witness to a pact more pure—to a betrothal more hallowed.

The application and energy which I bestowed thenceforth on my vocation, had the effect of increasing my patronage. No labor seemed too great, no research too tedious, and no study too arduous, to ensure the success of the causes of my clients. They thought, poor souls, in telling out my fees, that their dross was the incentive that urged me to the herculean exertions which I made on their behalf, and that *it* was the touchstone that caused my forensic

oratory to flow. No! my client was the father of Mary, and the fee herself! Never had lawyer a more valuable *retainer*, and never did one more zealously strive for the success of his *client*.

One year had passed since the interview with Mr. Elton. I was pleased to hear through mutual friends, that he expressed great satisfaction at my growing reputation, and frequently passed high encomiums upon my exertions. When I could afford a respite from my labors, my time was always spent in the company of Mary Elton. We both seemed but to live for the hour when her father would declare the conditions fulfilled, and endorse our union. Oh, how slowly the wheels of time seemed to move. Hours lingered into days, and days to years prolonged, as we would think of the time yet to pass ere the goal of our hopes should be attained. But patience was a virtue, and we resolved to add it to our code of morals.

Christmas was at hand. The winter, so far, had been intensely severe, and the whole country was covered with a thick mantle of snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells had been heard without interruption for three weeks in the town of Wilkesbarre, and now that the holidays were coming, the denizens of the town regaled themselves with a sleigh ride. The sharp, biting atmosphere which prevailed, induced exertion to keep the blood in circulation, and the young folks enjoyed themselves in the healthful exercise of skating and snow balling, while the old ones, muffled in furs to the chin, rode to the sound of merry bells from one friend's house to another's.

Mr. Elton had proposed to his daughter to pass the holidays at his brother's farm, which was situated some thirty miles from Wilkesbarre. They were to go in Mr. Elton's sleigh, drawn by his magnificent span of grays—the finest horses in the county—and were to return the morning previous to New Year's, so as to be in season to receive the calls of their friends on that gala day.

I felt a degree of lonesomeness and dejection after Mary's departure, very inconsistent with the general joy that then prevailed in the town. Whilst every body seemed merry and jocund, I was care-worn and dispirited. I felt an indescribable presentiment weighing me down, as if some impending danger were about to burst upon me. In vain I attempted to rouse myself from the moroseness which pervaded my whole being. In vain I called forth my better judgment to combat the vague phantom which had laid hold of me. My sleep was troubled and restive, and my dreams were of an alarming character. What was to happen I could not tell, but my mind instinctively wandered to the object of my affection. I sought to exorcise the demon of evil that possessed me by prayer. It afforded but a momentary relief.

"Great God!" I cried, goaded by my feelings into a phrenzy of agony, "if there be any calamity about to happen to her I love, avert it. Let it, O Lord, fall on me, not on her; for I am strong and can better bear Thy wrath, than she Thy divine displeasure!"

Darkness never ushered in a night so tempestuous as the one previous to the morning on which Mr. and Miss Elton were to return. The storm-king

reigned in all his fury. The snow descended in thick flakes, and the wind howled as if Eblis' demons were chaunting their infernal chorus. Massive hail-stones pelted pitiless against the windows, whose sounds added dreariness to the sad music. Oh, it was such a night as checks the sinner in his mad career, and turns his thoughts to God!

The heaviness of my soul was increased by the magnitude of the storm. I felt as if each blast that whistled past my door, bore a tale of sadness with which I was inseperably connected. It was a long, long, dreary night; but still it had a morrow.

A few hours' sleep helped to greatly revive me, and I arose in the morning feeling much better than I had since Mary's departure. The storm had partially subsided, and I felt the wonted vivacity of my temperament return. Besides, was not my well-beloved to come home to-day, and then what joy we would experience, when we clasped each other again! Oh yes, the foolish weakness must give way in the presence of my idol, whose face for me is ever sunshine and gladness.

At the hour when they were expected to return, I went to Mr. Elton's and sat down in his comfortable parlor, anxiously awaiting their arrival. I had not been seated long, when one of the domestics opened the door and announced that Mr. Elton's sleigh was coming down the street.

My features and feelings instantly brightened up. I thought how foolish I had been to allow myself to give way to unnecessary and unfounded fears, and started for the door.

The horses had already stopped in front of the house, and when I arrived on the balcony, I saw Mr. Elton still remaining in his position holding the reins. Mary had not seen me yet. Her attention was attracted to something immediately in front of her. I involuntarily remained on the piazza a moment to enjoy the sight of that beautiful young maiden, blooming with the roseate hue of health, and the hale, staid and venerable visage of her father. He had evidently experienced difficulty in restraining the impetuosity of his grays, as he was still holding in the reins, waiting for some one to open the carriage-house gate.

I quickly ran and opened it, and then went towards the sleigh. I was very much astonished at the indifference with which they treated my presence, neither of them deigning to notice me. What had I done to merit this coldness? Nothing. They could not have seen me. I went close to Mary and tendered my open arms. She heeded me not.

"Welcome back to Wilkesbarre, Miss Elton."

But I received no answer. A horrible thought crosses my mind. No, no! it cannot be! Heaven is too bounteous, too merciful to lend its piercing elements to such a deed. I approach still closer. Her eye-balls are fixed and glassy, her lips livid. He, too, is motionless! Great God! They are—frozen to death.

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Some two years since, whilst on a tour through the Atlantic States, I chanced to visit Pennsylvania, and remained several days at Wilkesbarre. I there formed the acquaintance of an old gentleman who had lived a long

time in that place, and enquired if he knew anything of the foregoing history. He informed me that he had known all the parties and that the narrative was strictly true.

"However," said he, "if you will come with me to yonder churchyard, I will show you the graves of Mr. Elton and his daughter.

We entered the "silent city of the dead," and my friend pointed out two very chaste marble slabs. One was inscribed thus:—

"To the memory of Joel K. Elton, who departed this life Dec. 31, 1835, aged 53 years."

The other was as follows:

"Here lieth the mortal remains of Mary Elton, who died on the 31st of December, 1835, aged 20 years."

And underneath were the following touching lines:—

"A tribute to virtue, a tribute to worth—
A tear for the youthful in years,
Whose pilgrimage short was so prized upon earth,
As to leave it but sorrow and tears.
W."

"There," said my companion, "repose the ashes of those of whom you spoke. These tablets were erected by Mr. Woodsby. Since his departure to California, the graves have been sadly neglected. It was his custom to visit them every Sunday, and I have often seen him nursing with touching tenderness, the flowers that grew upon that little mound."

We returned from the churchyard silent and thoughtful.

"I have one more question to ask," said I, "before we part. Have you ever heard from Mr. Woodsby since he arrived in California?"

"Yes he wrote once to a friend. The next letter that was received, brought the sad intelligence of his death. He died demented in the California Insane Asylum."

"How sad a termination to such devoted love," I sorrowfully remarked, as I parted with my friend, and Wilkesbarre.

CHISPA.

JOKES.—As gold becomes refined by passing through the ordeal of fire, so truth is the purer for being tested by the furnace of fun; for jokes are to facts what melting-pots are to metal. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society.

Oh! there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it;
Then up and seek, ere youth is gone,
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it!
For if you chance to meet at last
With that ONE heart intended
To be a blessing unsurpassed,
Till life itself is ended,
How could you prize the labor done,
How grieve if you'd resign it;
For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in its passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, and softening the hues of the dark, or like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks of the concord with its deep melody.

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we have been married."

DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE RED MAN, AND THE MAN OF BLUE—AND WHAT THE CITY OF A THOUSAND WINDMILLS DID WITH HIM.

You must not find fault, dear friend Propertius, with my erratic flights. If I am first in Ireland, next in New York, and now in Holland, attribute it to your unnatural craving for the strange and wonderful, and not to dry, randomic fault in my dottings down; they are all regular enough—the irregularity is with you, who are attracted by the curious patches in the old garment; when many a sober and more meritorious texture passes by you unheeded. I am now in Holland, and to please you, must slur over the many wonderful features and natural and artificial curiosities it contains. Its immense polders; "What are they?" you ask: Tracts of land of many thousands of acres in extent, (that of Beemsted is fifteen English miles in circumferance,) below the level of the waters around it, made fertile and dry by the incessant industry of this people. I never shall forget my surprise at the first time on beholding this scene; for here are reposing, in a security that the spectator cannot help thinking fancied and treacherous, hundreds of fat cows, thousands of plump sheep, scores of fine wheatfields, acres of beautiful gardens, all surrounded by great waters, which, to all appearance, are dependant upon a few crazy looking mills and amateur dykes, for their well-being. All appears in an unnatural position. Every road is a canal, and every highway a zee. In our country such a state of things would produce colds, catarrhs, agues, and fevers, wearing you all to skeletons. Here, it has a contrary tendency, for its cows are the fattest, its horses the sleekest, its sheep the sweetest, its butter the freshest, its maidens the rosiest, its wives the plumpest, its men the hardiest, (particularly in the *sedes honoris*) its children the sturdiest in creation. The Hollanders are a sensible people, they know that such a country, besides keeping out the river waters, required something extraordinary to keep out the river fogs; and with this view, the amazing gin distilleries of Schiedam were constructed. Schiedam — genuine Schiedam — I see you smack your lips at the word, friend P., and well you may, for if there is anything that entitles it to the distinction of the nectar of the gods—but where am I wandering. I was going to tell you about an event which happened at Zaandam, while I was sojourning there, and which its good people talk of to this very day; but be patient—this Zaandam, I must tell you something about—the story shall come by-and-by. This town, (the fifth in extent) now numbering about 14,000 inhabitants, is situated on the north shore of the Y., between the East and West Zaandam. Its houses are all wood, and surrounded by a square canal quite insulated, the one from the other. Each has a garden cultivated with the neatest care. At a distance, the town has the strangest appearance—beautiful as strange: something like an animated map, highly colored, to please boys of our own States. The houses are painted of divers fancy colors, green and white predominating. On one side, called the Zaan, there is a sight that would make the oldest traveler wink again, take off his "specs," wipe them thrice, adjust them, and then ask himself the question "Do I see, or dream that I see?" What does he see? Why, a thousand wind-mills, all in one line, of five miles, at least, in length; some of them, indeed most of them, as high, almost, as the Washington monument, and as large as a military barracks. Here they are, all going round, and round, in one mighty rivalry of attempting to achieve the *most* work in the *least* time, whether it be grinding corn, draining land, sawing timber, making paper, pounding drugs, pulverizing tobacco, sifting snuff, preparing color materials, making sand or kneading trass; which latter seems to be some volcanic debris, and which this

ingenious people form into a kind of cement, and which has the property of hardening under water. This discovery must have been of as much value in their dam-making, as their world-renowned Schiedam is in their dram-drinking. Now to my story.

A stone's throw from Peter the Great's Hut, (he lived here while learning the art and mystery of Dutch ship-building, in 1696,) lived Hans Ryewyk and his frau. Their occupation, that of hostelry, was a tolerably thriving one at the time I speak of. No traveler could summon resolution to pass good Hans' house, without hearing and tasteing once more, his best, strong, and his oldest ale. They were a simple people, and much esteemed in the neighborhood. One memorable Saturday night, while the parish sexton and schoolmaster were discussing the usual topics, to a late hour, a violent storm of wind and hail drove in a passenger, who, alighting from his horse, thundered at the door, although upon the latch, in a style of impatience, more befitting a wealthy owner than a casual customer.

The man of all work, in the double capacity of waiter and hostler, led his jaded animal to the stable-parlor, (all stables here are much like parlors), tied up his tail, as is the dainty custom in Holland, lest the walls should be soiled, took off the red cloth from his back, and then proceeded to unbuckle the saddle—red, too; the beast, then, by the light of his lanthorn, appeared, to the amazed Boots, of a fiery red color. He had never seen such a thing. However, he gave him his feed, not taking his eyes off him a moment, and then hastened in to the landlord and whispered to him an account of the extraordinary phenomenon of a red horse. But Bamblik, the waiter, had always something of the marvellous to relate, so neither mine host or hostess thought more of it.

The stranger was introduced into the neat, sanded parlor, where sat two smokers, half asleep, waiting the end of the storm and the finish of their pipes. All at once there was a something about the new-comer that roused the two smokers from their lethargy and excited their curiosity. After he had divested himself of his travelling-cloak, he appeared habited in red. The inside of the cloak itself was red, he had fiery red hair—bloodshot, red eyes—his nose was red, and his gloves, if they were gloves, were also red. Calling for the waiter, he proceeded to draw off the leathers, with that man of allwork's assistance, which discovered his stockings to be also red. Opening his portmanteau of the same color, he drew out a red dressing-gown, and, after seating himself in his chair, proceeded to cover his red wig with a red night-cap. Then opening a small red box, he drew from thence a small red pipe, into which he thrust some red tobacco; and, to the now unrestrained wonder and fear of all the beholders, drew a cloud of red smoke, so thick and fast as to disguise, in a short time, the appearance of every object in the room, including himself. The parish sexton, taking advantage of the obscurity, sidled up noiselessly to the corner, where sat, in amazement and wonder, the schoolmaster, who, observing all these appearances, could not help thinking that he saw something, with a tuft like a tail, writhing about under the chair upon which this mysterious traveller sat. The stranger had not yet spoken.

"How red the candle burns!" whispered the sexton. "And the fire!" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"Slippers!" said the mysterious one to the gaping Boots, whose hair already stood on end with fright.

"Where?" said the Boots.

"There!" said the red man, pointing to a parcel in red paper.

"Red, again!" whispered the scholar. "Red, again!" stammered the sexton, as a pair of red slippers unfolded themselves.

Meanwhile the storm without raged with the utmost fury, and the wind

swept the four corners of the house as if some mighty giant were folding it around, or scraping it, with some huge canvas.

"Do not leave me," said frightened Hans, the landlord.

"You must not go," echoed his better half to the two village functionaries.

Now struck the long clock in the farthest corner of the room, *the witching hour of night*, and the mysterious one arose to seek his chamber for repose.

"Any room!" said the landlord. "Any where, but near me," said the landlady.

"Here's the ca-ca-candle," shivered out the almost dumb-struck chamber-maid.

"'T is time to go," said the pedagogue.

"Better stay," said the sexton, riveted by fright to the spot.

Dreadful, most dreadful, passed that night. The storm seemed laboring towards a climax it could not attain. The mysterious traveller overhead was pacing through the live long dreary hours, like a disembodied spirit doing penance. Ceaseless, piercing groans, and the clanking of long, heavy chains, as if trailing along the floor attached to some captive demon, were ever and anon heard. In vain the terrified landlord stirred up the fire, and the landlady crossed herself, calling upon all the saints in the calendar for deliverance. In vain they plied the sexton and schoolmaster in strong liquors unscored; courage came not, but fear strided triumphant throughout the house.

"The good saints guide us," said mine host, "what deeds that man has to answer for!"

"Gracious! what's that?" said the landlady, hearing a noise as if some bulky object, of a ton weight, had fallen on the floor, accompanied with yelling shrieks, piercing cries and shrill whistles.

"Do you smell the brimstone?" cried the landlord.

"Strong—very strong!" said the sexton; "our pastor will have to exorcise us all to-morrow."

"Oh, what has Satan seen in us, to take up his abode here?" said the hostess.

Here burst in the honest waiter. "Master, master! goodness sake! come in to the stables! here's the man's horse dancing a fandango amongst the chickens and pigs, like any Christian. The brute looked up to me while I was giving his feed, and says he to me, 'D'ye call that a full measure? I'll shew you a pretty dance presently, you rascal.' With that he falls to dancing, like any devil. Oh! what's that?"

"What is to become of us?" whispered all, as they gathered into one focus in the middle of the room.

"Be patient," said the schoolmaster, "and say your prayers. Hark! what's that?"

"'Tis the old cock a-crowing," said the man of hay.

"Thank God!" said the schoolmaster; "all spirits vanish at cock-crow."

Suddenly they heard the loud rumbling of a carriage, rolling off with great rapidity to a distance; and as the sound died on their ears, the wind fell, the rain ceased, and all above was hushed.

After the affrighted party had held their breath some time in suspense, fearing to speak or even to look, the landlord first recovered his self-possession.

"Is it safe to open the windows to let out the sulphur?" he inquired of the schoolmaster.

"What's o'clock?" was the rejoinder.

"Three," whispered the landlady; "I know it by the old cock crowing five times."

"All's still above," said the landlord. "Let's venture. Gracious! what's that again?"

"'Tis the lad letting down the shutters."

"Let us wait, for safety's sake, another hour, at least," said the hostess.

They waited till grey dawn appeared, and after having ventured to refresh themselves, and hearing no noise above, the landlord proposed they should take a survey of the dreaded one's night-apartment, through the keyhole. Despite of the sulphurous stench, their courage rose at each successive drought of spirit-stirring Schiedam, until they resolved to proceed, which was done in the following order, all being marshalled for this purpose at the bottom of the staircase. First, the valiant schoolmaster, with the kitchen poker in his right hand and a huge blunderbuss in his left; next, the doughty sexton, clinging for protection with his arms around the rear rank of the file; next, the stalwart waiter, with the kitchen carving-knife in one hand and his master's old cavalry-sword in the other; after him, the landlord, with an old firelock of revolutionary memory; next in order, with her right arm around the landlord's waist, and a bag of flour in her left, ready to blind the eyes of the Satanic one, his comely wife; and last, bringing up the rear, the cook-wench, with a huge coil of rope, wherewith to bind the man of flame.

After sundry peerings through the keyhole, the valiant leader of the troop declared he saw nothing. All was still as death.

"Then break open the door,—who's afraid," uttered the landlord.

"First let's summon him to surrender," said the schoolmaster. "I command thee, thou Belzebub, to open the door and deliver up thyself to the lawful custody of those here present, who have witnessed thy terrible misdeeds, or take the consequence! We are all duly armed, therefore resistance is useless. The civil force surround the house—escape is hopeless. I command thee to surrender. Once, twice, thrice."

Waxing wonderfully valiant, (schiedam on such occasions works wonders,) they soon made a breach in the enemy's fortress, and to the dismay of the guests and the mortification of the landlord and his lady, discovered the bird had flown, and with him several portable articles of value, together with the strong-box, wherein mine host was wont to hoard all his wealth.

"The devil!—the rascal!—the villain!—the thief!—the knave!—the dog!—the wretch!" were among the choice epithets bestowed upon the concoctor of this artful scheme—this personifier of the devil, to draw off attention from his nefarious doings. But his successes were not of long duration, for the trick becoming noised abroad among the burgomasters, he was detected in the attempt of perpetrating a similar farce in a distant part of the country, and was after some time given chase to, captured, and safely housed under lock and key.

Now came the day of trial. Mine host was duly summoned, with the rest who witnessed his first exploit. The grave burgomeister had smoked his last pipe, combed his best wig, adjusted his whitest cravat, and took his seat on the bench accordingly. A description of his person was thus recorded in the police sheet: "*Age, about sixty; nose, very long; tip of it, red; eyes, hair. teeth and face, fiery red; hands and legs, long and thin, said hands of a blood-red color; dress, all red, even to his tooth-pick and pipe.*"—

The worthy bench laughed outright on reading the description, and surveying his innocent looking victim.

"Bring forth the accused," pompously spoke the presiding man of the law.

The ponderous prison door yielded to the authorized bar-and-bolt-drawer; and in walked——a little fat, squat, swarthy, snub-nosed dwarf, dressed in bright blue. All, except his hat (of conical shape), was blue; his beard—his hands—his teeth—his lips—all blue, as if he had been born and brought up in the indigo business from his infancy.

"Why, how's this?" said the president. "This is a totally different man from what is here described. Did you

search the prisoner, and take a record of it, on his committal, officer?"

"Why, yes, your worsnip's honor; every part of him—and in presence of the gaoler."

The gaoler corroborated the officer. He had, that very morning, whilst giving him his breakfast, seen him, with his very own eyes, attired all in red.

"Search him again, before us," said the worthies. I warrant us, he will not escape our vigilance. We were not born yesterday. We have seen better tricks than this. Go you into his cell, and examine that narrowly, and bring what you may find there."

The cell was narrowly searched, and not a vestige of apparel of any description found. The culprit was stripped to his skin, which they discovered to be of an indigo blue color, and which must have been stained some time previously, as it resisted all efforts to make it of a natural appearance.

The president scratched his bald pate under his wig; the clerks bit their pens. The other burgomeisters, in deep thought, allowed their chins to rest upon their bosoms, and closed their eyes for meditation.

"Measure the prisoner's height," bawled out the aforesaid functionary.

"Four feet eight," said the officer.

"Read the height mentioned in the indictment," said the clerk. "His worship will then compare the two."

"Six feet five," was the response.

"Ahem! ah—ah—hem! Oh, pull his legs; they may be composed of caoutchouc. I knew a sailor once who had two wooden legs, and he could make them longer or shorter, at his convenience."

The doctor reported all regular and natural.

"Pull his nose—I venture to suggest, with all due respect," said the clerk, turning round to the Bench.

"Well, yes—no; that can't be made of india-rubber, Brother Blum," jocosely ventured the presiding magistrate—at which the whole Bench condescended to laugh.

Here each man of law turned to his neighbor and engaged in solemn conference for the space of five minutes.

"Fellow, what have you to say for yourself?" at last ejaculated the magistrate.

"I'm not the man," croaked the culprit, in a hoarse tone.

"What? does he say he's not a man? Then who are you, pray? The devil, I suppose."

"If I were, you can't sustain this charge against me. You have failed in your identity."

"Identity! Who can identify the devil, I should like to know?"

"Your worship, I can," ventured the schoolmaster.

"Who answers? Let him stand forth and take the oath. Now, what do you know about the devil?"

"I saw him at ******, on the night in question, and smelt his sulphur. I thought, at one time, it was only a thief's trick; but, seeing him delivered into custody, with my own eyes, as red as a boiled lobster, and coming out of it as blue as an unboiled one, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion that he was, and is, one and the same devil, and no other."

"Your worship, allow me to call your attention to the charge before the court. We are trying the prisoner at the bar, and not the devil. We are identifying the thief, and not the devil," interrupted the clerk.

"Well, if this fellow's not the thief, then he's the evil one?"

"Yes; but supposing, your worship, you could prove his identification as such; we have no charge against that personage."

"That's true, and that's law," rejoined his worship.

"Have you examined his cell carefully, and his clothes?"

"Thoroughly," replied the gaoler; "his cloak is blue—his vest is blue—his shirt is blue—his pantaloons are blue—his stockings are blue—his shoes are blue—the buckles are blue—and his skin, even, is blue."

Thoroughly puzzled, the learned magnates once more turned to each other for another conference.

"What's that you've just found in his vest pocket?" said the would-be keen-eyed judge.

"A small blue morocco case, your worship."

"Open it."

All arose from their seats, and undignifiedly crowded around the officer.

"Open it, I say!"

"I can't."

"Smash it."

The culprit touched a spring, and out flew a pair of blue spectacles.

"Defend us!" whispered the clerk; "'tis the devil. 'Twere best to rid us of him."

"Gentlemen, take your places. The Judge is about to address you," bawled one of the officers.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I would not detain you with a long speech, if my pipe were allowed; but since the worthy Bench, by their unanimous vote, have prohibited all smoking, I do not see how we shall become capable of arriving at the truth of this matter. If the man before you is the Satan of old, and we were all allowed to take our pipes, we should soon discover his true characteristics, for his atmosphere, as you all know, is smoke. Now, not being allowed this privilege, we see him disguised in an atmosphere not his own, and therefore he is, you see, another man than what he really is; and being another man than that he appears to be before us, which is proved, on oath, by our worthy parish schoolmaster and sexton, we are unable to identify any part of him as being the culprit who stole this good man's money and frightened him out of his nine senses. The law is clearly laid down, that we should give every man his due. Now, although it were proved that this man is the devil, the law is plain, that we should 'give the devil his due;' and thus I dismiss the case: The prisoner is discharged, with this admonition—never to appear among us again. If he dare do so, we assure him we will play the very dickins with him."

The records of this droll affair state that this was nothing but the exploit of a poor conjuror, whose stale tricks were insufficient to procure him a livelihood. The change of attire from red to blue was effected by simply turning them inside out, each garment being a double one. His legs, which the affrighted officers of the law omitted at first to examine, were nothing more than mere elongations of wood, serving the purpose of stilts, the use of which the conjuror knew to be of great assistance in his various disguises. His wonderful steed, that so frightened the man of hay, was supplied with the gift of speech by his art of ventriloquism.

"Music fills my soul with sadness
Still I fondly love its strain;
Once it brought me joy and gladness,
Now it seems to bring me pain;
'Tis because that link is broken;
Friends no more in chorus join;
Music is the only token
Of the joys that once were mine."

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

Great men never *swell*. It is only your 'three cent individuals' who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person need ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a barrel of vinegar and a bottle of the pure juice of the grape.

MY DAUGHTER ELLA.

Across the beauty of this cloudless night,
Let not the raven, Sorrow, wing his flight,
Upon my heart breaks in a blissful dream
Of purest joy and love; thou art the theme,
And sweet inspirer of my muse's strain,
Ella, my daughter, Ella, once again,
Dear Ella, let me hear thy cherished name,
Sweeter the sound than any earthly fame;
And thou art absent from thy father's arms,
Away, with all thy dear and artless charms,
The love-lit radience of thy beaming eye,
Filled with a beauty that may surely vie
With all things lovely, shines not now on me,
Yet still my heart that holy light can see,
And hear the music of thy gentle voice,
In tones that make thy father's heart rejoice.
Entwined around thy father's heart and thine,
My greatest blessing from a source divine.

'Tis sad to think my home is far from thine,
That home a pure and ever cherished shrine,
Where kindred hearts in sweetest bliss might dwell,
And love's pure raptures our fond bosoms swell,
Still shall our memories hold the joys of home,
Those joys from which we never sought to roam;
By absence saddened, yet again we'll meet—
The loved once more, once more with kisses greet;
And words of welcome from the heart's deep mine,
Restore us to a happiness divine.

My God, to Thee alone would I commend,
My cherished one; Thou, more than earthly friend,
Or father, brother, sister, be more dear,
Unto her heart, Our Father, and more near,
Thy boundless love, Thy never-ceasing care,
Save her from sin, and may its dark despair,
Ne'er fill her soul, and may no bitter woes,
E'er wring her heart with sorrow's fearful throes;
Let not earth's idols in her heart's pure shrine,
Banish Thy Presence and Thy Love Divine;
May every blessing on her steps attend,
Thy Wisdom guide her and Thy Love defend;
She hears each morn and eve the sacred prayer,
Ascend from the domestic altar, where
She now is dwelling, Oh may it unite
Her heart to Thee, and with a heavenly light,
Make radient all her life's most devious way,
And lead her to the realms of perfect day.

W. H. D.

Oakland, Cal., Oct. 1866.

KATE LANSING.

BY PERDITA.

"I tell you, dearest, it is of no use talking. Ere another moon has waned I shall be on my way to California," were the words addressed by a young widow to her sister, somewhat her senior, and also a widow, as they sat in their humble dwelling at the twilight hour.

"Oh, never think of such a step," was the reply; "all that I have urged against it is not a circumstance to what I can urge. Think for one moment that the change of climate alone will be hazardous to one of your delicate constitution."

"Ha! ha! ha! fuss and nonsense, sister; any change must be for good. Have you forgotten the cold, dreary winter, from which we are but just emerging, that has been severe enough, almost, to freeze the milk of human kindness in the warmest breast? I have not forgotten it, nor yet how hard it has been to do without wood in this *beautiful* climate of ours."

"Sister, do not jest; consider the inconvenience and dangers to which you will be exposed."

"The dangers, my sister, are all in your imagination. The Isthmus is the worst part of the route; but remember that, in addition to being a good horsewoman, I shall have the advantage of riding *a mode de l'homme*. My costume you shall see; it fits exactly, and is exceedingly becoming. I almost fell in love with myself in the glass."

"Sister, lay aside frivolity, and really consider what you are about."

"Consider! why, I have considered. I am going to California to make a

fortune. Do not shake your head. 'Aim high' is my motto, if you do alight in the dust; and I aim to free not myself alone, but you, from this galling poverty. I would see your children plentifully fed; I would see them educated as becomes the descendants of revolutionary heroes; I would see your face free from that pallid, anxious, overtasked look. I can do nothing here. It was but yesterday Mr. Searl sent me a package of shirts to make, with word that I must make them for twelve cents apiece. When he gave me fifteen cents before, and labor as hard as I could, it was all that I could do to live. God knows I am not thoughtless nor heartless. See, I have even parted with my wedding ring, the gift of my sainted husband, to buy medicines for my sick, dying babe. To me this, the home of my early years, is but the land of buried hopes, visions of a happy childhood, surrounded not only by the comforts but the luxuries of life, my footsteps watched and tended by the best of mothers, my wants more than supplied by a most indulgent father, and these ever haunt me now. Oh, how were my childish sorrows soothed by their ever ready sympathy; oh, how I remember what stimulus their words of encouragement gave, to my childish heart. And then there was our younger brother, the bright-faced, happy fellow, who gathered all the broken china to deck my play-house with. And when dolls and play-houses were laid aside, and hard lessons had to be learned, there was one who explained and made those lessons easy to me, and afterwards took me home from school on his own handsled; and then, in after years, how many an hour we spent together beneath the old elm tree. Every thing reminds me of the happy season of early womanhood; here are the very paths we used to tread; there are the books we used to read; the memory of his kind and manly voice is with me still. Then, too, I found that I had learned a new lesson, for I had learned to love. Years rolled by. I will not speak of our joyous wedding, nor the trembling benediction of our kind old father, nor the blessing of my mother, as her tears fell fast and hot upon my head. A short season of happiness was ours, such as our first parents might have enjoyed in the garden of Eden ere they sinned, and then the cup of happiness was dashed from my lips. Death, the destroyer, came upon my track; father, mother, brother, husband—oh, sister, where are they? and my darling little one, whose eyes never saw her father's face, where, too, is she? Last winter I laid her in the cold, cold earth—the snow her coverlid. What have I left save you, my sister? Oh, is not this, then, a land of buried hopes to me?"

"Too true, alas! you have suffered much for one so young. Forgive, dearest sister, my calling you thoughtless. But am not I also bereft?—and if you leave me, what shall I do?"

"I leave you but to come again with relief for you and your children."

"Oh, my sister, California is no place for a lady; you are young and delicate; your face is fair, and you will be exposed to dangers you dream not of."

"I fear no danger. Where my country's flag floats, there am I safe; every star upon her ample folds is to me a star of hope, and every stripe reminds me of the sufferings, the patience and fortitude of our forefathers. Sister, their blood is coursing now within my veins—not sluggishly, but with all the energy which once was theirs; 'tis nerving me for duty. I must go."

"You may be taken sick, perhaps may die, far away among strangers. Then will the world be to me desolate indeed."

"Why, I cannot die; I almost feel that I have an insurance on my life till I have accomplished the object before me; besides, death comes not to those who long for it, but to those whose ties to earth are many and

strong—who have every thing to live for; such is not my case."

"Sister, I can say no more. If you will go, may God bless and prosper you."

"Bravo! spoken like my own true sister. I have no more time to waste in words, for my preparations are not yet complete, and in ten days the steamer leaves."

"So soon!" fell from the lips of the elder sister; but the younger heard it not, for she was already engaged in the bustle of preparation.

We will not follow our heroine, Kate Lansing, through the preparations for her journey, nor will we intrude upon the sad parting with her sister. She left New York in company with some acquaintances. A gentleman who had been to California and returned for his family, was now on his way with them to the golden land, and Kate's lot was cast with theirs.

The journey from New York to Aspinwall was as monotonous as sea voyages always are, and she arrived there in the height of the rainy season. Her journey across the Isthmus I need not attempt to describe; those who crossed it in that early day well know its perils; to those who did not, no pen can convey an adequate idea.

At Panama they were delayed several days; and when at last they went on board the steamer, to pursue their way, sickness followed them. The first night several cases of the Panama fever broke out. This was the beginning of perils, for in a few days this dreadful disease had spread to every part of the ship. Among the first attacked were Kate's friends.

You should have seen her then; her young and girlish form bending first over one couch of pain and then another. How anxiously she watched and tended those sick friends—alas, in vain. She saw the lifeless forms of her protectors—first, the wife, then the husband, and finally their child—all committed to the bosom of the terrible deep. Kate was alone; she felt that she was alone; yet she sank not, but, like an angel of mercy, she passed from couch to couch, ministering to the afflicted. It mattered not where sickness and suffering were, whether in the steerage or the cabin, there was Kate Lansing to be found, giving medicine to one, nourishment to another, consolation to a third, and bathing the burning brow and parched lips of a fourth. It was no wonder that they felt comforted when they saw her coming, or that they greeted her, and spoke of her, as "the kind lady." In this work of womanly devotedness, twenty-one days passed away, before reaching the entrance to the long looked for and welcome harbor of San Francisco. The sense of her loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart, and she retired to her room to pray that she might be preserved from all danger, and guided in her future course, earnestly committing herself to His care and keeping, who had promised to be "a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless." Hastily arranging her toilet, she went upon deck to take a first view of San Francisco, just as they were rapidly nearing the end of Long wharf. This wharf was full of anxious faces, eagerly looking for loved ones expected to arrive by that steamer. As Kate looked upon all that vast multitude of human beings, and felt that there was no one to look for her—no one to take her by the hand and say, welcome to California—a heart-sickened feeling crept over her, and she retired to her room, determined to wait till the press of the crowd was over and the Captain was at leisure, and then seek from him advice as to her future course. Kate had not waited long before the crowd had nearly all dispersed. Night was fast coming on, and she began to feel uneasy, when a light tap at her state-room door arrested her attention.

"Excuse me, madam," said a manly voice, which she recognized at once as belonging to one of the passengers whom she had nursed on shipboard. "I know that you have lost your friends

on the passage, and have come to say, that if I can assist you to find your friends here, it would afford me pleasure."

"I thank you, sir," said Kate, "but I have no friends. Those I lost by the fever were all I had to depend upon in this country; now I am alone."

"I am very sorry to hear it, Madam, but surely I can do something to serve you. Do not fear to let me know if I can; I have a sister myself at home. You may trust me as you would a brother; for Californians, though sometimes rough and coarse among themselves, know how to treat a lady respectfully, and as gentlemen should; and am I not already deeply indebted to you for your kind care while I was tossing in the delirium of that dreadful fever?"

"Do not mention it," said Kate, "but if you can inform me of some hotel or boarding-house where I can put up for the present and feel safe, it would oblige me very much."

"Surely, that I will do with pleasure," said the stranger; "fortunately I am acquainted here with a widow lady who keeps a private boarding house. With her you will be well provided and cared for. California is my home, although business called me to New York, from whence I have, as you know, but just returned, so that I speak from personal knowledge."

The manly and courteous candor of the stranger induced Kate to accept his proffered services, and on arriving there she found it all that it had been represented to be.

Fortunately there were several lady boarders in the house, and whose eyes were attracted by Kate's neatly fitting and well made dresses.

"I wish I had a dress which fitted me as neatly as yours does you," said one of the ladies, addressing Kate, as they left the breakfast room one morning.

"Perhaps I could fit you one," said Kate.

"Oh! if you would I should be so delighted," said the lady, "for there is no one here who makes a dress that will set well, and I never could do any thing of that kind myself."

In few words Kate informed her that she would be glad of any sewing she could get to do, as it was by her own exertions that she expected to live.

The dresses were made as desired, and she succeeded in giving perfect satisfaction. Work crowded in upon her, and as she sewed very fast and was then paid thirty dollars for making a plain dress, she began to make money rapidly, and wrote to her sister "that she could hardly realize that she had ever made shirts for fifteen cents each."

A year sped on, and Kate by her untiring industry had prospered well, and now kept a little store of her own, so that, together with her labor and the profits on her goods, she realized a handsome income. She was already worth more than even in her wildest dreams she had dared to hope for, and had sent money to her sister, which gave her the satisfaction of knowing that her wants were also provided for.

One evening as she entered the parlor of her boarding-house, (for she still lived at the same house) there were several strangers present, to whom Kate paid no attention, till one of them suddenly rising, said:

"Kate! surely this is Kate Lansing." She looked up, and a wild scream of joy escaped her. It was Ned Lee, an old school-mate, and a neighbour's son—the first familiar face she had met in California. The hours of *that* evening flew quickly by, as they recounted the reminiscences of childhood, and the events of the past few years, in which Mr. Lee learned for the first time, of Kate's widowhood. For two years he had been in the mines, and beside having accumulated a moderate fortune, was now the owner of some of the richest claims in one of the best mining localities of the State. Need we say, too, that now, life in California seemed more cheery to Kate than before, for now she had a friend to speak

to—one who had known her at home, known her in the sunny days of her childhood and prosperity.

After rather a prolonged stay in San Francisco, Mr. Lee returned to the mines; but his visits to the Bay being much more frequent than formerly, some of the old miners noticed it, and roguishly enquired if he went on a "prospecting expedition" to San Francisco; or, having "found a prospect," was engaged in working out a claim in the heart of some fair lady there; observing too, with a knowing wink, that "something was in the wind, they knew."

Four years have rolled away since the commmencement of our story. Let us take a peep into one of those princely mansions on S—— street. It is furnished elegantly. The luxuries of almost every clime seem to be there in the richest profusion. Some friends have gathered in to spend the evening. We may consider ourselves as one of the little and select company.

The lady has just seated herself at the piano, and a gentleman, with his flute, in clear and bird-like notes, accompanies her, while the rest of the party have taken their places, and arranged their partners for a quadrille; but, just as they are commencing, the loud booming of a cannon announces the arrival of the mail steamer, with news and passengers from the Atlantic States. Every one who has resided in San Francisco knows the thrill of excitement generally experienced when such a sound reverberates through the city, especially those who are expecting some dear old friend among the passengers.

"It is the steamer!" now leaps from lip to lip, as a sympathetic feeling of excited pleasure passes, like an electric current, from heart to heart, knowing, as they do, that Mrs. Lee expects a sister by that very steamer. The flute now is hastily laid aside; the tones of the piano are immediately hushed, and Mr. Lee makes a hasty apology for leaving that gay and happy circle, to receive and welcome her to California.

"Oh, how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!"

But the exciting suspense of expectation is soon ended, for a carriage is at the door, and in a few moments they are in each other's arms. We will now turn our eyes away from that scene of tenderness and affection, for the embraces and kisses of gladness and welcome, that are so spontaneously springing from the gushing fullness of their overjoyed hearts, is too sacred for our gaze.

It is enough to know that, after so long a separation, they have again met on the shores of the beautiful Pacific; and surrounded by every comfort that affection could anticipate or wealth supply, they often recur to their past of suffering and trial, to contrast it with the enjoyments of the present. And as they sit and chat the joyous hours away, or Kate and her husband, with parental pride, tell of the winning ways of their "first born," as he crows and struggles to free himself from the nurse's arms, let us take our leave, with the pleasing knowledge that there are happy hearts and homes in California.

THERE'S MUSIC.

There's music in the gushing fount
That springs from earth with sparkling stream,
In quiet flowing meadow brooks
Which glisten in the morning beam.
There's music in the sunset hour,
When fade the fleecy clouds away,
And evening zephyrs softly breathe
The requiem of dying day.

When the deep heaven's expanse of blue
Is sparkling with the gems of night,
Music is faintly falling down,
With star-gleams poured in silver light;
It lifts the soul from things of earth,
While o'er the spirit softly stealing,
Subduing each unholy thought,
And chastening every earthly feeling.

S***

San Francisco, Oct., 20th, 1856.

Juvenile Department.

ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL.

"How long you staid away, mother, and I am so sick; this pillow is so hard; Papa and sister don't know how to take good care of me, as you do. I wish you would never leave me again, until I get quite well."

These were the fretful words addressed by little Henry Gray to his mother, as she re-entered his room, after an absence of about half an hour.

"Do not fret, my son," said the kind mother, as she seated herself by the bedside, and gently passed her cool hands over Henry's feverish brow. "I do not like to see you indulge this fretful disposition. I fear you forget to be thankful to the good God who has given you so many blessings, and so many kind friends to love and take care of you. Look about this room, my son; is it not furnished with everything to make you happy? Is not the carpet soft and beautiful? When you look at its gay flowers you may almost think yourself in a beautiful garden. The chairs with their soft, red cushions, seem to invite you to them; the table almost groans under the weight of pretty toys and elegant books; even your little Canary, outside the window, seems to call upon you to join him in his song of thankfulness."

"I don't care for any of them, mother," replied the wayward boy; "I don't like the room, nor anything in it; I don't like to be sick, and take nasty medicine, and lie in this old bed all day."

"I know, my child, it is not pleasant to be sick, but it is sometimes necessary, and then we should try to be as patient as we can. Shall I tell you where I went when I left you this morning? You remember little Johnny Davis, whose mother died last month, and who lives in the little shanty at the end of the lane?"

"O, yes, mother, I remember."

"Well, my son, I went to see him; he is very sick, much sicker than you are, and his father is very poor, so that he has to go away to work, every day, and that leaves little Johnny quite alone, all day, unless some kind neighbor happens in to see him. Poor little fellow, how glad he looked to see me this morning when I went in, and how he thanked me for an old coverlid which I took over to cover him with, for Johnny has no nice bed like yours, with soft, warm blankets to cover him, nor any nice pillow to lay his little hot and aching head upon—some coarse straw thrown loose upon the hard floor, is all the bed he has, and his little torn pants are his only pillow. The room is bare and dirty; an old box turned upside-down, answers in place of a chair; the stove is a broken, rusty, old thing, and looks as if it had not had a fire in it for many a day. That, with, the pine table which his mother used to keep so nice and white, but which is now black and dirty, is all the furniture the house contains, except a few pieces of broken delf. Johnny has no kind sister to wait upon him, while his father is absent; no one to give him medicine to make him well, no kind mother to make him nice gruel, or bathe his little hot hands and face. There he lays all day, alone, neglected and very dirty; his little flaxen ringlets which used to look so nice, when his mother was alive are now a tangled mass. When I went there this morning, I took that toast which you said was not "fit to eat;" you ought to have seen how eagerly he ate it, only stopping to say "it was very good of you to bring me nice toast to eat. Dear mamma used to make me toast, but since she died I haven't had any." I took some water and washed his hands and face, and as I did so, the tears came into his eyes. he said "Oh, your hands seem so like my poor dear mamma's, but, she is dead, and can never wash her little Johnny's face and hands any more." I tried to

sooth his feelings, by talking to him a few moments, promising to see him soon again, and hastened home to you, my son. Oh, what a contrast there is between your happy home, and his miserable and uncomfortable shanty. You have everything to make you happy; he has nothing, but his contented spirit and his sweet, submissive disposition."

"Mother, I see that I have been a naughty, thankless boy. I will try to be more patient, in future: and spare you often, to go and see little Johnny, and please take him some of my nice things, every time." CARRIE D.

A FAIRY WEDDING.

"O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you."—*Shakspeare.*

Come join your hands and hie with me,
A Fairy wedding you shall see;
Come sit ye down upon the grass,
And see the pigmy pageant pass;—
First, drink this draught, while I a spell
Will put upon this fairy dell.
Here comes my lady Emmet, gay,
Grasshoppers chaunting, line the way;
She 's seated in an acorn shell,
Joined to daisy wheels so well,
And by such perfect mimic art,
No earthly genius can impart.
Her earwig steeds are swift in pace;
Her cobweb reins she holds with grace;
Her whip, a trophy of yon plain—
A spider's leg—in battle slain;
Her guards, red-coated lady birds,
Advance in order, close in herds;
Now see them how they form in lines,
And how their dotted armor shines,—
And whither does she drive away—
To yon green hillock bright and gay.
The fairies bid the zephyrs blow,
The hair-bells joining are not slow,
But merry peals ring one, two, three,
To lead the great festivity.
Meanwhile, the pigmy fairies rove,
And flit about through vale and grove;
Gathering dainties rich and rare,
To make a sumptuous bill of fare.
Under a tent-convolvulus white,
Inverted to keep out of sight
The vulgar gazing of the crowd,
Who rent the air with huzzas loud;
Her carriage stops; and my lord ant,
Who waits almost with bosom faint,
Helps her alight with graceful hand;
While crickets guards, with all their band,
Strike up a merry, chirping strain,—
My lady bows and smiles again,—
Lord ant, for her, thanks them aloud,
And makes a speech above the crowd.
Now to the feast:—On mushroom's spread—
Grown in one night, where fairies tread—
A gossamer table-cloth is placed,
Whereon the fairies show their taste.
Some tiny seeds, both ripe and good,
A strawberry fresh, from neighboring wood,
A giant grain-choice of the field,
By fairy arts already peel'd;
Nectar, pressed by fairy hand
From honeysuckles of their land;
Some tiny drops of fragrant dew,
Which lillies oft display to view,
And which the fairies have distilled,
And every moss-seed-bottle filled.
Now a huge beetle from his hole,
In shining surplice black as coal,
Is summoned to perform the rite
And make them one.—A solemn sight.—
After the cloth 's from table cleft,
The crowd now feast on what is left:
See how they scramble, push and crowd.
Hear how they hum and whiz aloud.
But now, a moth the signal giving,
All 's hushed as though no one were living.
The happy pair ascend the car—
'Tis growing late, their home is far—
With the loud huzza, and one cheer more
Proclaims the solemn rite is o'er.
The glow-worms light them on their way,
The fairies guide 'till break of day,
And watch, until they 're out of sight,
Then wish them all "good night," "good night."

MARIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20th, 1856.

There are more elements of success in the single beat of a stout heart, than in all that this or the other can say or do. If you want to get along and be good-looking, smart and well off as anybody, don't be afraid.

Literary Notices.

Arctic Explorations—The second Grinnell Expedition, in search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1853, '54, '55—By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. 2 Vols. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the perusal of an advance copy of this very interesting and beautifully illustrated work of Dr. Kane's, through Mr. H. B. Naulty, (the Agent for California.) We have never read a book with greater interest. The winning and noble-hearted simplicity of the author is only exceeded by his modesty. Without any apparent effort, he takes the reader unconsciously into his confidence, and tells him of the perils, duties, hardships, fatigues, and wonderful deliverances that he and his brave band have passed through, during their arduous labors in the Arctic Sea. Every scene is pictured with the brilliancy and beauty of a life sketch; every premonition is faithfully recorded; and even the conversations of his men in the hour of trial, are sometimes related with a candor that almost thrills, as you listen to the deeply interesting narrative. The illustrations (about three hundred in number) are beautifully drawn and well engraved—many of them on steel—and we know of no book that could be more suitable for a Christmas present, than these volumes.

A Hunter's Life among Lions, Elephants and other Wild Animals of South Africa—Two volumes in one—By Ranaleyn Gordon Cumming. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. Derby & Jackson, New York.

Bayard Taylor has done the public good service by laying this publication before the American people. Cumming is the man of his day. Just fancy, reader, a young fellow born to such a position as to make life a plaything, suddenly leaving home, friends, profession, (all honorable) to vagabondize, as they call it, in the woods and wilds of Africa. Blessed with such a person as he possesses, (we know him well) he might have been the admired of all admirers of the courtly drawing room; but he preferred a rough exterior, and the fragrance of a desert, to the white kids and rose water of the saloon. It is said that his family have discarded him, since he commenced showman. Be it so; his name will be handed down to posterity when theirs will be but engraven, may be, on the cold unnoticed slab of marble. He goes to a lion hunt, (see his midnight interview with six of them at once) with as much sang froid as we would do to a rabbit shooting; chases an elephant as we would a hare; and sticks a rhinoceros as we would a tame pig. To make an extract from such a book, would be like placing before our readers, a wafer slice of a fifty pound water melon, on a burning summer day. The book must be read and placed in every library.

The Island of Cuba—By Alexander Humboldt.

The name of the author alone recommends the work. It is an excellent text book of information concerning the Island of Cuba. Its political importance, physical aspect, climate, population, sugar and tobacco culture, agriculture, commerce, internal communication, revenue, are all well described. But Humboldt does not do things by the halves. Never shall we forget the enthusiasm manifested by the students of Gottenberg, when their university was opened by him. His cloak was taken and torn into pieces no larger than a dollar, and distributed among themselves, to keep as a memento of the man: and when the venerable old traveler was told of their purpose, the big tears rolled down the furrows of his noble face, and the deep feeling almost choked his utterance. When he addressed them, in the presence of one of the most august and numerous assemblies the world ever witnessed, you could hear distinctly the slow measured ticking of the hall clock. *Derby & Jackson*, N. Y., are the enterprising publishers.

Editor's Table.

Our sins may be numerous, and much larger than we could desire, and no doubt are oftener committed than to result in our personal good; but we must say, that the sin of ingratitude we don't acknowledge as included in the catalogue.

If the many favors extended to us, from various sources, gave us no thankfulness, we should think that the blood-pump within us was unworthy of the dignified name of heart; and, consequently, merited a premature death and burial at our hands, "with a sprig of holly" through it; therefore, we cannot altogether endorse the sentiments of "The Younger Timon," when he says,

"Honor to him who self-complete and brave,
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,
And heeding naught of what men think or say,
Make his own breast his world upon the way."

For, although we said in our introductory, that "we have no expectation of pleasing every one, for the simple reason that we are human," yet to know that our imperfect labors have a cheering and elevating influence, falls gratefully upon our heart, and we know that friends will excuse us for publishing such an encouraging letter—among many—as the following:

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 4, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—The fourth number of your valuable Magazine has just reached us, in the mountainous regions of old Tuolumne; and, permit me, as one of its readers, to say, that it has already become a welcome messenger among the miners in this section, and is fast winning its way to popular favor. Having received and read all the numbers which have been issued, I speak advisedly, when I say, it is a sure specific against the cares and troubles which afflict the miner during his "idle hours." It is a solace to the weary and wounded spirit of the disappointed and unfortunate, who will read, *con amore*, its interesting pages. It has been said in the utilitarian spirit of the present age, that he who makes "two spears of grass to grow, where only one grew before," is a benefactor to the human race; but, how much more is he entitled to that honorable distinction, who by his labors in the Republic of Letters, is enabled to rob dull care of its hold on the mind, though it be only for a season.

Before I received the last number of your Magazine, my mind was sorely troubled. I had been reflecting on the capriciousness of fortune; I thought of the long weary months since I came to the mines of California; of the disappointments, hardships and trials, encountered in this El Dorado of the western world; and care sat enthroned on my mind, and, I realized the truth of what Burns wrote years ago, in the fullness of his heart,

"Oh! Death, the poor man's friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome, the hour my weary limbs
Are laid with thee at rest."

In deep despondency I commenced reading your Magazine, and care insensibly fled away, and I was translated into the realms of imagination—the world of "story and of song,"—and, while treading its glittering shore in the radiant light of the true, the beautiful and good, I found many rare gems of thought and sentiment, which imagination had scattered from her "pictured urn," and, which possessed the talismanic power of expelling sorrow from my heart.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, great success in your valuable enterprise on the Pacific coast, I will conclude for the present, and subscribe myself, Yours very sincerely,

SHADRACK.

When the exciting whirl of the Presidential election—now so near—is past, and our friends and well wishers can think calmly upon less exciting topics, we hope that they will send us something interesting and instructive concerning California. We would suggest to some of those who have favored us with their contributions, that they make their future ones as much as possible connected with, or concerning California, so that we may make our Magazine more than ever *Californian* in the matter and spirit of its contents.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines to my Inkstand.—Are declined.

P.—Next month.

Josiah P.—We "guess" not.

F. A.—What an idea. If Jacob had been a Yankee he would certainly have taken out a patent for his ladder; and a valuable one it would have been too, to other people than himself; for, if they by any chance ever reach heaven, it must be by some uncommon route. Declined.

Somnus.—Yours is too characteristic of its title; for, like a long sermon, with little in it, makes the whole a sleepy affair.

Tech.—You were in luck to *have a bed* that you could "make yourself" in San Jose. Many would have been glad to have such a luxury, without complaining. By good fortune, and the kind hospitality of Col. G. and lady; and of the old pioneer Mr. B., we were well cared for; and in addition to the long remembrance of their kindness, we shall always be glad to "praise the boat that carries us over the stream." You should'nt have been born unlucky! that's all.

John O.—Now in all candor what on earth is the use of healthy men, like you, going home? "broke," merely to stay awhile there broke, and after getting tired of being broke at home, make somebody else 'broke,' to raise the means to leave home broke, and when you again arrive here, still to feel that you are broke, and probably remain 'broke,' for some time afterwards. The sooner the current of your thoughts is "broke," the better will it be for *John O;* for, after all, California is the best country in the world for a working man, and if capitalists will give *their* attention to canals, and have them economically built, our State would be the most prosperons one of the Union.

Verdant.—Has selected a very expressive signature to his "last," and "basest" imitation of "Hiawatha," we give the following quotation—only (!)

> "Sing the song of Winter's breezes
> What they sang among the treeses,
> Sang among the cheerless houses,
> Of the men who had no spouses:
> See a man
> With aspect dire,
> Sitting lonely
> By the fire,
> A mending of his trowses!"

We owe you a cold potatoe, friend G., for that piece—we do!

Laura.—Will you please write us something Californian; yours unfortunately is too far fetched, and of too local an application of the "far, far away."

Sarah L.—Your stanzas are very pretty, we shall try to find them a place.

"*My Heart weeps Blood.*"—Is very poor, and full of plagiarisms.

G. V.—Be sure you don't send your "Burning Thoughts of Love," to Miss M. before keeping them at least three months in an ice house. If peradventure you should "set her heart on fire," there is no other remedy known than marriage; therefore, be cautious with your kindlings.

S. L.—We have as good a pair of eyes as generally falls to the lot of one man, but we do not profess to read pieces sent us, that are written with water as a substitute for ink. Write plain, if you please.

M. T., Orleans Flat.—Yours, with several others received this month, would be excellent, if more carefully written. "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well,"—try it.

Epitaph.—Is informed that he must write better, before we can become his tombstone. Besides, our Magazine is for the living, and people generally are, like ourselves, in no particular hurry to see such shadowy fingers pointed at them as epitaphs.

The Three Graces—We fear, would bring thrice as much disgrace upon us as credit, and far more than we deserve. One being all-sufficient for us, we must decline taking three.

Thunder versus Lightning.—Is declined, as we wish it to be all fair weather, if possible; and, as California has hitherto got along very well with but little of such "commodities," we hope to be the last to introduce it for common use!

Stibbs.—Yours is a glorious good piece, but, like many other good things, it came too late. Please send to us early in each month in future.

Joe. S.—Just tell the boys that we shall be up amongst them before long, and then they will have to keep their pockets buttoned closely up, or we are almost sure to get them to subscribe to the Magazine.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1856. NO. VI.

PACK TRAIN IN MOTION.

PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

Miners in search of the precious metal, have penetrated the vast forests, explored the deep cañons, climbed the rocky steeps, and, eventually, many of them have made themselves a dwelling place among the rugged and almost inaccessible mountains of California. Thus shut out from the cities of the plain, packing, to them, has become an indispensable necessity; and is not only the means of obtaining their supplies, but, like the ever welcome expressman, a kind of connecting link between the vallies and the mountains.

In some of the more isolated mining localties, the arrival of a pack train, is an event of some importance, and men gather around it with as much apparent interest, as though they expected to see some dear old friend stowed away somewhere among the packs.

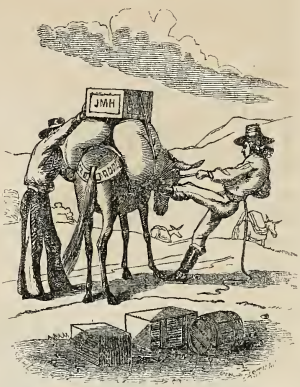
This necessity, has created an extensive packing business with the cities of Stockton, Marysville, Shasta, and Crescent City, but very little with Sacramento, at the present time.

We are indebted to a friend in Stockton for the following interesting information concerning the packing trade of that city.

The quantity of freight packed on mules to the counties of Calaveras, Tuolumne, Mariposa, and Tulare, from Stockton, is about two hundred tons weekly, or one fifth of the entire amount of goods weekly transported.

There are generally from forty to fifty mules in a train, mostly Mexican, each of which will carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and with which they will travel from twenty five to thirty five miles per day, without becoming weary.

If there is plenty of grass they seldom get anything else to eat. When fed on barley, which is generally about three months of the year—November, December, and January—it is only given once a day, and in the proportion of from seven to eight pounds per mule. They seldom drink more than once a day, in the warmest of weather. The average life of a mule is about sixteen years. The Mexican mules are tougher and stronger than American mules; for, while the latter seldom can carry more than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, the former



FASTENING ON THE PACKS.

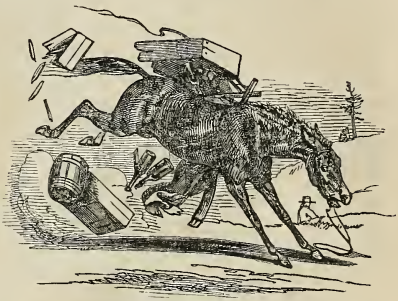
can carry three hundred and fifty pounds, with greater ease. This fact may arise from the mules in Mexico being accustomed to packing only, and over a mountainous country; while the American mules are used only for draught. The Mexican mule, too, can carry a person forty miles per day, for ten or twelve days consecutively, over a mountainous trail; while it is very difficult for an American mule to accomplish over twenty five or thirty miles per day.

The Mexican mule can travel farther and endure more without food than any other quadruped; and with him, apparently, it makes but little difference whether fed regularly or not; still, like animals of the *biped* species, he has no objection to the best of good living. They can, however, always be kept fat with but little care, and it is but very little that is required; while the American mule, to do only half the amount of work, requires good food, regularly given, besides being well cared for

otherwise. The Mexicans consider them altogether too delicate for their use. Then again, from the steady regularity of their steps, the Mexican mule is much the easier, generally, under the saddle, and a person will not often become as much fatigued from riding one a week, as he would be in riding an American mule for only three days.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive with Downieville, Eureka North, Morrison's Diggins, St. Louis, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Gibsonville, Nelson's Point, American Valley, Indian Valley, and all the intermediate and surrounding places in the counties of Sierra and Plumas, giving employment to about two thousand five hundred mules, and between three and four hundred men.

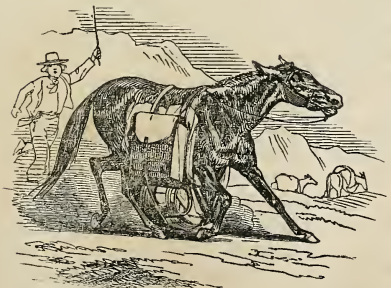
From the town of Shasta, during the winter of 1854–'5, the number of mules employed in the packing trade to the various towns and mining localities north of Shasta, was one thousand eight hundred and seventy six. This does not include the animals used by individual miners; and, according to the *Shasta Courier*, of Nov. 11th, 1854, it would be safe to estimate the number at two thousand.



UNPACKING WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.

"With this data a very fair estimate of the amount of freight packed from Shasta may be formed. Each mule load will average two hundred pounds. A trip to the most remote point to which goods are taken will never occupy more than two weeks—in many instances three or four days less. It is a very moderate calculation, then, to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each."

"This will give a result of one hundred tons per week, as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta—which, at the very low figure of five cents per pound, would yield the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip, to the packers."



IN TROUBLE.

The principal places to which freight is thus transported from Shasta, are Weaverville, (or "Weaver," as it is now called,) Yreka, and the settlements around, and

ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN

between, those points. One is astonished to see the singular goods that are often packed across the Trinity and Scott mountains, to those places; such as buggies, windows, boxes, barrels, bars of iron, chairs, tables, plows, &c.

In the fall of 1853, there was an iron safe, nearly three feet square, and weighing 352 pounds, transported on a very large mule, from Shasta to Weaverville, a distance of thirty-eight miles, over a rough and mountainous trail, without an accident; but, after the load was taken off, the mule lay down, and died in a few hours afterwards.

All kinds of goods, at all times, are not alike safely packed. A friend of ours, who resides in Yreka, sent, among other things, a rocking chair and looking-glass, "and when I reached there," said he, "I found that the chair back was broken, the rockers off, and one arm in two pieces; and the looking-glass was as much like a crate of broken crockery as anything *I* ever saw."

A gentleman has also informed us that in the summer of 1855, two sets of millstones were packed from Shasta to Weaverville, the largest weighing six hundred pounds. Being looked upon as an impossibility for one mule to carry, it was first tried to be "slung" between two mules, but that being impracticable, it was abandoned and packed on one. The following fact will give some idea of the expense often occasioned, as well as the immense weight sometimes packed, over a rough and mountainous country:

When the *Yreka Herald* was about to be published, a press was purchased in San Francisco, at a cost of about six hundred dollars, upon which the freight alone amounted to nine hundred dollars, making the entire cost $1,300.

PACK TRAIN IN A SNOW STORM.

The "bed-piece," weighing three hundred and ninety-seven pounds, which, with the *aparajoe*, ropes, &c., exceeded *four hundred and thirty* pounds, was the weight of the entire pack, placed upon a very large mule.

On descending the Scott mountain, this splendid animal slipped a little, when the pack over-balanced and threw him down the steep bank, killing him instantly.

Many a mule, in California, has breathed his last in a ravine where accident had tossed him—to be the food of wolves or coyotas.

One train was passing the steep side of a mountain, in Trinity county, when a large rock came rolling from above, and struck one of the mules in the side, frightening others off the track; and killing one man and three mules. This can be appreciated by a glance at the engraving on the opposite page.

During the severe winter of 1852, and '53, there was a pack train snowed in, between Grass Valley and Onion Valley, and out of forty-five animals, but three were taken out alive. It is almost incredible, the amount of danger and privation, to which men who follow this business, are, sometimes, exposed.

It is truly astonishing to see with what ease and care these useful animals pack their heavy loads over deep snow, and to notice how very cautiously they cross holes where the melting snow reveals some ditch, or tree beneath; and where some less careful animal has "put his foot in it," and, as a consequence,

has sunk with his load into trouble. We have often watched them descending a snow bank when heavily packed, and have seen that as they could not step safely, they have fixed their feet and braced their limbs, and unhesitatingly slide down with perfect security, over the worst places.

There is something very pleasing and picturesque in the sight of a large pack train of mules quietly descending a hill, as each one intelligently examines the trail, and moves carefully, step by step, on the steep and dangerous declivity, as though he suspected danger to himself, or injury to the pack committed to his care.

The packing trade from Crescent City, a seaport town about three hundred miles north of San Francisco, is one of growing importance. From thence most of the goods required in Klamath, and some portions of Siskiyou and Trinity counties, are transported. There is already an extensive trade with Jacksonville, (Rogue River valley,) Illinois Valley, Sailor's Diggings, New Orleans Bar, (on the Klamath river,) and county seat of Klamath, Scott's river, Applegate creek, and several other prosperous localities in that section.

There are about one thousand five hundred mules in the packing trade at these points. It is no uncommon circumstance, to meet between twenty and thirty trains, with from twenty to seventy-five animals in each train, and all heavily laden, on your way from Jacksonville to Crescent City. The loud "hippah," "mulah," of the Mexican muleteers, sounds strangely to the ear, in the deep, and almost unbroken stillness of the forest.

It seems to us, that the Mexican sings no song, hums no tune, to break in upon the monotinous duties of his calling; but, is apparently indifferent to every kind of cheerfulness, until the labors of the day are done, and then but seldom.

A large portion of the trail lies through an immense forest of redwood trees, and which, from their large growth and numbers, are much more imposing in appearance than the mammoth tree grove of Calaveras.

The soil must be exceedingly fertile, as the leaves of the common fern grow to the height of from twelve to fifteen feet.

On the trail from Trinidad to Salmon river there is a hollow tree, measuring thirty three feet in diameter, which is the usual camping place of trains, holding all the packs for the largest, besides affording shelter and sleeping room to the packers.

The distance from Crescent City to Jacksonville is 120 miles, and generally takes packers about ten days to go through.

There is now a considerable packing trade carried on between Union—Humboldt Bay—and the mining settlements on Salmon, Eel, and Trinity rivers; also, with the town and vicinity of Weaverville.

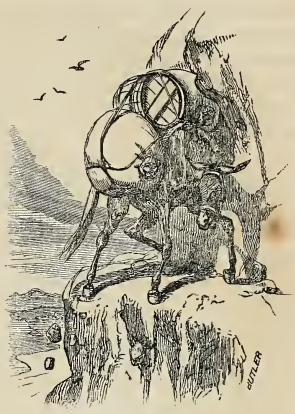
All of these trails across the coast range of mountains, are very rough, and almost impassable during the winter, from snow in some places and mud in others.

We are indebted to Mr. Dressel, of the firm of Kuchel & Dressel, of this city, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the north, for interesting particulars concerning the above trail.

"During the Rogue River Indian War of 1853, while Capt. Limerick's command was stationed at Bates', on Grave Creek, to keep the trail clear, and guard the pack trains against the Indians, an incident occurred, which is too good to be lost, altogether, and for which we are indebted to a source nearly as good as an eye witness; especially as the night was extremely dark. As usual, a strong guard was placed around the house, for protecting the provisions, groceries, liquors, and other valuables, that were stacked in the rear. A Mr. D. was not very comfortably situated to sleep, from the fact that the night was very cold, and he had only one blanket "to go to bed to." In this dilemma he remembered that among the other good things piled up, was some good old rum, and the thought struck him that if he could only secure a bottleful, he could raise sufficient *spiritual* help, to make up

HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

for the deficiency of blankets. But to get it, he thought, "aye there's the



IN DANGER.

rub." He knew the risk that he should run if he were caught at it; or, if the guard, in the dark, mistook him for an Indian; but, after debating in his own mind all the advantages and disadvantages, he concluded that the advantages were in favor of taking his chances, and having the rum. Stealthily went his feet, and cautious were his movements, and as luck would have it, he succeeded not only in finding the right keg, and tapping it, but of transferring a portion of its contents to a large black bottle, with which he had "armed and equipped" himself before starting on his dangerous but *stimulating* mission. Grasping and guarding the treasure with his arm, he groped his way with cautious movements, towards his solitary blanket; but, as fate would have it, the guard was awake! and moreover, to increase his trepidation and his danger, he shouted in a stentorian voice, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied D.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," cried the guard in a fierce and firm tone. At this critical juncture of affairs, D's presence of mind forsook him, and he hesitated in his reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," again cried the guard, in a trembling and confused tone of voice, as he raised his rifle to a "present arms," "fire."

D. immediately, but cautiously, advanced towards the guard, and said in full, round, English,

"I've got a good bottle of rum."

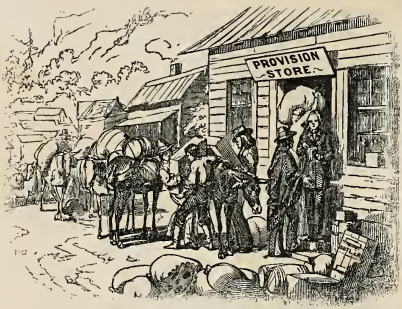
"Then pass on, friend," said the guard, "but *be sure and pass this way*, and give *that* countersign, as he lowered his musket, and shared the plunder.

The business of packing is often attended with considerable danger, as well as exposure, which the following incident will illustrate.

In the summer of 1854, Mr. Robert Woods, (of the firm of Tomlinson & Woods boss packers, of Yreka,) was crossing the Scott mountain, when a shot was fired from behind a rock, which took effect in the neck of the mule he was riding; it fell instantly, scarcely giving him time to recover his feet—when, with great presence of mind, he deliberately aimed his revolver at the robber who had fired at him, and shot him; when he leaped up, exclaiming, "I am a dead man." Two other men then made their appearance, with their rifles; but, while they were seeking a secure place, behind a rock, from whence to shoot, Mr. Woods made his escape, leaving his saddle-mule, saddle-bags, and money, (about $1,400,) behind.

Packers on the Sacramento river-trail to Yreka, have been plundered of their whole train and cargoes, by the Indians, and their owners murdered. For two years this route was abandoned, chiefly from this cause.

The Mexicans invariably blindfold each mule, before attempting to pack him, after which he stands quietly, until the bandage is removed. A man generally rides in front of every train, for the purpose of stopping the train when anything goes wrong, and acting as a guide to the others; although in every train there is always a leader, known generally as "the bell mule;" most of the mules prefer a white one, which they unhesitatingly follow, so that when *he* starts it is the signal for the others immediately to follow.



ARRIVING IN THE MINES.

They seldom start before nine o'clock in the morning, after which they travel until sunset without stopping, except when somthing goes wrong.

When about to camp, the almost invariable custom of packers, after removing the goods, (by which they

CAMPING SCENE BY MOONLIGHT.

alway sleep, in all kinds of weather,) is, for the mules to stand side by side, in a line, or in a hollow square, with their heads in one direction, before taking off the *aparajoes*; and then, in the morning, when the train of loose mules is driven up to camp to receive their packs, each one walks carefully up to his own *aparajoe* and blanket; which he evidently knows as well as does the packer.

An *aparajoe* is a kind of packsaddle, or pad, the covering of which is made of leather and stuffed with hair, and generally weighs from twenty-five to forty pounds. These are always used by Mexican muleteers, and are much easier for the mule than a common packsaddle.

When the toils of the day are over and the mules are peacefully feeding, comes the time of relaxation to the men, who while they are enjoying the aroma of their fine flavored cigarita, spend the evening hours telling tales of some far off, but fair señorita, or make up their bed by the packs and as soon as they have finished their supper, and lie down to sleep for the night.

CALIFORNIA MUSHROOMS, VERSUS THEIR FUNGI.

The Mushrooms and Fungi are classed by botanists under one name, *Agaricus*, which is the generic name given to all the species. This comprehends the whole of the tribe that bear an umbrella shape, having gills, or fleshy plates disposed as radii, proceeding immediately from the center of the part attached to the stalk. The upper part of the pileus, or cap, contains the sporales, or seeds, by which the class are supposed to be generated. There are upwards of a thousand species of the Fungi, properly so called, growing on meadows and heath, under rocks and decayed habitatious, and at the trunk of almost all trees, wherever there is any decaying vegetable matter. The greater part of these growths are of the most poisonous nature, only a very few are edible, and many remain yet to be examined, to ascertain their properties, or action, upon the human or bestial constitution. As there exists no botanical means of distinguishing the wholesome from the poisonous kind, a few words dictated by a long experience, to discriminate between the classes, or species, the edible and the poisonous, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the California Magazine. At the same time, we are open to correction from practical cultivators, if our experience have deceived us; for, as the two species are often very much alike in shape, color, growth, and odor, too much caution cannot be used, even by the experienced, to form any judgment, to serve as a guide; indeed, this guide may be said to be a matter of life and death, and, therefore, we approach the subject with all the caution and circumspection so grave an inquiry demands.

It is not a little singular that the same plant, to all appearance, wholesome in one climate, has the reputation of being poisonous in another. Many that bear this character, in the south of Europe, are, in Russia, eagerly sought after, and their rank odor in one place, becomes notably and attractively transformed by their fragrance in another. The *Agaricus Muscarius* of Kamtschatka, is an instance. The properties of this growth of the *agaricus* appear to depend more upon climate, situation, and soil, than upon any specific peculiarity indigenous to them.

Of the thousand, and upwards, species already observed by botanists, the following characteristics may serve to detect the poisonous kind.

1. All those that have their caps, or tops, very thin in proportion to their gills, or radii.

2. All those that have their caps growing on one side of their stalks.

3. All those that have exact equal length of gill.

4. All those which express a milky juice, or dark, watery fluid.

5. All those which have the collar surrounding their stalk, thready, or filamentous, or like a caterpillar's web.

6. All those which are very light in weight, and do not admit, readily, of the cap being skinned.

7. And lastly, all those which emit a rank hemlock odor, when their caps are detached from their stalks.

The few following observations may serve as a safe guide in collecting those that are edible.

1. The Fairy Ring mushroom, (the *Agaricus Protensis* of Botanists.)

These spring from the earth in curvilinear rows, and have the appearance of little, round, milky-white, balls. Their fragrance is remarkable, resembling, when freshly plucked, the perfume of the cabbage rose.

2. The common and lesser mushroom, (the *Agaricus Campestris*,) sold in our markets, wild or cultivated. These, also, are similar to the former, except that when in their larger growth, their cap separates from the stalk, enlarges itself, and becomes somewhat conical, with liver, or chocolate colored gills, with a thick, fleshy, pulpy, white cap, soon soiled by the sun, but its exterior never fades into a black appearance similar to the toadstool fungi. At a more advanced age, the cap becomes concave, the color of the top grayish, the gills only, quite black. This, also, emits a delicious odor when fresh, and is of agreeable flavor when eaten raw.

3. The common larger mushroom, (the *Agaricus Georgii*,) is much like the former, but inferior in odor and flavor, and much heavier; some have been found to weigh as much as sixteen pounds. This kind is the most serviceable in making catsup.

Of all the numerous species, these are the only few to be relied on as fit for food. In general the nose and the taste should always be consulted, in order to discriminate between them. The smallest portion of the stalk of the poisonous kind, (and some of them have a very deceptive appearance,) when put into the mouth, leaves a burning sensation at the root of the tongue, and is almost always accompanied by nausea, more or less. The wholesome kind will not grow near trees; but prefers the shade and neighborhood of small shrubs. Sheep pastures are more favorable to their growth than other plains.

The edible kind are also slower of growth, than the poisonous—are not so often found in clusters,; if so, do not show so much stalk, but keep their heads near the grouud, enlarging them before they elevate themselves; very unlike the *Fungus Anthropos* with which, in the present day, our society is inflicted.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

Is not woman's fond heart a fathomless mine,
Affection's securest, her holiest shrine?
There it blooms in its beauty, luxuriant and free,
As a flowret of fragrance, though lowly it be.
The blast may be bleak, and bitter the storm
Of adversity's wind sweeping over its form;
It can ne'er be destroy'd, but its beauties *will* fade,
If aside as *neglected* it ever be laid.

If the hopes that have nursed it should wither and die,
The stream that refreshed it prove shallow and dry,
Warm sighs will oft fan, and tears will bedew
The cherished exotic, in hopes to renew
The fragrance, and beauty, the heart-thrilling glow
That o'erspread every sense when it opened to blow:
Then the thorns were unseen, unlooked for the blight,
For the dazzling of hope hid the future from sight.

Though the chill of unkindness should rob it of bloom,
Or the frailty of life lay it low in the tomb;
Then the part that is human will moulder and die,
But the *brightest* and *best* will ascend to the sky;
For e'en *woman's* affection would be robbed of its worth,
Were its joys and its fears alone centered on earth,
It must *rest* upon *God*—then will all be secure,
And the love of *His* creatures be constant and pure.

To the Homeward Bound.—Something to Remember.—Before going East be sure to subscribe for

Hutchings' California Magazine.

THE HONEY BEE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the very early settlement of this State, there were vague rumors of several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the honey bee—of large premiums offered for the *first hive* of living bees—of the flowers and plants being entirely unproductive of gums and sweets and honey dew—of the winters being too warm, and the summers too hot—of the atmosphere being altogether too dry—and numberless other reasons that would make the culture and management of the honey bee an useless and unprofitable enterprise. We are happy to find that the "prophets" are in the wrong, as we have received from Mrs. Weaver, of the Washington Market, a sample of the finest flavored honey that we have ever tasted *in any country*, (we do not say "as fine as any" —but *the finest* of any,) and this was produced at the apiary of Messrs. Appleton & Buck, near San Jose: and who, we are informed, have sold this year over five hundred pounds of honey, at from $1,50 to $2,50 per pound, and thirty hives of bees at $100 per hive, and have a large number yet remaining. From the *San Jose Tribune*, we take the following very interesting description of these valuable little workers.

THE HONEY BEE.—A visit to the Apiary of Messrs. F. G. Appleton and Wm. Buck, on the Alameda, will richly repay any one at all interested in the management of bees. These gentlemen have now one hundred and four hives, and have been remarkably successful from the commencement of their operations with them, having lost, as they believe, only one swarm from among them all. They first obtained one hive in the fall of 1854, and from this, two more were sent out the following year; and in the spring of the present year, they had six from the original stock. Twenty-five hives were brought from Orange county, N. Y. Hence will be seen the rapidity of their increase! In the Eastern States two swarms in one year are considered a fair increase; here three are a common average; and in some cases as many as eight, and in one instance even nine swarms were sent out from one hive in a single year! The bees work more or less all winter, finding material from one source and another, with which to construct their delicate cells.

In early Spring they resort to the thickets of willows upon the first appearance of the leaves; from some plants they obtain gums, and gather honey dew here and there, so that their work is hardly ever suspended. But from the first of April to the first of July, is their busiest time, when the whole country—hill, plain and woodland, is one immense garden of flowers. During that season, "from early morn till dewy eve" the bees are most active.

And their labors are productive and profitable. A hive of average size produces 40 lbs. of honey per year; which is, at present, worth from $1,50 $2,50 per lb. Any one can see how remunerative the rearing of the honey bee may be made. The only outlay of consequence is a stock from which to propagate; and after that, the management is easy and inexpensive. Messrs. A. & B. have this year sold several swarms which uniformly have done well. They have sent them to different parts of the State and to Oregon; and at the Fair they received a special premium for exhibit of bees, and also one for a fine specimen of honey.

When we take into account the comparative ease with which the honey bee may be managed in this country —requiring no care through a long and cold winter, we are induced to be-

lieve that a branch of rural economy so agreeable and productive will not be neglected.

How much might be added to the true wealth and comfort of our homes! The bee belongs to the country homestead. It is connected with the dreams of youth, and with the dog-eared classic page. Virgil sung of the bee, and taught the management of the hive two thousand years ago; and in every age and clime where civilization has extended, the bee has been the home companion of man.

We hope to see a hive or two of bees in front of the cabin of almost every miner, as well as near the comfortable looking house of the valley resident, before many years have passed away. Besides, as they speak volumes of the contentment within, we would suggest, that when the boys are "making arrangements" for that first and best of all kinds of cabin furniture —"a gude wife," that they forget not the bees, and the flower seeds, that looked so cheery and familiar at their dear old home; for next to a smiling and loving-hearted wife, comes the neat looking cottage and garden. We would that we could see every resident of California thus provided for, and *then* they could *afford to wait a little*, as well as labor for the favors of fortune.

THERE is no fear of *knowing* too much, though there may be of *practising* too little.

THE whole coinage of the United States since 1793, is $498,866,567; of which amount there has been received from California, since 1848, $311,234,502.

IF you wish to cure a scolding wife, wait patiently until she ceases—then kiss her.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

NO. II.

BY ALICE.

In a preceeding chapter, I left a group of "hale fellows well met," on the deck of the "Lady Pike," bound for the gold mines, far away in the Occident.

On a peaceful Sabbath morning, our steamer glided proudly down the beautiful stream, and not a sound disturbed the quietude of the hour, save the frequent splash of the side-wheels, as they dipped their broad buckets in the transparent river. A minister being on board, was prevailed upon to give the crowd a short, home-spun, sermon; who, after throwing his hands above his head, directed his discourse exclusively to Californians, and which for the most part formed his audience. The worthy divine was suddenly cut short in his high-flown expostulations, by a hugh son of the Emerald Isle, who declared himself to be a catholic; and he informed the preacher, that before going any further, his sentiments must come to a focus! This interference, immediately caused a giggle, to the great annoyance of the minister, who sought his state-room in despair; while the Irishman, thinking himself the victorious party, strutted about the cabin and deck of the steamer, as though he were the owner, and meant that we should know it.

That night we were enveloped in a dense fog; yet, although the sun went down in misty vapor, about midnight the moon arose gloriously bright, and I left my state-room to look upon the loveliness of the scene around. Often in my California home, when evening comes on with its Italian sky, and the

stars shine out so clear and beautiful, do they remind me of that time, and I sigh as I think of days that are passed.

How often is the monotony of a voyage broken, on river or sea, by some event, it was so with us: for while we were "wooding up," a man slipped from the plank into the eddying stream, while going ashore, and the fog being exceedingly dense, poor fellow, he was seen no more, although much search was made for him; a splash and a cry, was all that was heard or known of him.

Soon we found that the transparent waters of the Ohio, mingled with the sluggish and turbid waters of the Mississippi, and soon we reached the city of St. Louis, in a fearful thunder shower.

From thence we took the "Highland Mary," for Keokuk, Iowa, where we arrived in safety, and where too, we had arranged to get our outfit for the toilsome and fatiguing journey of the Plains.

Keokuk, at the time this journal was penned, was a lonesome, dingy looking place, with a few log and framed houses scattered along the banks of the river. At the present time it is one of the most thriving and beautiful, among the marvelous young cities of the West. Before taking another step in my narative, I might as well give a short historical account of this locality.

Its name was taken from the old Chief Keokuk, who fought so brave and valiantly with the world renowned Black Hawk, whose deeds of warfare have made him a savage of considerable notoriety and distinction. His name is now a bug-bear to frighten unruly children to quick obedience. This city lies at the foot of the lower rapids of the Mississippi, two hundred and five miles above St. Louis, and one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Iowa city, and from its local advantanges, it has been termed, and not inappropriately, the Gate City of Iowa. It is situated in the south-east corner of the State, and the only town in it that has uninterrupted communication with the tributaries of the Mississippi.

While at this, in no way, agreeable stopping place for travellers, on entering the little log parlor, there sat a woman just in from California. She was a tall, gaunt specimen of humanity, and had a cracked, squeaking voice, which she raised to the highest key while relating the many "har" breadth escapes and experiences, while so far away in the land of gold, and her two unmarried daughters sat listening to her harangue, and smiled a look of approbation at whatever she might say. These two presented a very imposing, and taken altogether, very singular appearance as they thus sat. Each had a pair of very ponderous ear rings, made of natural specimens of California gold, hanging in large holes made in their ears, (punched, one would suppose, with a chisel and mallet); with these most singular ornaments, and a silk dress, or two, which they had in possession, they stood upon the carpet, fit subjects for matrimony, looking like swamp angels, or fresh water lilies?

The story was cut short by the entrance of three semi-barbarians, for so they looked, desperately tugging in a hugh trunk; and at their sides, a loaded revolver,; they sat heavily down,

with an air of importance, as much as to say (come if you dare), I'm a Californian, desperate as a tiger, with much "oro." I must confess I was overawed, at this singular and ferocious looking group, and wondered if all people that became gold hunters, looked so desperately respectable, and monstrously enchanting. Then I felt an inward conviction, that gold, and the eagerness to obtain it, made the heart callous and hardened, perhaps, and that it might transform an angel into a fiend incarnate.

That you may have a correct idea of the father at the head of these smiling, verdant-looking responsibilities, I will sketch him for you, reader. He was about fifty-five or sixty years of age, tall, well built, and might for what I know, in a time long ago, have been remarkably handsome, save from a certain indescribable expression of the eyes, which though delicately blue, and almost beautiful, led you at once to feel that you were in the presence of one, over whose heart a thick, impenetrable veil had drawn a darkness, no mortal eye could pierce. His nose once might have been well shaped, but it had now a piece taken from the side, extending to the eye, which greatly marred the savage beauty of his countenance, as it turned. His hair, which had been a deep beautiful chesnut, had commenced to show here and there a silver thread, and his white, high forhead was marked by three deep furrows, which told in truthful accents, that he was sliding down the declivity of life, rapidly.

The dinner bell sounding alarm of an attack upon edibles, the old man made rush for the dining room, followed by his two amazon looking daughters, and their mama, who entered with a toss of the head, and an air of *hauteur*, bespeaking a very distinguished personage, and all seated themselves, near the old man, who stood erect, eating without a knife or fork, looking as wise and venerable as a Hottentot philosopher.

Here we hired a Dutch wagon, the only mode of conveyance, to take us to Fairfield, an inland town lying distant some forty miles. I left the Californians, wondering how they ever lived to tell the tale.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

The question has often been put, by some of our mirth-loving friends,—"What is the origin of St. Valentine's day?"—and other old observances that appear made for all time, regardless of the wholesale change in other matters of the community at large.

This custom of exchanging love-glances, and letters, on this ever memorable day, we believe, arose from good old Saint Valentine's *receding from his clan*, and taking unto himself a wife, still adhereing to the monkish stole and hood, despite the thundering excommunications of the Vatican. His birthday was on the fourteenth day of February, and the sensible part of mankind thus do him perpetual honor, by this old custom. Peace to his ashes, say we; if the whole paternity were to follow his example. We would keep, to the end of our existence, a St. Valentine's day, if possible, six days of every week.

April-fool day — (the first of April,)— arose from the fact of our

blessed Lord being mocked with the crown of thorns and the sceptre-reed. His enemies crowning their malice by thus befooling him with their mock reverences.

St. Nicholas' Day in Germany, but St. Sylvester's day in France, the 1st of June, are sacred to the affections and delight of children. On this day, parents deposit in sly holes and corners, little presents for the young folk, who have to thank the good Saints —patrons of children—for one day of joy and gladness, in the same way as comes *Santa Claus* on Christmas day in the United States.

The omen of *Spilling Salt*, is said to be derived from the custom of the Arabs, who, by this means, declare deadly enmity against a foe, as eating salt with a stranger, denotes great confidence.

The omen of *Crossed Knives*, from the Roman custom of crossing swords of gladiators, who thus commenced contest to the death; when the strife was not required to be *thus urgent*, this custom was avoided.

Meeting on the Stairs, may have had its origin from the well known aversion of the wife-killing Henry the Eighth; who never failed to express his anger, when thus met, or saluted—no doubt suspecting secret assassination.

The well known rhyme,

> "Would ye wish to live and thrive,
> Let a spider run alive,"

can be traced to have been in use at the time of the great plague of London, in Charles the Second's reign. It was the popular belief that the flies with which some close habitations were infested, inoculated persons with the virus of the disease. These pests were remarkably large at that time; indeed, the whole atmosphere, in the commencement of this calamity, seemed pregnant with them.

With respect to superstitious numbers, the origin of the number three, arose doubtless from the triune person of the Godhead. The unlucky number five, from the five foolish virgins. British, and other sailors, feel repugnance to sail on Friday, the day of our Lord's crucifixion. Black Monday, probably arose from the circumstance of prisoners being called up for punishment in Bridewell, and from the black mark list of the week.

Barbers' poles, from the circumstance of their formerly uniting the practice of phlebotomy, with the tonsorial art. The pole was held in the hand, to cause the necessary rigidity of muscle for the issue of the blood, and the red tape wound round it, now represented in colors, was used to tie up the bandage after the operation.

The Shakespearian adage, *as good wine needs no bush, so a good play needs no epilogue*, alludes to the practice of formerly hanging out a holly bush in summer, a mistletoe in winter; to show where wine could be had. This custom is now in use in many nooks and corners of "ryghte merrye Englande." The word bush is a corruption from the French word *bouche*, mouth.

Kissing under the mistletoe bough, probably had its rise from the practice of the ancient Druids, performing the right of marriage under this bough. The mistletoe was an emblem of the woman's being grafted on the man, as the oak was symbol of the man's strength.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE POISON OAK—ITS CURE.

Since the publication, in our last number, of an article on the Poison Oak of California, we have been favored with some additional information concerning it, which we now place before our readers. A correspondent, under the *nom de plume* of "Gold Spring," gives the following:

"I was pleased to see, in the October number, a short notice of the Poison Oak, or *La Yedra*, as the Mexicans call it, and I am anxious to obtain information about it, and also to learn a preventive of its evil effects. I believe that I am as subject to its influence as any person can be, and I perceive that I am infinitely more liable to be affected by it now, than when I first commenced to mine, in 1850. At that time, it was necessary that I should come into actual contact with, and even be scratched by it, in order to be attacked severely; but now, if I work within a few paces of it, and perspire, as one is apt to do in a California summer, I am certain, although exceedingly careful not to touch it, to be badly 'poisoned.'

"The effects, however, are not precisely the same, on me, as on many others. Its first appearance is in the form of small red pimples on my arms or legs, and these soon become watery pustules, which speedily spread over all the most tender parts of my body, as inside my elbows and knees; and, in fact, in every place where the skin, by *forming a wrinkle*, appears to detain the perspiration. Sometimes it breaks out across my stomach, and then it produces a very unpleasant, sickly feeling gradually. The parts, however, never swell, which I have attributed to the ease with which it appears to break through the skin. These pustules are exceedingly irritating, and, when scratched, which it is almost impossible to avoid doing, become very painful. The eruption, if left to itself, usually continues for about a week, when it gradually subsides—sometimes, however, leaving a memento of its passage in the shape of boils, which break out here and there over the affected parts. I forgot to say that the pustules are sometimes so thick as to produce the appearance of a severe, blistered scald, and the discharge of aqueous matter so great that I have had a pocket handkerchief which I tied round my arm, wet through several folds by it.

"As for its cure, almost every one has a different specific, although the most favored appears to be salt and water. I have tried almost every thing I could hear of—salt, gunpowder, carbonate of soda, sugar of lead, and many others, with various success, but have never been able to cure it under three or four days; and then, when I resumed work, found myself just as subject to it as ever. I have also tried decoctions of various plants, in order to find an *immediate* remedy, but without avail. I am rather opposed to the use of any such violent specifics as those above named, as I think they are very apt to produce internal sickness. I am inclined to the opinion that, where convenient, frequent bathings with water, as hot as can be borne, is about the best treatment. Some light aperient may be taken at the same time. A solution of acetate of lead, with some drops of laudanum in it, is, however, tolerably

effective. I think, however, that it is with this, as with other ailments; that, as it affects differently constituted persons variously, so it is differently cured. I have known some people who have used salt and water with great effect, although it produced none on me. By the way, I have observed that persons of a light complexion are much more easily affected by it than dark ones. Is this also the result of your experience?

"I should be very much pleased if some of your readers would throw a little more light on the subject of curing or *preventing* the evil effects of *La Yedra*, for I am so annoyed by it when mining as to have christened it 'mine enemy,' believing it to be the only one I have in the country."

Gold Spring's letter is one of the many instances of the good effect of disseminating information of local interest. We quote his favor, and hope that it will be an example to our readers, of communicating any intelligence that may tend to benefit our community. We are glad to see that he recommends caution in the use of external applications, as we are yet unacquainted with the whole of its symptoms.

Some have suggested constant rubbing with ice, or bathing in ice-water; but we would by no means recommend it; applications similar to those in use for other poisons of like appearance are safest.

Since our last, we have submitted its leaf to a powerful microscope, but can discover none of the *fibræ hamæ* of the sting-nettle. We observed that its leaf is much charged with succulence, of less consistency than that of the oak, to which it bears some resemblance. We have seen a person who declares that he has frequently swallowed some of its juice, after mastication, with impunity, but are inclined to attach little importance to this knowledge, as, from the time of old Homer, who, in the fourth book of his Iliad, records of Macaon, the son of Æsculapius—

"Then, when he saw the wound, where the poison'd arrow fell,
Having suck'd out the blood, applied with art that remedy
The prudent Chiron gave to his beloved father;"

and of Eleanor, the wife of the English king, Edward I, who sucked the virus from the wound made by a poisoned arrow, and so saved her husband's life at the hazard of her own, it has been well known that many poisons may be imbibed harmless, which would cause death if externally applied, and *vice versa* of others.

From the effects of this poison, a gentleman with whom we are very well acquainted, was entirely blind for six weeks, his head having swollen to an enormous size; and, in addition to his distressingly painful condition, was much afraid that it would become fatal in its consequences. Many of the usual remedies, superintended by a skilful physician, were useless and unavailing, until a friend, while visiting him, suggested the use of the *soap root*, so common throughout California. This was tried with eminent success; for in three days after its application he was able to resume his business. As nearly every one throughout California is familiar with this root, we need only add that it was used in the same manner as common soap.

It is possible that if the soap root

could be used when the first symptoms are apparent, it would prove an *immediate* remedy.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, of Nov. 24th, makes the following observations:

THE QUERCUS VIRI, OR POISON OAK OF CALIFORNIA, AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

EDITOR BULLETIN:—Referring to the article in Hutchings' *Magazine* on the above plant, an extract from which appeared in Saturday's *Bulletin*, I beg to offer a few remarks.

The effect of this *climbing* (*not creeping*) shrub acts as a poisonous agent on some constitutions is not, as therein stated, confined to temperament. [This is an error, as no such statement was made.—ED.] The *virus* acts on the cuticle, and produces a rapidly increased action of the vascular system. In certain states of the body the action is more rapid than at other periods. The remedies I would suggest are as follows: Wash the part affected with a strong solution of bicarb. of soda; then apply, by means of a linen cloth, *kept well saturated*, a lotion composed of chloroform, one part; eau de cologne, two parts; water, three parts. After a very short period, the patient will generally not experience any further annoyance.

This shrub varies in size. I have seen several eight, ten, and twelve feet high—in some instances destrowing that whence in its early growth it derived support, and forming an independent shrub of considerable size and extent. Some persons can handle the leaves and stems, and even rub the juice or sap which it exudes on any part of the body, with impunity. H. S.

A gentleman writing to the Marysville *Herald*, when alluding to the same article, says that he recently came across, in a dark ravine, in Butte county, a specimen of it which was twenty-five feet in height, and that there were growing in the vicinity other specimens of nearly the same height.

We are happy to have our belief confirmed, that this pestilence has not in any instance proved fatal. In the meantime, it would be a charity—nay, even a *duty*, to make known, as publicly as possible, any specific remedy that any fortunate discoverer may alight upon, and we shall gladly lend our aid in publishing it.

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP IN A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE.

Sweet, plaintive strains—just heard above the busy throng
That crowd the streets—and yet art scarcely born
Before thy feeble breath is spent and gone—
Tell me whence comest thou,
With such wooing notes and gentle guise,
That take our raptured senses by surprise?
Tell me, sweet spirit of the ether sphere,
Why touch those trembling strings and linger here
Amid the throng?

Methinks thou'dst haunt the lake,
The mead, the dell, and sylvan stream,
Or linger round the moon's pale beam,
Rather than here. * * *

And yet
Our greedy sense, delighted, hears
The murmuring music of the spheres;
Then stay and tune the welcome strain,
And stir the soul's sweet depths again.

W. F. H.

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather. Wednesday — Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—bitter cold in the morning; red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

A LUNATIC once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

THE CHRISTIAN OASIS.

We take the following simple and touching description of the social and spiritual blessedness of Sunday from Rev. Dr. Scott's discourse at the dedication of Zion's Chapel, the church built by the people of color, on Pacific street, in this city, a few weeks ago, and published in the *Mirror of the Times*, the new organ of the colored people:

I am not sure, my Christian friends and brethren, whether any of you crossed "the Plains," in coming to this country, or not. But I suppose every one of you has read or heard of the dangers and wearisomeness of a journey across the great deserts of Asia and of Africa, from which some of your forefathers were brought to this country. In those deserts, the sun pours forth his burning rays upon the panting traveller, while the sand glows like a furnace. The skin on his face blisters, his lips crack, and even his feet are scalded through his boots or shoes, if of the ordinary black leather. Day after day the weary march is made. Scarcely a human being is ever seen, save those in your own company. On every side a dreary waste stretches away and disappears beneath the glare of a cloudless sky. The moaning of the wind over the sands and along the rocky ridges and gorges, is like one's fancy of the wailings of lost spirits. But the water-skins begin to grow light. The camels are beginning to complain; their tongues swell. The whole caravan becomes moody and sinks into silence. Every one begins to wish the journey, or life itself, were at an end. But now, why this rapid gait? Why are the camels moving with uplifted heads and distended nostrils? It is because the foremost one of the train has caught sight of an *oasis*, and, like an electric flash, the news passes to the last one of the caravan. Now hope with shouts of joy fills the crowd with renewed vigor, and in a little while all are sheltered by the palm trees, and are filled with cool water gushing from the fountain. The dangers and toils of the desert are forgotten; rest and refreshment gained in the oasis prepare them for new journeys. *And is not the Sabbath sanctuary an oasis to us in the journey of life?* The night does not wholly relieve us; sometimes our day of labor has twenty-four hours, and our weeks consist of seven days. But even when we have the night for rest, we are sometimes oppressed with the cares of the day that is past, and we live it over again in feverish dreams, or spend it in anxious thoughts for the morrow. But when "six days' work is done," what a blessing it is that then the blessed Sabbath comes, consecrated to heaven and holy thoughts, to domestic repose, and intellectual improvement. Oh, what would become of our race, especially the laboring poor, but for the rest of the Sabbath! The two great gifts of God to man, which he brought with him out of Paradise, are the Sabbath and marriage. How blissful our youthful recollections of the Sabbath! How many tender thoughts and holy associations are connected with its return! How much do we owe to our weekly reunions in the house of God! Weary and worn, excited and exhausted, you drag through the week; but at last the office is closed; business reposes. You are refreshed with the calmness of the Sabbath morn. Nature is cheerful. Your thoughts soar upward in their aspirations, and for a time you forget the world and its cares. Blessed is the day of rest!

It is good to go with the tribes of Israel to Zion's gates? This is one *oasis* ever fresh and green, amid the waste and burning desert. Here are springs that never dry. Here are trees ever green. Their leaves never wither and their fruits never lose their sweetness. And even if there were no mutual benefits derived from the Sabbath, it is a priceless boon to toiling humanity.

The observance of the Christian Sabbath strengthens the ties of home and enhances the happiness of social intercourse. Without the Sabbath many families would not know the joys of their own firesides. Banished from home, as most business men are all the week, catching only a glimpse of their little ones morning and evening, it is a great comfort that there is one day out of seven, when they may be free from the toils of business. As it is a day of rest, so it restores man's exhausted energy. It lengthens out his life, and affords him an opportunity to improve his mind and his heart, and prepare for a better world.

This comparison of the Sabbath sanctuary has been suggested to me by what I saw in one of your Sabbath-school papers, and by my recollections of travels in the Deserts of Arabia; and to my mind it is not more beautiful than it is appropriate to you. Let us all thank God, take courage, and set out to-day from this place afresh for the heavenly Canaan.

SPEAK gently to the erring—
O1. do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not, thou hast often sinn'd,
And sinful yet must be;—
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR BUT ONE

Is a store-keeper—or, rather, a seller of stores; for he only takes the money, and leaves you to take the goods. For two years that I have known him, I have never seen him without his pipe in his mouth and his left hand in the pocket of his pants. I do verily believe, if we were all to be blown up one of these days, (we live next door to a high pressure flour-mill,) his head would be found with a pipe in its mouth, and the body with a hand in its pocket.

"How's dry stuff?" I asked, one day, by way of curiosity, to see whether the pipe would quit its orifice.

"Shicks shents," said he, moving every muscle in his face to give plain utterance, rather than move the everlasting pipe. But whether per quart, per gallon, per bushel, per sack, or per pound, the said pipe prohibited to be explained. I sometimes have thought, if I were not so sedate a body, I would raise a cry of fire, to see whether the head would appear without the pipe in it, to inquire what was the matter.

Oh, here is a horse at the door; his store is shut up; he is going to make holiday. If he ride that horse, surely he cannot do it with his hand in his pocket and pipe in his mouth. Here he comes. He mounts; he turns his head. There is the meerschaum, sure enough; and, I declare, his left hand is in its usual situation; the right one does all the work. Away he goes—"bibbity bob—bibbity bob"—and the meerschaum; and no mere-sham of a pipe is it, I assure you, but one capable of raising a smoke sufficient to set going all the fire-bells in San Francisco. Now the beast is restive; he kicks. Surely the left hand comes to the rescue. Not a bit of it; but the meerschaum describes its gyrations round the region of his nose, irrespective of all consequences to its neighborhood; and such a nose, too, as friend Bardolph might apostrophize. Surely that meerschaum must be nicely Browned by this time—(his name is Brown; it is, indeed.) I'd give the world for that pipe, for he and it are always in a brown study. With his legs on the counter, his head against the wall, and his gaze where the stove-pipe used to be, what untold lucubrations pass which the world knows nothing about. He is a philosopher, is friend

Brown, and his pipe is his *vade mecum* —his hypothesis—aye, and his hypostasis. What visions of soothing consolation does it not afford; what clear views of modified existence does it not elicit. If I were to be an unsentient being, I would be Mr. Brown's pipe, and I should be as merry as any piper. I am sure I should.

TRICKS OF THE MONKEY.

The monkey is described by naturalists as a class amongst the *Simiadæ*, which possess a tail, as distinguished from those of the ape kind, which are without this appendage. Of the class, the ape appears more grave, less peevish and mischievous than the monkey. They are susceptible of more intelligence, and become more gentle and affectionate. The few tricks which the monkeys in our streets occasionally exhibit are the result of much training and perseverance, seldom performed without the jerk of the chain or the eye of the master; whereas those of the ape often show an intelligence not much inferior to that of uncivilized men.

Lieutenant Matthews, who travelled over a great part of Sierra Leone, Guinea, Congo, and Loango, states that the Chimpanzee, the tribe most like man in their structure, generally take up their abode near some deserted town or village, where the papau tree grows abundantly, the fruit of which serves them as food in abundance. They build huts nearly like the houses of the natives, covering them with leaves, for their females and young, guarding the entrances, day and night, with all the care of the fondest parent. If one of them is shot, the rest of the community pursue, with the utmost speed, the destroyer, and the only means then of escaping their vengeance is to part with the gun, which they instantly seize and batter to pieces, giving over the pursuit when they have thus vented their rage. They travel in large bodies, arming themselves with clubs, and frequently compel the elephant to abandon its locality. Mons. de la Brosse states that they sometimes watch for months together, to steal young negresses, whom they carry into the woods and force to live with them, feeding them plentifully, but otherwise doing them no injury, as if to enjoy merely their society. One instance of this kind came under his notice, of a negress who lived in Loango, and who had lived upwards of three years amongst them, in the utmost harmony, before she was able to make her escape.

The apes or baboons which frequent the rock of Gibraltar sprung from a pair that were brought thither by an officer who had travelled through the interior of Africa. These are described as perfect nuisances to the place. The only method the inhabitants have of ridding themselves of them is by catching and shaving them. An odd method; but no other can be had recourse to, on account of the use of firearms being prohibited.

A friend of mine, an officer in the Sappers and Miners, at a place called Brompton in Kent, possessed one of remarkable cunning. He had brought it from this celebrated fort. It had an extraordinary antipathy for women, boys, dogs and pigs. We remember well seeing some youths playing at marbles on the pavement of the cannon embrasures, and watching its tricks. He would wait patiently until they were all intent upon their game, and then slily thrust his head over the parapet and hurl a brickbat upon them, stooping his head down immediately afterwards to hide himself. On one occasion, on a repetition of these tricks, a boy, who had a Newfoundland dog with him, discovered the offender and gave chase to him through the streets of the neighboring village, Brompton. The creature, jumping up to the first knocker of a door he came to, thundered away at it without intermission, with one hand, while he rang the bell violently with the other. An old lady

of portly dimensions came to the door, and the transition of the emotions of her face, from a good scolding expression to one of staring alarm, as the brute jumped upon her ample shoulders for protection, is not to be soon forgotten.

On another occasion this baboon carried off a large basket of cherries, weights, scales, and all, which had been left by an old woman, for a few moments, in the passage at the bottom of the stairs, in the barrack room, during her temporary absence to get change for a coin. The creature was seen the next moment, from an upper window, showering cherries, weights, scales, basket and all, upon the regimentals as they were marching out for the morning's parade. I remember well, old Col. P——y bobbing down his head to avoid a 2lb weight, which despite his caution, struck his nose, causing the shedding of blood most ingloriously and profusely. After this adventure, the mischievous customer was taken to the Chatham Dock Yard, in the neighborhood. Here its exploits were as mischievous; for one day the turret clock of the yard having stopped, its cause was discovered to be the filling up the said turret with the tools of the workmen, who had been for a long time previously, suspecting all sorts of thefts of each other.

The story of the monkey shaving the cat must have originated from this creature, who was one day discovered with the blacking brush lathering away most vigorously upon poor puss, on the sill of its mistress's chamber window, habited in her best bonnet and cap. The poor beast at last met with a deserter's punishment, for it grew such a nuisance, and so frequently broke from its chain, that its master condemned it to be shot.

The smaller monkeys, properly so called, are deficient in sagacity to many of this species; often and often have we watched at the celebrated Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, London, their attempts to crack a marble toy given them among some nuts. Again and again, would each try to crack it, putting the paw now to the right, now to the left mandible, and not leaving it till one and all apparently denounced it as an imposition. These Gardens have the greatest variety of the monkey tribe of any in the world. Many young pombos, we were told, have been taken to England, but none have survived the change of climate. Some of this tribe are so alert, that Duvacel says, he has often seen them in confinement clear spaces of eighteen feet with the greatest ease, and that for an hour together, without intermission. Many birds stand no chance with them. Once he let a grey king loose, and observed that it only for a moment marked its flight, then leaped to a distant branch, caught the bird with one hand, in passing, and seized the branch with the other hand, as if that alone had been its aim. This kind when taken young, are very playful and affectionate, and exhibit much intelligence. A droll story is told of one which we will relate. An old bachelor in Scotland, a banker, kept one of these animals, and treated it as a pet child. One day a venerable highlander, after banking hours, observing the doors not closed, made his appearance, and drew from his pocket his leather bag, and emptying his gold from it on the counter, and spreading his bank notes, waited for the banker to take due account of his savings. To his great surprise, he saw the old gentleman aforesaid, take a flying leap, with much gravity, from the chair on to the counter, roll up his bank notes and put them in his mouth, and at the same time, taking up the gold sovereigns, pelt him with handfuls of them. The highlander observing the sudden madness of this, to him, chief clerk of the establishment, made aim at him with his knobbed stick, but the chief clerk, jumping upon him, seized his hat and wig, and made a spring of some dozen feet from the counter, on to a shelf at the further part of the

room, where he sat grinning, chattering, and showing his white teeth, to the terror and amazement of the man, and it was not until the attendant, who had scarcely left the premises five minutes, explained matters to the discomfited highlander, that he could be brought to think that it was a trick of an ape, who had made use of his master's old coat, hat and wig, for this purpose, in their absence.

Loss of a Wife.—No man but one who has been called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved companion can appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of the following article which we copy from an exchange:

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who busied herself so unwearedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone on beautiful flowers and the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there—no thorns are remembered, save those your hands may unwillingly have planted; her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that has lain upon your bosom rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portals of the grave. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over in smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be green and beautiful for ever, as a memento of her undying love.

Humility is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

TO MY SISTER.

My sister dear, though far from thee I dwell,
And varied climes between us intervene,
No space or time can from my heart dispel
The memory of thy love; no distant scene
Of mountains grand, or valleys ever green,
Seem e'er so fair as those I've seen with thee,
Where Hudson's crystal waters flow between
Its loveliest shores, in beauty, to the sea—
Bright emblem of thy heart's pure tide of love for me.

Thou hast rejoiced in all my hours of bliss,
And thou has gloried in my youth's success—
Meeting me ever with the greeting kiss,
Pure as thy love, and parting but to bless,
With cherished memories of thy tenderness;
In sorrow, thou wert as an angel near,
To soothe me with thy sympathy's excess,
Pointing above to Faith and Hope, to clear
My skies of all that made my life most sad and drear.

Through all this changing life's most devious way,
My heart, with purest joy, can turn to thee;
If other hearts, once loved, have gone astray
From all their vows of faith and constancy,
And steered their barks upon life's troubled sea,
Whose storms may bear them on to wealth or fame;
No more with such is linked my destiny;
I envy not the prizes they may claim;
I turn from all to bless thy dearly cherished name.

I bless thee, sister, for thy love so true;
I bless thee for thy sympathy so sweet,
That fell upon my heart as falls the dew
From heaven on flowers beneath our feet,
Reviving all their glorious hues, to greet
The coming day, and call their fragrance forth;
I'll bless thee ever; and, until we meet,
May God's best blessings recompense thy worth,
And give thee all the peace and joy of heaven and earth.

W. H. D.

Sacramento, Nov., 1856.

HOME.

BY W. H. D.

Home! what blessed associations cluster around that word, dwelling forever in our memories, sacred and hallowed, yet varied as the ever-changing phases of our mortal life. Let us, kind reader, revert to our first impressions of home. We cannot go back to the period of helpless infancy, when our very weakness was our strength, and we reigned in the household with a power more supreme than that of a ruler of some mighty kingdom. Then all hearts bowed down in submission to the silent charm of innocence and purity, while our slightest smiles of recognition gave unspeakable joy, and our cries of anguish sent a pang of sorrow to every heart. This we cannot remember; but, perhaps, between the periods of infancy and childhood, in our first conscious impressions of home, we find ourselves lying on a mother's bosom—enfolded in her arms—bathed with her tender and undying love, while her subdued voice is soothing us to rest with hymns of melody whose every sound of sweetness, through all our after lives, shall seem like echoes from that time. Such are our first dreamy impressions on the shores of time, and these shall linger in our memories till time shall be no more.

But not only with our first impressions of home shall our memories fondly linger; because there we passed our childhood in its joyous glee, and attracted all hearts by our winning ways, and there endured our first sorrows, which, though transient, were as real and as bitter to our fresh and tender hearts, as those of maturer years: there, we played with our brothers and our sisters; and there, we experienced the hallowed and blessed influence of a mother's love: there we received a father's kind advice and admonitions: there, we climbed his knee to listen in sorrow to some tales of human suffering, or glory in the triumphs of our country over oppression and wrong; there, we rejoiced in the purity and tenderness of a sister's love; and there, we felt the generous embraces of a brother's manly heart; there, we formed our first friendships with our youthful playmates, with whom we enjoyed so much frolic and fun; there, burst forth the ardent aspirations of our youthful years, when with generous impulses and unperverted taste, we vowed ever to strive for the right and good; there, were our earliest visions of the future, which seemed glowing in rainbow-tints, with no clouds of sorrow lowering upon its skies; there, we cemented the bonds of friendship; and there, we exchanged the first rapturous kiss of love; there, at morn and eve our youthful prayers ascended to heaven, while with trusting and unsullied hearts, we confided in a Saviour's undying love; there, was the schoolhouse where we conned our daily and irksome task, watching the shadows as they shortened to the hour of noon, or lengthened with the declining sun; there stood the church, where a never-ending future first unfolded to our view, while our souls aspired after eternal things; there, it may be, we have seen the forms of loved ones carried to their final home; and whose spirits have ever since been beckoning us to the skies. There, too, were Christmas merry-makings, and New-Year greetings; there, were harvests home, and thanksgiving feasts; there, we rejoiced in the light of a joyous life, or sorrowed in the fear of a coming death; there, we revelled in the heights of earthly bliss; and there, it may be, we experienced events so tragical and solemn that we could not whisper them in the ear of our dearest friend.

But let us turn from the home of our early years, to the later home of our hearts; to that spot where we have gathered all that is most sacred and dear to us on earth; for there, is one, to whom we have vowed to be ever faithful and true—one to whom we seem to be united with more than earthly ties; there, our fairest hopes

center; there, our purest and sweetest affections dwell; there, to our children, come the home experiences of our early years; and, through our affections for them, do we first truly estimate the tenderness and depth of our parents' attachments to us; there, in all our toils, our anxieties, our conflicts with the world, do we find a compensating joy, a bliss that nothing else earthly can bestow; and, if we are for a time separated from such a home, how anxiously is the expected messenger looked for that shall tell us, "all is well;" in it will be found the renewed vows of our affection; the heartfelt wish; the fervent prayer that God's blessing may rest on the absent one; and His never-ceasing care guard and guide him to the home of his affections; the ever-peaceful haven of his rest.

The thoughts of Home! they cheer the lonely traveler in his weary pilgrimage; they encourage the sailor in his duties amid the howling of the storm; they bring tears to the eyes of the stranger as he wanders in a distant land; they startle the reckless youth in his career of ruin; and, amid his midnight revels present before him the visions of dear but sorrowful faces with tearful eyes, entreating him once more to return to the paths of virtue, to the home of his early years. The criminal on the gallows, hardened by many crimes, and which have at last brought him to a fearful doom, dwells not on the scenes around him; his last dying thoughts are with his home; and where, perhaps, still lives an aged mother, grieving for the presence of her long absent son; he thinks of her undying affection; he remembers all her tenderness and care, and he knows, alas, too well, that the tidings of his fate will break her heart: for himself, he fears not death, but the thoughts of home and dear ones there, embitter the last moments of his existence; they wring his heart with the agony of remorse, as he dies in the wildness of despair.

O, let us thank the good Father, with heartfelt gratitude, for all the associations, for all the influences, for all the blessings of home; and for an ever blessed memory that makes it always present; who can tell of its mighty power? who can reveal its silent and manifold workings for good? Blessed are the homes of earth, but how much more blessed shall we find the homes of heaven, in our Father's many mansions, where sorrows and partings are unknown, and where we shall ever be with those we love—at home.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY MONADNOCK.

When in the boundless realms of space
The long, deep silence first was broken,
And, from the dark and formless void,
Into existence worlds were spoken,—

As clouds of darkness rolled away,
The heavenly vault with music rung,
And listening angels paused entranced,
While morning stars in gladness sung.

Music is round us every where—
Is breathed in wild unwritten notes,
Harmonious as the evening air
That through Æolian harp-strings floats.

'Tis heard at midnight's watching hour—
In the still watches of the night—
Is borne upon the morning breeze,
Is breaking with the morning light.

There's music in the raging storm—
In the deep thunder's solemn roar—
In the hoarse voice of ocean's surge,
Rolled in upon the rock-bound shore.

There's music in the furious winds,
When on the ocean falls their breath,
They howl the requiem of man,
And fling him down to sudden death.

A VAST deal of genial humor, says Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strangled in people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills, and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

FOOLISH.—Two young ladies hating each other, on account of a gentleman, who does not care a fig for either of them.

IT IS HARD TO DIE!

"It is hard to die!" said a little child,
As the gay birds sang, and the green earth smiled,
And perfumes floated on summer air,—
She loved the fields and would linger there.

"It is hard to die!" to the terror-king,
Said a lonely maiden, in youth's warm spring,
As the lustrous eye and the hectic glow,
Revealed the trace of a lurking foe.

"It is hard to die!" said a mother mild,
As she sadly gazed on her first-born child,
For she felt while yielding her latest breath,
That she was dying a two-fold death.

"It is hard to die!" said a poet, fired
With zeal to picture his dreams inspired,
As he gazed with a worshipper's earnest eye,
On the bright green fields and the deep blue sky.

"It is hard to die?" said a warrior grim,
Surrounded by mangled corse and limb,
As his comrades' shout at the set of sun,
Proclaimed the hard fought battle-field won.

"It is hard to die!" said a stalwart form,
Amid the rage of an ocean storm,
As the stanneh ship struggled with wind and wave,
To save her form from an ocean grave.

"It is hard to die!" was a felon's groan,
As his soul was chilled by the walls of stone,
While a vision before his eye-balls came,
Of scaffold, block, and death of shame.

"It is hard to die!" with a muttered curse,
Said a gloating miser who clutched his purse,
And with bony fingers raked up his gold,
For which his life and and his soul were sold.

"It is hard to die!" with a fearful yell,
Shrieked a murderer haunted by fiends of hell,
As a spectral form with its bloody head,
Lay down by his side, in his hard death bed.

"It is hard to die!" said an aged man,
Whose life was lengthened beyond life's span;
He had lost the friends of his early years,
Yet would linger still in this vale of tears.

Though the spirit of mortal exchanges earth,
For a brighter home and a heavenly birth,
From youth to age comes the bitter sigh,
"It is hard to die!" "It is hard to die!"

S * * * *

San Francisco, Oct. 1856.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. H. WONDERS WHAT SHE SHALL DO FOR CAPS ON THE VOYAGE.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hickleberry were comfortably seated in a first class carriage, with Mary, alias Flory, and the young Adam, they began fairly to consider themselves on their way to the land of gold. There were no other inmates in the vehicle, but a gentleman stranger-foreigner with bushy mustachings, (as Mrs. Hickleberry was wont to call them,) and a smart looking lad of about thirteen years of age. They had not proceded far, when little Adam began to be troublesome; for, when he was standing up he wanted to sit down, and when he was down he wanted to get up, and when he was in he wanted to get out, and *vice versa*. He was also very troublesomely attracted towards the gentleman-foreigner's massive gold watch chain, which the amiable traveler begged the little fellow might be indulged with; Mrs. H. thought she never saw so nice a gent in all her life, while Hick congratulated himself that no woman who wore a sky-blue bonnet was a passenger by the same train. Mrs. H. enjoyed the notion very much, and "wondered at the strange fancies of some queer folk who would prefer a rumble-tumble crazy old coach, to the easy motion of the rail. They might rail at it as long as they liked, but, for her part, give her the rail all the world over. The air, too, was as *flagrant*

as if coming from so many *gardings*. It was delightful, it was." To which, and other like sentiments Mr. H. and the kind "furriner" good-naturedly responded; indeed, the latter gentleman was "the most accommodating man she ever knew." He became quite chatty, and, wonderful to relate, he was born in the very same village that had the honor of giving Mrs. H. birth; and, still more wonderful, upon comparing notes, actually discovered that they were first cousins on the grandmother's side,—which Mr. H. also, thought a remarkable circumstance, to pick up in a rail road carriage. His conversation elicited that he was a gentleman "traveling on his own account—knew all about California, where he had lived twenty years—had crossed the Atlantic and Pacific nearly twenty times, and was then on his way to Jamaica, on a rum speculation; also, having been for years engaged in a scientific discovery to convert cocoa nuts into fresh butter; that object also embraced part of his attention. He had several agents in California, to whom he would be happy to give them letters of introduction; they would find," he said, "the land of gold a mighty wonderful place. Gold was so plentiful, and iron so scarce, he declared he frequently sold an old, worthless iron pot for its weight in gold. He remembered, once," he said, "after a day's prospecting, selling the sand that got in his shoes, for ten times the worth of a gross of them in the old country. He remembered once going into a blacksmith's shop, up in the mines, accompanied by his servant Whack-a-wa-o, a native Indian, where every shoe in the place was forged from gold; nay, the very nails that fastened them to the horses' hoofs were gold; even the very anvil and hammer of the blacksmith, aye, even the very nose of the bellows, were made of gold, because iron was so wonderfully scarce at that time." Hickleberry thought this very wonderful, and gently inquired if the gent were romancing; "cos he knew a little about metals, and he questioned whether a gold nail wouldn't be too soft to hold on to the shoe. He begged to be excused from taking in all that amount; he was not yet quite soft enough for that. He knew," he said, "'twas very hard to get it in some places; but, hang it, he couldn't swallow all that travellers told."

"You forget to take into account, my dear sir, the influence of the climate, particularly that of California, where the days are so hot as to melt lead in the very streets, and on the tops of the houses; and the nights are so cold that butter, in the morning, couldn't be chopped, scarcely, with a hatchet. Do you doubt that?" said the traveller. "Now, if butter could melt and condense, in the same ratio, why couldn't gold, particularly if one took into account that California gold, there was no question about it, was known to melt faster in a warm pocket, near a warm heart," he slily added, "than in any other country."

"It might be true," said, Hick, "and might be a joke; 'twas no matter; all he knew about its hardness, anywhere that he heerd on, 'twas precious hard to get."

This animated conversation was kept up to a late hour, until sleep, one after another, influenced the whole party, from which, they were only at intervals, partially aroused, by the guards shouting the names of the various places, at which, from time to time, they arrived, until at last smoky, murky Liverpool burst upon them. Here the foreign gentleman, who seemed to speak the whole of the foreign languages, and some others, (self-invented ones, beside) known only to the police district, was met by another foreigner, to whom Mr. and Mrs. H. were formally introduced.

"How strange it was," said Mrs. H., "that they were going to the same hotel—the Victoria—kept by a former old servant of a friend of his, where they should have every accommodation, and then—how kind—he and his friend would call in the morning, to

escort them about Liverpool, and show them the lions.

"How wonderful it was," thought Mrs. H. "that every place abroad, away from home, should have lions, which every body spoke about."

"If his friends are going to the same hotel," said the foreigner's foreign friend, in half broken English, "his garçon vould take de loogage of de lady, and de gentlemans, vizout deer trouble vid ma friend seven big tronk all in de vay mooch pleasant dan any oder."

Here his garçon settled the matter by bringing five glasses of hot brandy and water to the door of the railway carriage; and which were thankfully received by Hickleberry and company; all the trunks, both of the foreign traveler, and our friend Hick, were thrown into one capacious hand cart, and were then deposited in the hotel safely and snugly for the night.

As soon as morning dawned, Hick arose early, and went down to the trunk room for a change of linen, &c.; but to his great dismay, saw only those of the illustrious foreign traveler. Becoming alarmed, he called up the landlord, and discovered to his great mortification, that the pleasant traveler had made a most extraordinary mistake, and had carried off the whole of his worldly comforts, as far as thirteen portmanteaus and packages could contain, and had left nothing in their stead but some ordinary brickbats, carefully packed in new straw; which the landlord could not be brought to believe were, at any time, destined for so long a journey as the placard on them denoted.

"Here's a go! here's a pretty go, here's a precious pretty go," said he bursting into Mrs H's bed-chamber, "That foreign whiskerando has run off with the whole of our trunks, and left us nothing but brickbats to wear, with straw for change of linen."

"What on earth do you mean, H.," said Mrs. H., sitting bolt upright in the bed.

"Mean? why what I say, woman! That furriner has run off with all our trunks, and not the ghost of a one has he left behind, even for modesty's sake; he has left us nothing but a heap of brickbats wrapped up in straw, to console us for the loss of them."

"Why, that's unpossible, Hickory, for I seed them all wheeled into the lumbering room, my very self, while you were a sipping your glass of brandy and water with the two strangers, in the bar room, I'll take my oath on it."

"Oh, you'll have to take something else, Mrs. H., when you have seen no more of 'em than I have."

"Have you been to the purleece station people about it?" inquired Mrs. Hickleberry.

"No, nor to the moon's station-people either, and I think there's as much use in 'plying to the one, as to the 'tother."

"Well, then—go then—my good man—for there's all my caps, and gowns, and flannins, and heaven knows what in um."

"I thought what his fine stories of Californy would come to; somehow or other, I had my misgivin's when he spoke of the gold—talkin o' gold, I'd give all the stuff in Californy, if I had it, for the pleasure of just punching his precious old head for half an hour with my best tin hammer; and if I didn't leave every part thereof flatter than any frying pan in this establishment, I'd consent to be kick'd to death by spiders.

Here the landlord, as much amazed as themselves, brought them a letter, which was left on the table in the bar-room, addressed to D. Hickleberry, Esq.

Hick opened it, and with the help of the landlord, spelt out the following:

Dear Friend:—Being suddenly called upon to take charge of some valuable goods consigned to the respectable firm of Messrs. James Noakes and Thomas Stiles & Co., I cannot depart without giving you the recommendations I promised to some friends in California. One will suffice for all; it is that of James

Green, Esq., 9999th street, Triangular Square, Noman's County, California. You will find him, when you see him, a very pleasant old gentleman, as much like yourself as possible. Please give my best love to my cousin, Mrs. Hickleberry for whom I shall ever entertain the warmest friendship, for the charge she has intrusted to me, and which I shall endeavor to keep as a keepsake, for her sake and my own.

"Scoundrel," cried Hickleberry, he deserves to be roasted alive, and skinned afterwards."

"'Tis adding insult to injury," said the host.

"'Tis wus than borrowing one's best cap, and spoilin' on it, and slappin' one's face with it arterwards," said Mrs. H.

"'Tis arter all, on'y leavin' the name of a true brick behind him, although the fellow was a man of straw," said Mr. Potts, the boots.

"What shall I do for caps, all day," sobbed Mrs. H.

"O, wear your nightcaps—wot's the odds, Mrs H.? All wimmin think on and run their heads on is bunnets, caps, gowns, shoes, ribbons, laces and gloves—but, let us have some breakfast, for I want something to keep that 'ere matter down on my stomach," peevishly added poor Hick.

CHAPTER XII.

OFFERS TO THE READER A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

We are now about to raise one corner of the curtain of our drama, to exhibit to the reader, as pretty a scene of a den of dark forensic villainy, as was ever depicted by any history, ancient or modern.

Messrs. Suit & Nabb had scarcely congratulated themselves with having successfully wrested from her Most Gracious Majesty's fund, a hitherto unclaimed estate, now, nominally the property of Dickory Hickleberry, Esq., but actually, of Messrs. Suit & Nabb, than another stray fish, by the merest chance in the world, unexpectedly fell into the meshes of their net. This was no other than one of the worthies mentioned in chapter six, the Haberdasher. Unable to withstand the temptation of the reward of four thousand pounds, to which the government had added two more, for any information that might lead to the discovery of that unfortunate nobleman, Lord Lovett, whose mysterious and sudden disappearance had roused the curiosity of all England, and afforded the columns of newspapers an everlasting fund of inexhaustible themes, to their great comfort; this individual, finding the problem of secure reward and safety of self, too difficult for him to solve, had resolved to apply to the before-mentioned gentlemen for their aid and assistance. It was a scene worthy of the great painter Le Brun, to mark the passions of the trio, as they were seated opposite each other, in the back reception room of one of the dwellings in that great law pyramid—Furnival's Inn, London. Suit & Nabb, two of the smartest practitioners of their profession and day, had to deal with one, if possible, smarter than themselves; a fellow, a match for the very father of deceivers.

"You say that you are in possession of a direct clue of the whereabouts of Lord Lovett?" It was in this guise that Suit opened the campaign.

"I say no such thing," replied the Haberdasher; "I say I know those who do."

"And what do you offer, to enable us to meet the expenses of following up your information preceding the discovery?"

"One half the reward, which is to include your law expenses."

"Agreed! What say you Mr. Nabb?"

"I think it is a fair offer," replied that gentleman.

"I have another proposal to make: I possess sufficient information to contest the reputed heirs' right to Earl Elmore's estate: this I cannot do without efficient legal assistance; and for

due consideration, signed, sealed, and delivered, I am ready to prove the truth of what I assert."

"What is that consideration, may I ask?" inquired Nabb, concealing his surprise.

"No less than a partnership in your well-established business."

"Aye, indeed!" rejoined Suit, "your proposition is, to say as little as possible about it, simply ridiculous.

"Why so," replied the haberdasher, "If I can be the means of introducing to you the solicitorship to the extensive possessions of their lordship's estates, so as probably to double your income, I do not think upon examination, and proper consideration, you will find my proposition so ridiculous as you at first sight imagine."

"Pray who are you? may I enquire," responded both simultaneously.

"That at present, I cannot divulge, I can only state that I have been brought up to your profession, and know the details of a great many parts of it; and to assure you of this fact, I am prepared to undergo any examination in common law you may be inclined to submit me to. Circumstances, not birth, have placed me in my present position; and I seek a better, to enable me to shake off improper acquaintances and habits, with which I have been, too long, associated. If you feel inclined to entertain my proposal, you will find me one to be relied upon at all times. You have raised yourself to professional eminence and affluence, in a certain walk in the law that I am duly acquainted with, and I shall be enabled to double your business, almost without an effort of yours, by means of your respectability."

"You really surprise us. May I ask what that walk of the law is, to which you allude?"

"Certainly. It is that of investigations of unclaimed bank dividends, heirless estates, unattested foreign claims, unattached—"

"That will do, that is quite sufficient," stammered out the amazed McNabb, dreading the laying bare other supposed arcana of their craft.

"That suit of Budge versus Rudge, of yours, gentlemen, was a *chef d' oeuvre* of legal sleight of hand. I was abroad at the time, and I cannot tell you with what anxiety I watched the issue of that memorable trial."

Here Messrs. Suit and McNabb, winced again, while the Haberdasher continued.

"One of your best witnesses—O' Tooley—received his instructions from me; but I had none of the reward that the rascal received from your hands. What would you have done gentlemen, without this black and white swearer? His was the pivot on which the weighty bulk of the whole ponderous matter turned; the key-stone of the mighty arch, which your abilities had erected, and which, if wanting, or not judicious ly framed, would have tumbled your mighty fabric of five long years of toil into the dust. Then again your suit of—"

"We wish to hear no more, sir, of these matters; but beg you to confine yourself to your first proposition of introducing us to the solicitorship you mention. If you can produce satisfactory proofs of your ability to effect this, we make no doubt we shall accede to your wishes of a partnership in our business. You mentioned that you have resided abroad, do you speak any of the foreign languages?"

"I am well acquainted with, and speak fluently, the German, French, Italian, and Hindoostanee."

"Indeed! then you will be quite an acquisition to us. Really you must favor us with some name."

"Let it be Smith, Mr. Smith, there are plenty on the Law List, and one more or less is sure to be overlooked,"

"And escape detection, you would say," rejoined McNabb, grinning with a ghastly smile of mortification. "Where are you to be found Mr. Smith—that is—ah—what may be your place of residence?"

Here this extraordinary Mr. Smith

placed most unprofessionally, the most useful digit of his right hand in a right line with the most prominent feature of his face, exclaiming:

"That examination does not come on to-day, gentlemen."

The two lawyers regarded each other for a moment in suspense, at last Mr. Smith said,

"Deal sincerely with me, gentlemen, and you will find me a trump. Deal treacherously and you will find me a tartar."

Here Mr. Smith, catching up a blank folio, scribbled two words, and presented it in a most formal manner to the two lawyers. What those cabalistic words were, we cannot tell, perhaps time may reveal them; but whatever they were, they produced such an effect on the two men of the law, that no galvanic battery could have given a more stunning blow to their perceptive faculties. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and from that time, ever after, the respectable firm of Messrs. Suit & McNabb, was enlarged to Suit, McNabb & Smith; and their chambers received another accession for the convenience of the latter in the Lincoln's Inn department. Furnival's Inn—*Inn!* O monstrous verbal perversion, alike only in two observances, where in the former, victims are fleeced by law—in the latter, by custom.

LOVE.

Love is no wandering vapor,
That lures astray with treacherous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark;
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
When all beside is chill below.

It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their good clothes. A good reputation is better capital than a fine coat in almost any kind of business, except wooing a fashionable lady.

THINK OF ME.

BY W. H. D.

Think of me when the early day is dawning,
And the bright east seems like a golden sea,
While fair Aurora ushers in the morning;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the god of day is sending,
At noontide hour, his radiance far and free,
O'er hill and plain his blessings wide extending;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the twilight dews are falling,
And flowers shed fragrance o'er the fading lea—
While Memory from the silent past is calling;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the day is gently closing,
And stars are twinkling through each leafy tree—
When all is hushed, nature and man reposing;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when your daily cares are ending,
As round the fire you close in social glee,
Parents' with children's cheerful voices blending;
I'll think of thee.

Pray for me when, at night, before reposing,
You meet together on the bended knee—
Each day with prayer and sacred duties closing;
I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when afar my way I'm wending,
Upon the deep and ever restless sea—
While every thought of mine is homeward tending;
I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when in distant lands I'm dwelling;
Oh, then I know you'll often pray for me;
Where each emotion of my heart is telling,
My prayers for thee.

OAKLAND, Nov. 20, 1856.

A SINGLE female house-fly, it is said, will produce, in one season, twenty millions.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. III.

And underneath that face, like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as noiseless and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

THE room which we entered was briliantly lighted by a large silver candelabra, placed in the centre of a long table of unplaned mahogany; here and there on it were groups of bottles of wine from different lands. The pale vintage of the Rhine, the warm, red, glowing nectar of the Douro. Brandies from the Charente, and the fiery Schnapps of the sturdy Hollander.

Crystal vases of dried fruits, and drinking cups and goblets of different forms and manufactures.

Some fifteen men were seated on benches placed on each side of the table, carousing with no stint of jollity.

Behind them, on each side of the room, were rows of bunks, two tiers deep, like a ship's forecastle, in which were fur robes and blankets, and rich coverlets of damask and silk. At the head of each of these beds hung a revolver in a holster, and a pair of silver hilted daggers, which flashed back the light from their burnished mountings. At the end of the room were oars and sails, and piles of cordage, boat lanterns, rockets, and marine tackle of different kinds.

The men were evidently sailors, and had their devil-may-care, yet generous look.

All wore the beard and moustache, and had the bronzed complexion of a long sea life. There were some fine faces among them; but, the majority, would have make no bad addition to a pirate, or a slaver's crew.

My strange friend seated himself at the far end of the table, at a distance from the others, placed me beside him, called out to a negro who was acting as waiter, and we soon had goblets and wine before us.

"And now," said he, turning to me, with all the bland courtesy of a highly polished gentleman, "allow me to welcome you to my sea-side lodge, pray what wine shall I have the pleasure of pledging you in. Here is some old Madeira which has crossed the line twice, and is as old as Warren Hastings' grandfather; or here is some rare old Port, you can see the bee's wing in it; or perhaps a goblet of sparkling Burgundy, clear and bright as the light of love in a maiden's eye."

"I will drink of the Burgundy," I answered, and my goblet was filled, and we pledged each other in wine of the purest nativity.

I now looked keenly at my host, but I knew him not; still, there was a look in his eye which haunted me, as having been seen in some other place, in some other land; but, I could not bring my memory to an anchor, as to when, and where.

He was a splendid model of a man, and seemed to have weathered some twenty-five years of life, a towering form; gigantic strength; beautiful curling hair, beard and moustache, of a dark brown shade; clear eye; high forehead; small, firm mouth; a winning expression of countenance, and insinuating address, made up my friend, as a most delightful companion.

But, at times, there was a light in his

eye, a kind of tiger glare, which made you feel you were not certain, when a fiery burst of temper might mar all the pleasing qualities he then displayed.

"Malcom," said he, addressing one who seemed an officer, and who sat nearest to us, "when will the tide serve for you to-night; I believe all your cargo is on board; and there are your despatches for our friend Don Francisco, and other papers for the captain of the 'Galtschut,'" and he handed him a sealed packet of papers, and continued, "have you any thing more to say to me."

"Nothing, Captain Harold, but to bid you good by. Let us drink success to the trip. Up boys to your feet; drink—here's a good run to the Galtschut." In an instant, they were all standing, and the cups were drained. "Now tumble down," exclaimed Mr. Malcolm, "tumble down and get the boats out, there is some heavy pulling to-night."

For a few minutes all was bustle, as each went to his bed and buckled on his arms, and coming up to Capt. Harold bid him good by. Mr. Malcolm shook hands, and he, with all but some three of the men, departed, and we were, as it were, left alone, after the noise and bustle which had been with us before.

It was strange to me the quick obedience of the men, and their sobriety, with so much good wine before them—even in the lavish prodigality, there were evidences of discipline and system; and high pay to restrain them in due bounds, amid so much apparent license.

"Now comrade, I wish to know you, and where and when we met before; I have a dim, uncertain feeling, concerning my former acquaintance with you which I would like to dissipate, by knowing exactly our former position with each other."

"Well, I cannot but say, that in a more civilized state of society than this, the question would be reasonable. Suffice it," he continued, "that I wish to be unknown, but, as Mr. Harold, a merchant of this Pueblo of San Francisco, and if further endorsement is required, apply to my friend, Don Spinosa Carthagena, who is a Don magnate, and owns some seventy-five square miles of land; some 20,000 head of beeves; and as many horses as would mount the light and heavy cavalry of the Duke of Parma. Here let us drink to the Neckar, and to the true hearts of other days."

We pledged the toast, and he continued, "my good friend Markham, we have met often before in old Heidelberg, and we attended the same college—and, in old, dear old Virginia, I met you often, and once at your own father's house, but we were never intimate; it was always among a crowd we met, so you see our knowledge of each other was never very great. I am engaged in an undertaking which needs much writing and copying, and I need a clerk in whom I can put the most perfect confidence; I will pay you a *thousand dollars* a month:—will you accept the offer? Do not judge me by the mad frolic of to-night, you met me in the hour of relaxation—in business I could stand the test of the Rialto."

For a little time I considered, there was a mystery about the man; our manner of introduction, and his prince-

ly offer, which made me hesitate ere entering into a bargain with him. I looked at him, and his keen black eye seemed to read my very heart; caution whispered beware, he may be your evil genius; but there was a strong fascination in the man, and in the adventure, which drew me on, and suddenly I exclaimed, "I am at your service, Mr. Harold, and if you wish I will give you writing to that effect."

"Ha! writing," he answered, with a sneer upon his fine lip, "deeds and bonds were made for knaves, and there is no need of writing between you and I; your word will be enough, and as for mine, your salary will be paid in advance; and now, that we have settled this question of business, let us turn to the good wine and pleasure."

"Friend Markham, fill up a bumper to our future hopes. And here, you ebon cupid, bring me a box of the old cheroots: come, take one of these prime Manillas; do you know I prefer the real Manilla to the best Havana you can find."

"If they have age, and are like this," I answered, (puffing the perfumed smoke through my nostrils, and realizing the aroma of a most delightful weed,) I must admit the correctness of your taste; and now, as we have a quiet hour together, I wish you to tell me your opinion of California, and its future."

"It is written in the words *progress* and *destiny*."

"California, in the book of Time, is marked, as the leading State of the GREAT PACIFIC REPUBLIC, which will reach from *Sitka* on the North, to *Terra del Fuego*, on the South. A galaxy of States, of which Eureka, will be the first and most brilliant star. Giving light, and tone, and strength, to the others; sending out her steam fleets to them all, and making the long range of ocean, alive with the bustle the vitality, the life of *Commerce*."

"Here, on this beach, where now we sit, in a canvass covered building, will be proud and great streets, with magnificent edifices. I can hear, now, in imagination, the hum of its thousands, the ring of the anvil, and the whistle of the Iron Horse, dashing proudly, nobly, to his journey's end, and bringing a million letters to the men of trade, who will rush to receive them, and in the night they will ponder over great adventures, and *which, will quicken the old world with a fresh vitality;* re-youthed in the glorious influence of the new world, which will spring into life at its confines."

"Truly, Mr. Harold," I replied, "it is a splendid prospect for us, who are citizens of the new land, we should be happy and proud in the hope of its future."

"Happy," cried he in a tone of agony; the word had roused the demon in him, and it seemed a pang was gnawing at his heart, which withered him; the expression of his face was so fearful. "Happy—oh, my God, speak not of happiness to me. I tell you Markham, there is no true happiness upon this earth. The word jars upon my ear—look into your experience. Look back, back, into the hours, days, years, of your life—trace out the happiness of them, and tell me, was there not a sting in all, some bitter in the cup?"

"You are yet young in the world's trials, and I can tell by your eye you

are indignant, and that you would evince the happiness of friendship and of love—well, search back into your friendships and your loves—search well, look deep, beyond the surface, and you will have little warrant for that indignant glance, and if your faith in man is still unshaken, you may be happy, but my experience has been different, for where I trusted most, I have been most deceived. Heavens! I have had friends whom I have deified, and whose noble nature seemed to lift them so far above me, that I have debased myself in the worship I have given to them. But time rolled on, and a light broke in upon my soul, for I soon found that I was but a tool, used by these dear friends, *who coined from my heart's pulsations*, some of the dross of mammon, to themselves. And for this they sold themselves and me, and crushed out all the true and noble of their nature, beneath *the devil's hoof of alluring gold.*

"And they once had poetry in their nature, and high emotions, and on many a glorious night had looked up into the stars, *and felt the God within them;* but their evil genius was with them, then, for other thoughts than truth and beauty soon was theirs, for *self* and *gold*, had become to them a new faith and honor. And human hearts, and noble thoughts, and truth of friendship, and all sympathy, was dashed with rude hand, by them into the crucible, to give them wealth; thinking, poor fools, that by and by, when seated under the shadow of their riches, they could win back the pure thought, the friendly feeling—the souls they had thrown away. But they were gone, never to come again. My God, what a delusion, for they had become slaves to a hard taskmaster, and the golden devil urged them on, and wrinkled their brow, and whitened their hair in his service, and their wealth was as a mockery and a curse to them."

"But love, what of love, Harold," I exclaimed.

"Love," he answered, with a quiet, deadly, smile, "I too have loved, Markham, aye, and bright eyes have beamed into my heart, and its fountains have welled up with the first fresh, sparkling waters of dear love. Ha! what a spell; how I robed the priestess of that first altar in angelic thought, and dreamed 'twas all too pure for earth. And when the touch of the gentle hand thrilled through every nerve, and soft lips were pressed for the first time, gently on my brow, making the earth a paradise — oh! how I gloried in my new faith, and deemed its fire immortal. Alas, alas; the mocking demons were looking on the scene, and the echo of their laughter was but breaking on my ear—for it was but a little time, and those eyes were beaming on another, and that fair hand was black in its foul deceit, and that pure kiss, that sweet dear kiss of love—was given away, madly given away, when all was forgotten but the mad idolatry of sin; and I, the *first*, was desolate, out in the dark night, amid the wild winds, the lightning, and the bitter rain, fit companionship with the fierce storm within my soul. Happiness, I knew not, but in excitement, when the warm blood is boiling at the fever heat in the chase after some imaginary pleasure; when the eye of beauty beams on you in mad

love. Or, when in the battle field, your arm thrown back, your sabre poised to strike your enemy down at your feet, you hear the cry of victory. Ah! that is happiness, which makes the pulsations of the heart bound with new life. And if in such a moment, the king of terrors claim us for his own, and the quick bullet, or the ready steel, gives us our passport to the spirit land, we shrink not from his coming, but madly, gloriously, leap into the unknown gulf, with a shout of triumph on our lips, and we are gone, to the *soul-land*, no more to feel the stinging pangs of this earth's cares, but to realize the high yearnings of the soul, which has been an ever present pain to us, fettered in *their prison* here. *An ever longing of the mortal for immortality.*"

I looked at Harold, his eyes were brilliant, there was a look of defiance unto death, in their flashing radiance, and the sound of the war cry was in his voice. He was a splendid picture of the gladiator, and with the cestus on, or sword in hand, he seemed one who in the ampitheatre would have made his antagonist bite the dust of the Spoliarium.

How will this gladiator spirit bear him through this world I thought, where will he end, by the bullet, or the knife—perchance in some expedition for conquest in Central or Southern America.

The filibuster of to-day, would have made the gladiator of another time. The quiet, happy life of civilization, suits them not, and it is necessary they find a field where their fiery temperaments can blaze up in light. The conventional rules of society, are like the bars of the tiger's cage to them. Prisoned, held in check by them, their death ends in dishonor, which, in a more congenial clime, amid danger and adventure, burns up with a lustre which makes them heroes.

For some time we were silent, for in each had been touched an electric fire of thought, extending far back into other days, repeating fast old memories, long buried in the tomb of time.

"Come, fill another bumper," at last exclaimed Harold, "this room prisons me, as I feel just now, I wish I was on the ocean, in the deep dark night, amid the howling of the storm, to see the live lightening cleave the mountain waves, as they madly leaped to its embrace. The loud voices of the fierce winds would soothe me now; let us out into the night."

A quick walk of half a mile, brought us to a point of land jutting out into the Bay, and we stood in silence contemplating the beauty of the scene. The heavy fog had cleared away, and the still water was like a rival firmament to that above, for the stars were out in glory, and they were looking down into the mirror beneath them, which was reflecting back their beauty and their brightness, and the islands of the harbor were standing up in bold relief against the clear horizon of the bay coast, like ebon giants standing amid a silver sea of light, looking down upon the town, with its hundred lights twinkling in the distance, and the ships anchored near them—sentinels, of the past and future, immovable and eternal.

The ear of a friend is the sanctuary of evil reports; there alone they are safely preserved.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

GRAVE SUBJECTS—GAY GROUPINGS—FAT OR LEAN—TAKE HIM.

There is nothing more agreeable to me than a venerable village churchyard. I know I am not singular in this partiality; thousands have said and sung of their feelings, whilst visiting these hallowed spots; but they must be of the right character to please me; no squirearchy about them, no modern innovations, no sectarian proscription. In no country are these seen to so much advantage, to the moralizer, as in England, the "old country," as we Yankees love to characterize her. In Holland, in France, in Germany, as in other parts of the continent, they are too much cared for; the elements make no way against the paint pot and white washing, and those at home are all too new to call up reminiscences of more than a couple of centuries. No! it is under the timeworn patch work roof, held together by *that rare old plant, the ivy green*, casting on one side its deep broad shadows, and on the other interposing between the staring daylight and the gloom around the mouldering tomb within, and only admitting a few slanting beams, at intervals, upon its prostrate warrior's reclining effigy, that we can pursue our musings with anything like depth of feeling. The gothic and lance pointed windows, the solid abutments, the square old steeple, it is easy to perceive, are all built to last to the end of time. No addition, no enlargement, no modernizing, were contemplated to desecrate the work which the foreign guild of masons were called upon to establish throughout the United Kingdom. When the fathers made up their funds, these eminent foreigners came over, and took up their residence until the hallowed structure reared its head, employing native artists only to do the inferior work.

Many a day have I spent in these sequestered nooks; my sketch book is filled with drawings of their quaint old forms, and their monumental rustic masonry. Amongst their attractions not the least I found to be the rustic lays of the village poets; some, so droll; some, so touching; some, so outrageous; some, so extraordinary, that, in my travels, I resolved no object whatever should withdraw my attention from recording them. I will give you a few, without burdening your attention with *place or note of circumstance.*

One, on a little Emma, aged four years:

"Adieu! sweet shade, whose gentle virtues wove
Around thy parents' hearts a net of love:
How, like a lily, thou didst charm the eye,
And lure the love of every passer by.
Heaven saw thy worth, though unmatured by years,
And snatched its favorite from this vale of tears."

Upon a wife of only two years experience, by the fond husband:

"Ah! where's the charm that bound me to this earth?
The daily joy to which my Anne gave birth?
I lacked no other life than that was given,
But she was snatched to show this is not heaven."

Upon a sorrowing father, who lost three of his sons on a boating excursion:

"Mysterious hand! why hadst thou blessed
Me with three boys, the sweetest and the best?
Their love for me was mixed without a pang,
And all the village with their virtues rang;
In one fell hour they left life's busy shore,
The wave closed o'er them, and they were no more."

Upon a singer who, although only sixteen years of age, had been leader of the village choir for several years:

"Hark! I hear an angel's voice,
Sister come! thou art our choice!
Leave this earth, with all its grief,
Of our glad choir to be the chief!
We need a voice to harmonize
Like thine, our seraphs in the skies,
Come sister! come, with ready wing
We wait Hosannas you to sing!"

Upon a father, by his sons:

"May thy blessed spirit, father dear,
In all temptation hover near,
As when in life, to teach our youth,
Through virtue's paths the God of truth."

Upon a sister, by a brother, the last but one of his race!

"Sister, the last of all my race,
And shall I see no more thy face,
Smiling sweet content on me
Soured with the world's cold charity;
'T is thus she speaks, it is God's grace
To seek for you a happier place."

These, it is impossible to deny, make such an impression upon the heart as to render it more susceptible of its duty, and more mindful of heavenly things; but there are doggerels which convey quite a contrary tendency, and it is only to deter the conceited and ignorant from such attempts that I conceive it a duty to record them.

One, on a poor boy:

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

Another, on a singular quietus:

"Here I lie,
Killed by a skye
Rocket in my eye."

Another:

"Two pooty babes God gave to me,
As pooty babes as ever you see;
But them wur seized wi ague fits,
And now um lie as dead as nits!"

Another, on one William Weekes:

"Here lies poor W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Another:

"Here lies my old wife, Death did her throttle,
Before she killed herself with the brandy bottle."

Another, remarkable for absence of orthography:

"Affiixions sor
Long tim I bor,
Physick uns war all vane,
Till God did pleese,
Death me to sees,
And ese me of all pane."

Another, on a schoolmaster:

"Here lies poor Mr. Trigomay,
Who never more will figure away;
His addition is now a vision;
His subtraction is without action;
His multiplication has no situation;
And his division is in a prison.
Let's hope he's gone to a better school
Than any here that he did rule."

Another, on a tailor:

"I spent my life, by God's good grace,
In clothing Adam's naked race;
God grant me at the dread awaking,
The wedding garment of His making."

But the most pompous of all writings, dead or living, is that upon a certain Thomas Wardle, recorded in the ancient Cathedral of Canterbury. I have the words in short hand only, and so cannot vouch for its fac simile, but in substance it runs as follows. It begins somewhat in this strain:

"Reader, if you would inquire who lies under this marble slab, know that it is Thomas Wardle, Esquire, who, as it came to pass in the year of our Lord * * * * * * held the mayoralty of this great city with indubitable honor; he was the eldest son of—"

Then follows his pedigree, occupying some fifteen or twenty lines with mere names, of whom nobody knows, or perhaps cares about. Some wag (upon honor it was not I, suspicious reader) etched, with a diamond, the following upon the stone:

"Here lies an ass,
It came to pass,
That as he lived he died,
A pompous fool;
In life fit tool
For Vanity and Pride."

Another I remember as being somewhat remarkable for coincidences:

"Here lyes Charles Septime Mandaye,
Who was born, christen'd, marry'd, and dy'd on a Sundaye;
Sundaye is ye blessed seventh daye of ye weeke,
As ev'ry goode Chrystian knowethe who can speeke;
He was ye seventhe child of ye seventhe sonne,
And he left seven childrenne all but one;
He was thirtye and one yeares olde, his brother sayes,
And yet he had but seven in all birthe dayes;
And there are but seven of letters in each his name,
Which ye reader can see if he do but count ye same;
Altho many have such relatione by dozens,
He had but seven times seven of cousines;
He dyed in ye seventhe daye of ye seventhe monthe, 1707,
And left us hope is translated now to ye seventhe heav'n;
Altho his numbers were in this condition,
Yet he was quite free of all superstition;
He liv'd alwaye conformyinge to God His Worde,

And dyed a good Christianne, praisying ye Lord.
Robertus Mundaye, his second brother, Scripsit et sculpsit. Tombe Mason on ye most reasonable termes."

In one of these ramblings in Devonshire, I alighted upon a curious marble tablet, on which was sculptured a figure representing half a naked skeleton joined to half a fashionably dressed lady, in full wig and flounces, under which was engraved,

"Ye double Resurrectione of Ye Faire Ladye Anna Mounte Edgcumbe."

On applying to the old sexton, he told me the following tale:

"It was told to me," said this worthy of the spade, "by my grandfather, who received it from his'n. I shall discoorse it to mine, and so 't will never be lost to the world, as far as me and mine are concerned.

"You see, sir, this fair lady had a whim of her own, to be buried in this tomb, with a bag of nuts at her head, and her monkey at her feet, for they both died the same day. She was an old maid, no doubt, and that was one reason why she made such a will. Well, sir, she was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger, which, it seems, the clerk of the church knew, and so, says he to the sexton, 'Sam, I don't see the use of burying treasures with the dead, they can make no use of them; so let's unscrew the coffin of the old lady, sell the ring, and divide the spoils.' No sooner said than done; the clerk and sexton broke open the tomb, hoisted out my lady, and cut off the finger that bore the ring, because it wouldn't come off easy. Now, says the clerk to the sexton, as we are out on the spree, what do ye say to one of Farmer Giles' fat lambs, 'tis just the time for lamb and green peas; I've got the peas, you get the lamb; who'll be the wiser?' 'Very well,' said the sexton, 'but how shall I manage it?' 'Why, replied the clerk, 'I'll stay here, and if I hear any one coming I'll crack some of these nuts, as a signal, and you can wait until the coast is clear.' 'Good,' says the sexton, and off he went.

"Now it happened that a carpenter had occasion to cross the churchyard, to get to the village inn, where he lived, and coming home on this night late from his work, he heard a strange cracking sound in the church, and looking up at the windows saw strange lights flitting about the place, and something all in white, which no doubt was the rogue of a clerk, clothed in his reverence's surplice, to frighten passengers away from the place. So he takes him to his heels as fast as his legs could carry him, and arrives almost out of breath at the village inn, and relates that he has seen a most frightful apparition in the church, and that all the place was lighted up, and crackling of flames were heard in it. A poor crippled tailor who sat in the corner smoking his pipe, ridiculed the idea in such a manner as to excite the ire of the carpenter, and the tailor challenging him to the proof of there ever being such a thing as a ghost, there was no getting away from the suspicion of his cowardice but to accept the offer of the tailor, which was to carry him (the tailor), crutch in hand, to the scene of action, and discover the deception, if any, or the truth, if necessary. So off they both set, the coward carpenter's knees, as we may well imagine, knocking together, and the valiant tailor urging him forward to the foray.

"'Did ye hear that?' says the carpenter (hearing the nut cracking).

"'Go on ye fool!' says the valiant tailor (raising his crutch aloft ready for the encounter).

"'Look! there's the ghost!' stammered the carpenter.

"'Sure enough, one like it,' says the tailor.

"'Let's take breath,' courage he meant, says the carpenter.

"'Go on, go on,' says the tailor.

"Thus excited they entered the porch just as the clock might strike two. The tailor, nothing daunted, opens the ponderous chancel door. Now the clerk,

seeing something lumbering on a man's back, in the night's gloom, imagined it was the sexton laden with the lamb for his green peas, and so bawled out,

"'Is he a fat un?'

"'Fat or lean, take him,' said the poor frightened carpenter, dropping the tailor and blundering over stones and chairs, and running out of the building with superhuman speed."

"Not a bad story," said I, "but how is this connected with the Ladye Anna?"

"You shall hear, master;" the story goes that the cutting off of this lady's finger for the ring, caused blood to flow, and resuscitated her. I believe that's the term, for it appeared that she had been buried alive. The fright of the sexton, clerk, and tailor, in their turn seeing this lady in her shroud, screaming, shrieking, and fainting with fright, I leave to your imagination. The end of all was that my lady lived many years after, and I am told that the monkey, and the remainder of his bag of nuts, are now enclosed in a glass case, set in gold, as heir looms in the family, to record the event. So, after all the carrying out of the foolish designs of the old lady, you see added many years to her life, and let us hope that if she were a good Christian before the event, that she died even a better one after it."

"There's no doubt of it," said I.

Juvenile Department.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

"'Tis no use, what you say, Mrs. Schmeterling, your little idle vagabond, I will not take into the school again. He is a pest to the boys, a torment to the girls, and a source of constant discomfiture to me."

"Try him once more, do, pray, Mr. Grubb," said poor Mrs. S. to the crabbed old schoolmaster of the little village of Podsfeldt. "He is indeed a good boy at bottom; you don't know what a comfort he has been to me since his poor father's death." Here the little urchin's chin bibbered, and his tears fell with his mother's at the mention of his father; plainly showing to all but the prejudiced pedagogue, that he was not so bad as he thought him.

"You will be a good boy, Hans, won't you?" said the poor mother, coaxingly.

"Master has a spite on me," blubbered out the boy, hiding his head behind his right arm.

"Master Katwick said I was a liar, and little better than a thief, and I hit him for it, and then Master caned me, and if he was to cane me a thousand times, I'd hit any boy who dared to call me such names."

"Never mind, Hans; the Master will forgive you this time," said Mrs. S. "I know he is a very kind gentleman."

"Yes, so he is, to his favorites, mother, but not to poor boys like me."

"Do you hear that?" said the master. "What do you think your young hopeful did the other day. I sent him into the girls room to replenish their ink for the caligraphic departmental lesson, when the little imp took the opportunity to crawl under their desk, and pin all their frocks together, and when the word of dismissal was given, —crack—rent—slit—tear—went their dresses, from the top to the bottom."

"I say it wasn't me," said the boy, in the most impudent tone.

"As a proof that it was," said the learned pundit, "he took the prescribed forty stripes without a wriggle or a word."

"Yes! I know who did it; but I shan't say," said the boy.

"You had better deny that *vax*ations affair (excuse the pun, Mrs. Schmeterling) of last Monday, sir."

"By all means, sir, if you wish it excused," replied the widow, not exactly comprehending the favor he asked.

"What do you think that was, Mrs. S.? When the worthy burgomeister, Von Bumbledink, honored us with a visit, all the scholars, instead of rising, as usual, to make their dutiful obeisances to his worship, sat as motionless as as so many statues; and, after his worship had left, on my inquiring the cause of so flagrant a piece of neglectful duty, I found one and all had been stuck to their seats with great clods of cobbler's wax, which that vile boy of yours had placed for that express, individual, and nefarious purpose."

"O Hans! Hans! you wicked boy!" said Mrs. S. "How could you behave so to his honorable worship, who, you know, says he will always be a friend to you."

Here the young Hans' countenance was fluctuating awhile between a smile and a tear—at last a broad grin got the ascendency, which so provoked the village dominie, that he took the whip-cat that was lying ever handy on his time-worn desk, and cut Hans over the head, back, and breech, in less time than I can relate it; the poor widow, in the meantime, receiving half the blows, in her attempts to shield her dear husband's boy; and thus closed her interview and intercession, altogether.

"Mother, don't cry," said Hans, as they crossed the church-yard leading to the school house, "I can learn much faster with you, than with that old surly Grub."

"Hans! Hans! this will break my heart, it will. What will your poor grandmother say? — what will his worship Von Bumbledink, say? O, what a disgrace have you inflicted upon the Schmeterlings! Turned out of school! only think, that I should live to hear it."

"Why, I know what Bumbledink will say, Schmeterling (Butterfly) by name, and Schmeterling by nature. The old stupid has never done anything but make game of me, and never will. He and the Master are in company, and no good is to be got out of a cart-load of such rubbish. 'Tis very easy to make promises, Mother, but very difficult to perform; besides, he believes all what the Master says against me, without hearing me a word. I wish I was a man, I'd make 'em say different things of me, that I would."

"Hans, my boy, always respect your betters."

"They're not my betters, Mother, or they would behave better to me; but I hope, before long, to make them ashamed of their spite on me, for nothing."

Young Hans was destined to make good his assertion, before three short months had gone over his honest little head. As far as a boy could do, he did all to please and comfort his poor old mother. She was very, very poor, and Hans knowing this, was always upon the alert for a stray coin. He would dig gardens, fetch cows, chop wood, go a dozen errands before most of you think of getting out of bed, and was always in time to light his poor mother's fire, make the pot boil, prepare the stir-about, in the room next to his mother's chamber. He did not want calling in the morning, but was always up with the earliest lark, hanging out his mother's clothes (she took in washing from her neighbors,) and preparing all this besides her breakfast, before he went out to do other odd jobs. Everybody liked the boy, but the old schoolmaster and his favorite; and those he cared nothing about. The only thing that grieved his mother about him, was, that so good a boy should suffer under the ignominy of being an expelled scholar.

As I said before, three months after these transactions, Hans was puddling

about the at back of the village green, (a place where the whole village used to empty their rubbish) for a few stray coals and wood to add to his store of fuel, when his little keen eye alighted upon something that shone like a star amidst the rubbish; on wiping off the dirt, he found it to be a gold ring, just such a one as he remembered once to have seen on the little finger of the thwacking hand of his former schoolmaster. He first thought he would take it to the old man, but on further cogitation, resolved to do no such thing, for he feared that he might suspect him of having stolen it, and of his conscience pricking him to deliver it up to him. Then he thought he would tell Mrs. Schmeterling about it, but that wouldn't do, because he had observed whenever his master's name was mentioned to her, it always brought tears to her eyes, and reproaches to her tongue; which latter he had hardly patience enough left to bear. So he kept it three days to think more about it, and on the fourth day, who should he run up against but Master Katwyk, the old man's favorite.

"How do Hans," said the favorite.

"How do Katwyk, " said young Schmeterling.

"What's that you are looking at on your thumb?" said Katwyk to Hans.

"A ring I've found, isn't it pretty?"

"Why don't you sell it, and get something for it. Why I declare 'tis like—why 'tis the very ring that master has been making such a fuss about, this last six months. His daughter gave it him before she went to sea, and the old man has never heard more of her again. He is almost broken hearted about it. Let me look at it." The boy took it, and pressing the small diamond in front, which he had often seen his master do, the back flew open, and displayed a very small, beautiful minature of a lady, about the circumference of a pea.

"Oh, 'tis the same, and you shall have the reward of the six thalers he promised. Give it to me, and I will bring you the thalers on Saturday."

Hans gave it to him, and kept the matter secret from every body, but when the Saturday came, he resolved to tell his mother all about it if Master Katwyk was not as good as his word about the thalers.

"Here is your money," said Katwyk, true to his appointment, "and one thaler more for your poverty; master is so delighted about it, he is almost ready to jump for joy."

Now, thought Hans, when Katwyk was gone, I'll make old whack-away ashamed of himself. I'll just take these thalers, and tell him I scorn his dirty money, and tell him at the same time, that I am not a liar nor a thief.

So away went Hans, across the green into the church yard, and in his haste he stumbled over a stone, and down he fell upon—his poor father's grave. "Shall I keep this money to buy a stone with writing upon it, to put up at poor father's grave," said he to himself. Something whispered No, take it to the schoolmaster. So off he set, and with a stout heart gave a thump at the old curmudgeon's door.

"Come in," said the old man.

Hans entered as bold as a brass knocker.

"What do you want here?" said the churl.

He wore his worsted night cap on his head, and his old face was bound round with a white stocking, in which was a poultice, for he had been suffering so much with the tooth ache all night, that he was obliged to give the boys and girls a holiday that day, which no doubt they were very sorry for!

"Here's your money, master; I don't want it, and wouldn't have it from you even if mother was a starving, much less myself."

"What money?" said the old man in great surprise, looking more comical than ever; for in his excitement the poultice gear, and night cap pinned to it, fell off, and displayed a facile outline, skinny on one side, and puffed out

like a bladder on the other, his nose partaking of the difference of the two appearances.

"I never sent you any money!" said he to Hans; "I had rather have sent you a good horsewhip. Explain yourself; but take care boy how you associate my respectable name with any of your deeds of mischief."

With that Hans told him all about his finding the ring.

You should have seen the old man's countenance when Hans mentioned about his favorite.

"Why! the rascal has sold it, my poor daughter's ring, my poor Mary's ring. Woe is me! Hans, my boy, my poor boy, how have I wronged you! Where is the young villain? You will go with me, my boy, and tell the young thief to his face that he has sold it, and that he knew it was mine, for I had often seen him admire it. Come, my Hans, my dear boy; Hans forgive me, and come with me, I shall die if I do not recover it."

Hans, nothing loath, soon found Master Katwyk. The schoolmaster taxed him with it; it was no use for him to deny it; so it was recovered at the expense of the money given for it, and which he had squandered, and which his parents were glad to pay, to hush up the matter.

"Why, who is this coming across the common?" said Mrs. Schmeterling, wiping her spectacles and putting them on in haste. "As I live 'tis Hans, with his right hand in that of the schoolmaster's. What's up now, I wonder? Something he's done to offend him, I'll be bound. No, he is laughing and smiling; and, I declare, kissing the dear boy on his right cheek."

"Oh! Mrs. Schmeterling," said Grub on meeting her, "a proud day for you; but one of painful humiliation to me, and yet of great joy. Forgive me, Mrs. S. Hans—your noble boy—I envy you the treasure."

Well, if you had seen the pedagogues surprise at first, I question whether you would think it at all a suitable comparsion to that of the poor widow's, when he told her of his honest conduct. The old man kept wiping his nose, and his eyes, scarcely being able to restrain his emotion as he showed her the ring, and kissing Hans so much at one time, that the poor old widow thought the master would end his emotion by kissing her next. He was going to do, no one knows what, for the widow and Hans; and some folks in the village, after this, thought that Mrs. Schmeterling, the butterfly, might change into a Mrs. Grub some eventful day or other.

"After all," said fat little sturdy Hans, "I did no more, mother, than what any other honest boy would do."

[TO BE CONCLUDED, WITH AN ENGRAVING, IN OUR NEXT.]

THERE is something so pretty and simple, yet so touching a prayer, in the following beautiful lines, that we with pleasure transcribe them into our Juvenile Department from the *Family Christian Almanac* for 1857.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child, one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
Jesus, my eyes I close—
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me.
A still, small voice she heard within her soul,
"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell me all."

I pray thee, Lord, she said,
That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend;
The path of life is dark;
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have thy hand,
To lead me in the way.
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone"—
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber, now,
Forth passed she, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I felt;
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

Editor's Table.

How rapidly month by month rolls away —more so in California, it seems to us, than elsewhere. In San Francisco, and other cities, the flight of time is noticed, among business men, chiefly by "steamer days." In the mountains, among miners, it is seen and felt most by the coming and going of the "Rainy Season." To each it is alike rapid. To some, this flight of time brings perpetual prosperity; to others, nothing but continual adversity. Although to many the pathway of life opens up green and bright, and beautiful as spring, while to others it is dark and draped in the withering leaves and dullness of autumn—and that, too, without the harvest of summer having once blessed their labors—yet, men seldom become discouraged. By some wise law of our being, the beacon-light of hope is always burning in nearly every Californian's heart, and invites him on to do and dare continually, that eventually he may win the prize. Besides, in this favored land, changes often come as rapidly as time can bring them; the poor of to-day may be rich to-morrow; and the richest of the rich as speedily become poor. It is this knowledge that gives consolation to the one, and admonition to the other; while it whispers, kindly and gently, to each, "Let us all live as brethren;" and ever feel that there is a nobler life and a higher joy than wealth can give or poverty deprive us of, when we do our duty faithfully, as men, to ourselves and to each other.

How different is the current of thought and feeling, among the people of California, at this season of the year, from what it is in other portions of our much favored Union. There, the dearest of friends look forward to Christmas as a time of pleasant social intercourse and merry-making with a little world of kindred spirits that they esteem and love. Here, we have to be satisfied with thinking of the dear familiar faces that will gather around the family hearth, and sit in the family circle at such a time—and wonder, too, if they will remember the wanderers, and wish for the absent one's return. We hope they won't forget us—we know they will not—and that thought is priceless in its comforting influence upon our hearts, when so far and so long away. How very many of us there are who would like to be visitors and guests in the dear old homestead when that day comes round; to look into the faces of beloved ones and see if time has dealt gently with them—to hear if the music of their voices is as sweet as formerly—to see if the eye has grown less bright, or smiles less kindly on us—yes, and learn, too, if lips that we love can give us as sweet and cordial a greeting as of yore. Well—let us hope. There are but few, we believe, in California, who would object to try!

Now, we have a few words to say about WATER. We know that the only drawback to the prosperity—that might be unparalleled—of California, is want of water. We know, too, that where one man is now prosperous, twenty would be, if they had plenty of water; and we are anxious that this almost universal negligence of the best interests of every man, woman, and child, in this State, should know a change;—speedily, if possible; therefore, we shall feel obliged to every gentleman, in each mining district of California, if he will kindly take the trouble to send us correct information on the following points, viz:

How many weeks, in a year, upon an average, has your district sufficient water to work with?

How many men could, in your opinion, be steadily and profitably employed, in your district, if it were well supplied with water?

As this subject is of more importance than any, or all others—comparatively—concerning the welfare of our young State, and of the bone and sinew of its workers, we are the more desirous of a cheerful and speedy answer to our enquiries—with any additional information, upon that, or any other subject, that can be given, that, directly or indirectly, affects our prosperity.

From the fair young Editresses of the *Benicia Wreath* we acknowledge the receipt of other copies of their well-conducted manuscript paper. We think that such an example would be a good one to follow in other schools; as we know of no accomplishment that is more useful, or more elevating and refining, than composition; and which, we feel certain, must very materially relieve and assist other studies.

Moreover, the *Wreath* breathes the true nobility of spirit, which, in the formation of character, cannot be too highly prized, or too carefully cultivated.

We place the following selections before the reader.

DAY DREAMS.

Dreams! It is not tonight alone that these airy messengers belong, for oft in the dancing sunlight we lose sight of life aad all its cares, and wander away throngh fancy's flowery pathway, revelling amid the radiant scenes which are found only there. See how bright love's young dream blends with the thoughts of her heart, and she dreams of joy and peace with the chosen one of her heart. Dream on! fair maiden; linger yet longer amid thy castles of airy mould; for soon the dark clouds of sorrow will burst upon you. Life is not all a fairy dream. Friendship's tones are silvery now, but soon you'll miss their soothing sounds; and e'en love, with its whispered vows of constancy, will unfold its bright pinions and leave your heart desolate.

In yonder dark alley, the haunt of poverty and vice, see! there is a human form seated upon the sidewalk. 'Tis a lone beggar! Sorrow and care have made deep furrows on his brow, and his aged limbs are fast hastening on towards the grave. See! he moves not. Ah, he too is journeying in dream-land. All his troubles are forgotten, all cares banished from his mind; and now it soars on fancy's pinions through Elysian groves, listening to the sweet songs of the ransomed spirits of those who once cheered his sad heart on earth.

Ah! aged pilgrim, these are bright dreams, but brighter yet are the realities awaiting you, when your weary journey is done and you shall have joined that radiant band.

These bright dreams of day, like those of night, are bright spots in life's pathway. To the young, and the aged, they come and whisper hopes of the future, and tell us that though dark clouds gather around us here, a brighter day awaits us in our eternal home.

Wild Rose.

GOOD READING.

Few young ladies are aware how great an accomplishment it is to be a good reader; and how much pleasure is experienced in being mistress of this useful accomplishment. Reading is conveying to your readers, fully and clearly, the ideas of the anthor. To enable one to do this, they must be endowed with a full, clear voice, which, with distinct articulation and practice, will render any one a good reader. Articulation is one of the first principles in learning to read. Upon it depends the clear enunciation of every word and syllable; and whoever would aspire to be a good reader should pay particular attention to this all-important subject. Next in importance is found accent. Without this, in reading, there would be a harshness that would be hardly admissable. To these subjects must be added emphasis, inflection, quantity and modulation, to perfect reading.

Mrs. Mowatt, one of our finest American actresses, first commenced her acting by public reading; and it is said that she has done more towards inspiring her hearers with nobler thoughts and loftier themes for contemplation than any other actress who ever appeared upon the stage.

Aside from this, how inviting is a good reader, in the home circle. When dreary winter-evenings come, how pleasant is it to assemble around a large fire-place and listen to portions of some edifying book, read by a father, in his full-chest tones, or by a mother or sister, in their sweetly musical voices.

Any young lady, who would aspire to be an entertaining daughter, wife or mother, should attend to this accomplishment.

Elder.

FASHION.

It is an old saying, "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion;" and, really, some of our sex seem to think so, if

we may judge from the manner in which they dress. Well, go on, ladies; by so doing you may gain the approbation of a few senseless fops and the envy of your sister votaries of fashion. Many think this is the only occupation in which the ladies of the present century can engage. It has been decided unnecessary for them to stock their silly heads with any amount of education, for fear, forsooth, that they might else trespass upon the forbidden ground occupied by the "lords of creation;" and it has also been fully decided that all domestic occupations are degrading in their character; so now, as the only resource, they have taken to powdering and painting, dressing and dancing, to fill up their useless hours. A *noble* vocation, truly, to flit, like the painted butterfly, from flower to flower, pausing on none sufficiently long to taste of the sweets enfolded within their beautiful cups; to cast all the aspirations of a soaring spirit, all the energies of the human soul, upon the shrine of fashionable folly; and to waste, in idle amusements, the life intended to be devoted to nobler purposes. And yet many of the ladies of the present day are of just such a character. With wealth at their disposal, they consider any thing like labor as beneath their station; and instead of using their time and wealth in the improvement of their minds, they only aim to be leaders in fashionable circles, or become ball-room belles.

I am not an advocate of "woman's rights," but I would aim at a higher destiny than this. Woman's mind is capable of grasping the wonderful truths of science, and to her, even more than to man, belongs the power of investigating the natural beauties around us.

Then, young ladies, let us throw off the skackles of fashion, and employ our time and energies in some higher vocation. Let us take the station which of right belongs to us, and be no longer the fickle-minded beings women are generally termed. Let us, when the time comes for us to mingle in life's busy scenes, show that we are not bound by fashion; but casting aside its follies, let us rise to the true sphere of womanhood.

TOUCH ME NOT.

[We like the spirit and the straight-spoken earnestness of this piece. We can almost see the eyes of its fair authoress "snap" again, as she thinks and writes of the senseless folkes of her sex. It is too true, that some ladies—especially in California—have been too much like expensive playthings, or pretty toys, rather than the noble-hearted wife—the God-given helpmeet of man; and we cannot commend too highly the vein of correct and ennobling sentiment that runs through the whole of the articles written in the BENECIA WREATH.]

MENTAL BEAUTY.

This world is full of beauty. Beauty is stamped on every scene of nature; it is revealed in many forms of art; but it is found brightest and most lasting in the human mind. The tiny bud, when the morning sun smiles out, blooms in brightness and beauty for a time; but at "evening's pale ray," the fair flower droops and fades. Look up at the jewels of the night, as they come forth brightly, to stud the etherial sky; they shine for a time, shedding their soft light upon us, but are often hidden by a cloud, or they fade from our gaze.

So it is with the fair and beautiful countenance; during the sunny hours of childhood and youth, it beams with loveliest charms; but soon time dims the bright eye, furrows the snowy brow, whitens the once jetty braids, and almost wholly erases the beauty of that face. So, as we gaze around, and view all that is fair and beautiful passing away, we are ready to ask, is there no *lasting* beauty? must it *all* fade and die?

There is a whisper, *No!* for, view the beauty of the mind, *ever* living, winning our hearts with new charms, in this world, and shedding happiness upon us in another; bestowing upon those who possess it noble thoughts and emotions, and better fitting them, at life's close, to wear an angel's crown.

Natural beauty is, to us, a gift; *mental beauty*, a prize, for which we should strive, and, still more truly, if we possess not the former. Wealth, upon its golden pinions, may soar away; beauty of face, we know, soon dies; but mental beauty is a true and lasting prize. Then let us nobly strive, and never rest our labors for it, until life's close.

OSAGE.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. B.—We have sent it.

Jeff, Monte Christo.—We have not forgotten. Can you say as much?

J. Shaw.—If your initial had been a *P.* instead of a *J.*, we should say, Oh, P-shaw! don't get angry; besides, as we are not to blame, we don't c-a-r-e; therefore we say, "let her went."

Jane A.—Please have patience. Yours, with several others, will appear in due season. Besides, *we* have to cultivate that virtue; and we hope you don't suppose it to be our selfish wish to cultivate it—alone! Do you?

R. M., Wood's Creek.—Your article on the Chinese is not quite suitable for our columns. Individually, however, we think you are right; but, as the Chinese are certainly not our equals, without proper care a new kind of slavery may arise, that ultimately would give us more trouble than we bargained for, and which every one, who is anxious for the prosperity and progress of California, would much deplore, and should seek to avoid.

Old Hoss.—We unhesitatingly reject all vulgarisms, especially when unaccompanied with good sense, wit, or good humor.

The moral and mental culture of the Youth of California, by one who knows something about education, we regret was introduced to our notice too late for the present number.

Flora.—Do you take us for a heathen? Of course we *love* ladies who are sprightly, intelligent, and good looking.

O. C.—Now whether you intend to spell clip, or class, or cheap, or what not, we cannot for the life of us make out; a spider, just escaped from drowning in a pool of ink, and walking hurriedly across a sheet of paper, is nowhere, in comparison. Please translate it.

Harry T.—"Keep her going," "never say die," "faint heart never won fair lady," &c. To *know* that the gold *is there*, is nearly half way to getting it. We have known many claims given up, about the middle of the week, as worthless, that have been equal to a fortune to some one else, before that week ended. Our advice is this: never start in any enterprize before you thoroughly make up your mind that it is desirable; and never quit it, until you prove it to be worthless. It is either wrong to begin, or it is wrong to leave off, before testing it thoroughly. Are we right, think you?

On Improvement—Don't suit us. Did you ever eat an apple that was entirely without flavor, tasteless, and very dry? Well, that's just the case with your piece.

Stiffer.—Hanging may be a very pleasant death; but if you don't wish to make us die of laughter, don't send any more such hanging stories.

T. F.—Your acquaintance had better emigrate, or join the Digger Indians of the masculine gender, as *they* believe that labor is beneath them, or at least very inconvenient for themselves, though very excellent for their squaws. Pass him on; he's a waster—he is.

Lines of a modern Livy—Are tolerably good, but why not put them in use "to point a moral, or adorn a tale?" They would then be worth publishing.

J. J. C.—Send us some soul thrilling sketch of California, that is the kind we want; something that enters into the soul-experiences of the man, and we will thank you and our readers will admire your sketch.

Santon.—Fanny Brown, To Miss ——, of California, and Indian Summer, are received, but the measure is so poor, and the lines so slovenly put together, that they are not fit for publication.

A. J.—We had to laugh over your "California Cobbler. We give a "thumping" verse:

"Bill thumps Ned, and Jack thumps Jim;
Tom thumps his wife, and his wife thumps him;
What should we do in this thumping world of leather,
If we did not all keep thumping, and thumping together?"

The Cobbler's *last* is not his *awl*, we hope, as there is some *sole* to the *upper*, in his writings.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1857. NO. VII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY DR. DOT-IT-DOWN.

Hail, Christmas! Hail, of olden time!
Usher in Thee, ev'ning chime,
From ev'ry town, and ev'ry steeple,
From ev'ry country, creed and people.
Hail! thou bless'd day of the year;
Welcome, welcome all thy cheer.
Hail Christmas! time of mirth and glee,
Frolic, fun and jollity,

Free from ev'ry enmity.—
Ye miners leave your picks and shovels,
Your shanties, tents, your bunks and hovels;
Merchants close your musty books;
Storekeepes, your counter nooks;
Lawyers, hide your mortgage deeds;
Farmers, work no more your steeds;
Printers, let your wives make pie, (pi.)
Nor press for copy, ink undry;
Clerks, put journals on their shelf,
And let the ledger post itself;
Let all, in short, without delay,

Let ev'ry hearth, let ev'ry door,
Be open'd wide to rich and poor.
Come one, come all, none keep away,
From celebrating this Great Day.
Now let the lord of all the Feast,
In tones befitting faithful priest,
Offer to the God of all,
Thanks responding through the hall,
For all his glorious, bounteous care,
For health and wealth throughout the year.
That done, from biggest to the least,
Take their seats;—and now, the Feast;

C. NAHL.

Make universal Holiday,
Christians all, yourselves among,
Perpetuate the sacred song:
"Glory to God, on high," it ran,
"Peace, good will, to ev'ry man."
Come thy votaries near and far,
Grand papa and grand mamma,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Wives and sweethearts, and all others,
Uncles, nephews, aunts and nieces,
As far as one's own kin increases,
Not forgetting country cousins,
If not in scores, at least in dozens.
Open purse strings, free and wide,
Give vent to the gen'rous tide.

Mine host, the head, surveys them nigh,
With glowing cheek and sparkling eye.
Welcome! welcome great and small,
Welcome! welcome! welcome all!
Slice after slice, the good old chief
With magic speed, carves he the beef.
How grave, he gravy on you presses,
All mindful of the ladies' dresses.
And now what mirth and joy abound;
How fun, and joke, and wit, go round.
"Doctor," a Tar cries, "clear the deck, (decorations.)
And help me to a brother quack," (duck.)
In turn replies he "show good breeding,
I'll take part in you fowl proceeding;"

" Parson without Apollo G,
Will you eat an el-e-gy ? " (leg.) :
" Nay, while your ' time is on the wing,'
I will in praise of turkey sing ;
I'll take, too, after your hard knocks, (bad carving,)
Some stuffing from its ballot-box."
Some Hamlet go—without his ghost,
To place beside the turkey roast.
Now snipes, not snips, their little bills
Discharged, but not from money tills,
One after other disappear,
Victims to the season's cheer.
Send the grand plum pudding round,
With holly green's red berries crown'd.
The sparkling wine now passes by,
With old jokes ready cut and dry ;
One says, " the sherry on the table,
To other wine 's incomparable.
The port compared, he'd not advise,
'Twould change to porter in a trice."
A bashful youth, beside a lass,
Is not observed to fill his glass ;
He takes no port, he takes no sherry,
Because he's near his own my deary. (Madeira.)
And now, when all have had enough,
Tables are clear'd for blind man's buff :
The heaviest, fattest guest is siez'd,
And of his handkerchief soon eas'd,
And many an O ! he roars aloud,
From pinches giv'n him by the crowd.
In vain each shout he tries to track,
And for his pains receives a whack.
And while the smart he's rubbing out,
He runs his nose against a spout
Of kettle black, which had been placed
To spoil the beauty of his face :
When tired at last of the whole rig,
On grandmamma's best cap and wig,
He pounces next, all desperate,
And overturns her chair of state ;
The good old grandame laughs as loud,
As any youngster of the crowd.
Suddenly, when no one's near,
The host and hostess disappear ;
Follow we them, and leave the rest,
To any sport they may suggest.
Ah ! what a scene is now before us,
Worthy of an angels' chorus :
In a large room with cheerful fire,
Blazing higher and still higher,
(Regardless of the snow and frost,
The hail and sleet, all tempest toss'd
Without,) appears three tables spread,
At which the ladies take the head,
There to dispense to young and old,
The liberal viands hot or cold,
There young and old, in gratitude
Pour out their thanks, in accents rude
For celebrating hearty cheer,
At least one day throughout the year.

* * * * * * * *

Visit we now the lonely miner,
(Fresh comer or the forty-niner,)
With head and hand on knee reclining,
He shuts out once all thoughts of mining,
With eye fixed on the log that's burning,
Thoughts of dear home, and all its yearning
Burst fresh and vivid on his mind,
Of all that's dear, left far behind ;—
Takes from his breast the last long letter,
His glistening eyes still growing wetter,
Reads o'er again his mother's blessing,
His father's hopes, sweetheart's caressing :
It tells perchance, of a lost mother,
Wife, or father, sister, brother ;
Sweetheart perhaps, yet still more sad
A pet just lisping name of dad ;
How treasures he the last words said,
And pictures where the dear one's laid.
The letter falls—down drops his head—
Between his hands 'tis buried ;
Now nature's tears flow thick and fast,
Remembrance, tribute of the past.
Almighty God, spare thou his tears,
Grant him success in later years ;
Let not his sweat be thus all spent,
Without a hope, without a cent.

Miners excuse a longer call,
Our sympathies are with you all ;
May blessings fill your lorn abode,
May you soon strike the wished for lode,
A lode that leads to such a vein,
Would welcome Christmas here again.

Bound as by spell—wish all God speed,
Be bless'd the Day, and blessd the Deed.

THE RIFFLE BOX WATER FALL,—DEER CREEK.

To those who are unacquainted with the technicalities of mining, the meaning of the above name when applied to a waterfall, may be somewhat of a mystery. To make it plain to every reader, perhaps it will not be uninteresting to describe one of the implements of mining called a *Long Tom*. This consists of a long flat box, open at the top, into which the wash dirt is thrown and through which a stream of water is turned; the back end being elevated, gives sufficient fall to it for the water to pass down with considerable force. At the lower end there is a plate of perforated iron called a "tom iron," through which the water, dirt, and gold pass into a "riffle box" underneath, where the gold is saved. This box has narrow strips of wood across the bottom; and, when one end is elevated, the water makes a fall or riffle, and, from the great resemblance in the shape of the above falls to a riffle box, comes the name of Riffle Box Falls.

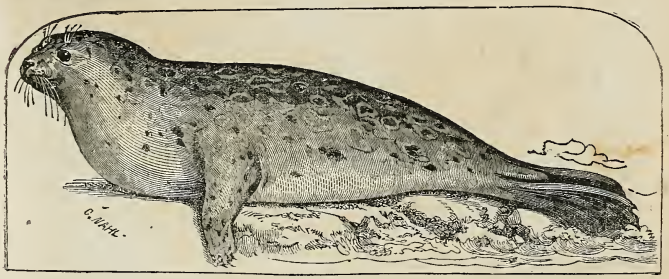
These romantic and beautiful falls, are situated on Deer Creek, about nine miles below the city of Nevada. In the winter season, when the water rushes over with an impetuous sweep, it is remarkably wild and picturesque.

In 1852, a company was formed to test the richness of this great riffle box of nature; and to accomplish which a

tunnel was cut through a hill of solid rock, about three hundred feet in length, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. Through this tunnel the waters of the creek were turned, and by which the falls were drained.

The water had worn deep holes in the bed of the creek, and to pump these dry, seven thousand dollars more were expended in machinery, &c. When this was accomplished and the "box" was made dry, *the whole of the gold that was taken out was only about two hundred dollars.*

This is one of the many enterprises into which the Californian enters, and where his money and time—frequently all that he possesses—are embarked, in a single venture, and he thrown penniless upon his own energies to begin life again—as he terms it. This will give friends in the East at least, one idea *why* the miner frequently remains from dear friends and home so long, when his hopes of returning were built upon the success of his undertaking—and which too often proves a complete failure.



THE HAIR SEAL OF THE PACIFIC.

This Seal, with which the coast of California abounds is the *Phoca Jubata* of naturalists, is generally known as the hair seal, and is by no means rare, as almost all the coasts in high southern and northern latitudes, abound with it. To the Laplander it is meat, drink, clothing, &c. To the Indians of Behering's Straits and Kamschatka it is most valuable; in fact they could hardly exist without it. Far away in those inhospitable regions, where winter reigns three fourths of the year, no timber can be obtained sufficiently large to build a canoe; but with a few seal skins, and a little whale bone, the Indian will construct one of the most perfect life-boats in the world. In this he will fearlessly venture miles from land to catch fish and seals, aye and even the whale. These canoes are difficult to manage to those who are unacquainted with them. It requires no small degree of practice, even in the Kamschatkan, in a rough sea to keep such a boat alive. He is not allowed to marry unless he have the ability of so making and guiding them. So it is make a canoe, guide a canoe, with him, before rule a wife and have a wife. Indeed his canoe is all to him. His house, his clothes, his furniture,

his food, for without it, his shores, prolific in fish, would be useless.

Its countenance bears the impress of great sagacity, its full, round, beautiful eye indicates even an intelligence rarely to be found in any other inhabitant of the waters. This was remarked by the ancient historian Pliny. He gives an amusing account of one that was easily taught to perform certain tricks. It would salute visitors freely, and would answer to its name when called. F. Cuvier narrates of one that he saw, that was made to stand erect on its tail, and hold a staff between its flippers, like a sentinel on duty. It would tumble heels over head when desired, give a flipper to be shaken and and present its lips for its keeper's kiss.

Captain Russell, the traveller and explorer of the sea-board resources of California, and who favored us with the narrative of the woman who was eighteen years alone, says that it is most amusing sometimes to see their contests with the Coast Indians. These fellows skulk behind the rocks adjacent to some gently sloping sand banks, and when the shoal has become dry by the receding of the tide, they front the body and interpose their return to the water; each selecting as his prey the biggest and most powerful. Catching hold of the tail flipper, the animal scuffles along the sand, dragging along after him the Indian, who with a tight grip follows, until by ploughing a deep furrow with his feet, leaning back, and with all his strength resisting the powerful progress of the animal, until both come to a dead stand, the animal's side flippers are then tied by another party, and the poor beast then easily becomes his prey. He often, he says, remonstrated in vain against their barbarous cruelty of preparing them for food, or for blubber. A hugh fire is made in a large flat hole in the ground, and the poor beasts are hurled in, and roasted alive. We have no other way said they of singeing or scorching off their hair. If they were put in dead we should have to get in the fire ourselves to turn them, but being alive they spare us the trouble, and turn themselves when one side is singed sufficiently.

The whole tribe possess remarkable peculiarities of respiration and circulation of blood. The interval between their respirations is very long. A full grown animal can remain under water without requiring a fresh inspiration, for upwards of half an hour. They can open and close at pleasure, for these purposes, their valvular nostrils in a surprising degree, eating their food all the time under water with perfect enjoyment. Their breathing is remarkably slow, and very irregular. After opening the nostrils and making a long expiration, the creature inhales air by a long inspiration, and just before diving, closes its nostrils as tight as any mechanical valve. In confinement they have been observed to remain asleep, with the head under water, for an hour at each time, without any fresh inhalation of air. Naturalists account for this power by the animal's possessing a great venous canal in its liver, which assists it in diving, so that their respiration is somewhat

independent of the circulation of the blood. The animal exhibited in San Francisco at the present time, is in very excellent condition, exceedingly tame, and very submissive to its keeper. This animal seems to enjoy the music, and appears to listen to it with some pleasure. This is not to be wondered at, because the hearing of these animals is very acute, and well attested instances are by no means rare, of many, even in a wild state, being attracted by the sound of a flute, or a horn, rising up to the surface to enjoy it the more, and sinking immediately the sounds discontinued. The brain in the seal is very large, and its whiskers are connected with nerves of immense size, serving almost every purpose of sensation to the animal.

JACKSONVILLE, O. T.

This half mining, half agricultural settlement, is situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world—a valley that is about thirty-five miles in length, by from one to twenty miles in width; and from whatever point obtained, the view is peculiarly diversified and picturesque; its evergreen slopes and timbered knolls, its cultivated farms, rich with the black soil just turned up by the plow, the fresh, light green of the wheat just peeping above it, and the stock quietly feeding, give it a pastoral appearance that speaks of industry, beauty, and contentment: while from the high mountains that stand near you, small brooks run babbling on, laughing and leaping as they pass through the oak openings and across the farm lots. And by these streams nearly the whole south-western side of the valley can be irrigated—though the perpetual green that covers every portion of the valley, even to the slopes and summits of the hills during the long summer drought would indicate a climate more moist and congenial to the production of all

the finer grasses and clovers, than that of California.

In the midst of this ampitheatre of loveliness, stands the flourishing town of Jacksonville, being a very important town to the whole section around, from whence the inhabitants of the valley, and the surrounding settlements obtain their supplies. The principal business of Crescent City on the sea coast, is with this place. The Indians have been very troublesome throughout the valley, ever since its first settlement.

Within a circuit of twelve miles of Jacksonville, there are about one hundred and twenty families; and, what is very important to the male members of the genus *homo*, there are about fifty marriageable ladies. All of them young and good looking(!)

About eight miles south-west of this is another very prosperous mining locality named Sterlingville, and which bids fair to be one of the best in the State. All they want is plenty of water.

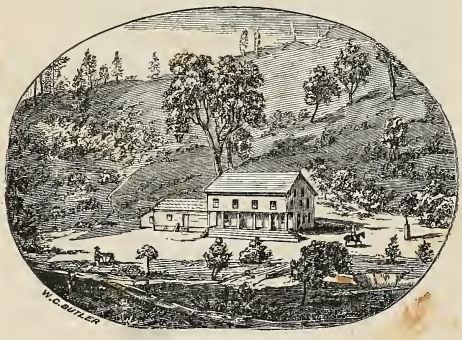
In February, 1851, two men, one named Cluggage, and the other Pool, were out on a prospecting expedition for gold; and, near the site of the present town found their labors rewarded by a "good prospect," of the precious metal, and immediately pitched their camp. At that time there were but three log cabins in the valley.

As men began to gather in, a little town sprung into existence, and from a singular rock at the lower end of the valley, about nine miles below the town, resembling a hugh table, this little village was first named Table Rock City; but as the valley became settled, it became the county town of Jackson County, Oregon, and was then changed to its present name.

There is a population of about 700 persons here, and it seemed to us that not less than about half that number were called "Doctor!" although it is considered a very healthy place.

THE GREAT CAVE OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

This remarkable natural curiosity is situated upon a creek generally known as McKinney's Humbug, but a short distance from its junction with O'Neil's creek; about sixteen miles south, by the trail, from Moquelumne Hill; and seven miles north from Murphy's Camp, and nine from San Andres.



THE HOTEL AT THE CAVE.

It was discovered in October, 1850, by Capt. Taylor, while he and some others were shooting at a mark near the back of their cabin.

In 1853, it was taken up under a pre-emption right, by Messrs. Magee and Angel, who erected a large and substantial hotel adjoining the cave, for the convenience of the public, at a cost of about $4,500. This hotel is

commodious and comfortable, and we shall long remember, the enjoyment of our visit, and the personal attention we received from Mr. John Wasley, the present agreeable and enterprising proprietor.

The following excellent description of this remarkable cave, from the *Pacific*, will be read with interest:

Seven miles north of Murphy's, in Amador Co., is Cave City, the locality of one of the greatest natural curiosities of California. The entrance is around the jutting angle of a ledge of rocks which hide the town from sight. Only the house of the proprietor is to be seen. The country around is wild and romantic. Provided with adamantine candles, we entered through a small doorway which had been blasted out to sufficient size. Thence we crept along twenty-five or thirty feet, threading our way through an irregular and difficult passage, at first descending rapidly, but afterwards level. Sometimes we were forced to stoop, and at others to bend the body in accordance with the seam of the rocks which constitute the passage. Suddenly we emerged into a large vault or room, about sixty feet in length by twenty in breadth, with an irregular roof, running up in some places thirty feet. This room is called the Council Chamber. The walls are dark, rough, and solid, rather than beautiful. Descending a little to the South-west, we again made our way through a long, low passage which led to another room of half the size of the Council Chamber.

ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

Rising from the floor of this room, by another narrow passage, we soon came into a third large room of irregular construction. The roof ascends until lost to sight in perfect darkness; here as far up as the eye, assisted by the dim taper, can reach, the lime depositions present a perfect resemblance to a vast cataract of waters rushing from an inconceivable height, in a perfect sheet of foam, leaping from one great shelf of jutting rock down to others, onward, widening as they near, in exact perspective. Well it deserves the name it bears, the Cataract.

Next we descended a short distance by another passage, and entered a small, round room, in the center of the roof of which runs up a lofty opening sixty feet high, of singular appearance. This apartment is called the Cathedral.

Turning back by the Cataract, we passed an easy way by a deep well of water upon the left, and very singular small pools or reservoirs on the right. Leaving these, we soon entered a spacious room, full one hundred feet square and of fair proportionate height. Through another low opening, we entered yet another great room, near the center of which stands a large, dark structure, the perfect likeness of a full-robed Roman Bishop, minus the head; whence the name for the room, the Bishop's Palace.

Descending through another small opening, we entered a room beautifully ornamented with pendents from the roof, white as the whitest feldspar, and of every possible form. Some like garments hung in a wardrobe, every fold and seam complete; others like

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

curtains, with portions of colu nns, half way to the floor, fluted and scolloped for unknown purposes; while innumerable spear-shaped stalactites of different sizes and lengths, hung from all parts; giving a beauty and splendour to the whole appearance, surpassing description.

Once, as the light was borne up along a glorious fairy stairway, and back behind solid pillars of clear deposits, and the reflected rays glanced through the myriads of varying forms, the whole—pillars, curtains, pendents, and carved work, white as snow, and translucent as crystal—glistened and shone, and sparkled with a glory that surpassed in splendour all we had seen in art or read in fabled tales. This is called the Bridal Chamber.

Immediately at the back of this, and connected with it by different openings is another room called Musical Hall. It is so called from the fact that on one side, suspended from a singular rock, that has the character of a musical sounding board, hang a large number of stalactites, arranged in a line very large at one end, and gradually decreasing in size towards the other, so that if with a rod you strike the pendents properly, all the musical tones, from a common bass to a very high key, can be produced in perfection, ringing loud and clear through the halls, as a well toned instrument.

Here the present exploration of the cave terminates, at the distance of about one-sixth of a mile from the entrance.

WRITE HOME.

It was in the year 1852, that my father, who had been in California nearly two years, at last yielded to my entreaties and gave his consent to my meeting him in that golden land. My preparations were soon made, and I, in company with an old friend of my father, commenced my journey.

I was looking from the window of one of those magnificent palaces that float upon the bosom of the beautiful Hudson, when suddenly the words, "They tell me you are going to California," arrested my attention. I turned, and met the earnest, anxious gaze of an old lady, who was clothed in the deepest black—without any trace of white to be seen about her, save her

hair, which had been bleached to a snowy whiteness by the frosts of many winters.

I replied to her that I was indeed on my way to California.

For a moment her whole frame seemed convulsed with emotion; then, drawing nearer to me, she grasped my hand, and, with affecting earnestness, said, "God bless you; I am thankful that I have lived to see the day when women—sincere, true-hearted women—venture to California. Oh, had they gone in earlier days, how many anxious, sorrowing wives might now have been happy."

Moisture had gathered behind her glasses, and tears now flowed freely down her aged cheeks. Recovering herself a little, she said, with great energy—

"My child, God has put it into your heart to go to California, and He will be sure to protect and prosper you on your long and toilsome journey. When you arrive there, oh, forget not your mission; let not gold, nor flattery, lure you from the path of duty. Remember that the prayers of many a childless mother, like myself, are going up to heaven in behalf of those few women who have determined to go to that far land.

"Listen to me," she continued, "and I will tell you. A few years ago, I lived a little farther up, on the bank of this same river. I often thought I was the happiest woman that ever lived; for I was blessed with one of the kindest and best of husbands; and one son, just growing into manhood. Soon—too soon—death claimed my husband for his own. It was hard, *very hard;* but I was enabled to say 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' We owned the small cottage in which we lived, and had a small amount of money, but not enough to support us without labor. My son stood by me—my strength, my all. 'Fear not, mother,' said he, 'I can support you.' And so he did; God bless him. A few months passed away, and our wants were all supplied by that dear good boy's cheerful labor. Then the California excitement began; and my William, like many others, was anxious to be off to the land of gold. In vain I told him that his presence was more to me than money. He urged, in reply, 'I shall only be gone a year, or two at most, and then I will return and make you independent, for life, mother.' At last I yielded. We mortgaged our cottage, to raise the necessary funds, and, with an aching heart, I bid good bye to my dear son, and prayed that God might speed him on his journey.

"Eighteen months passed away, and every mail brought me tidings of him. At the end of that time he wrote, 'I am coming home, dear mother, to solace your heart, and to comfort you in your declining years. The next steamer will bear me to your arms. I have done well—better than, in my wildest dreams, I had ever dared to hope. I shall pay off that mortgage, and have enough left to make us comfortable for life.'

"With what a thrill of joy—with what intense thankfulness, I read that letter. My son was coming home; soon, very soon, I should have him by my side, close pressed to my heart, as in the days of his infancy. How anxiously I looked for the arrival of that steamer; hours seemed lengthened to days, and days to weeks; twice I arranged and re-arranged every article in my house, that it might look the more cheery to my dear boy. At last the steamer came; but it came without my son.

"A day or two afterwards I received a letter, saying, 'Mother, I have lost all; not a dime of what I have labored so hard for, is left me. I am a beggar.' Since then—and it is now nearly a twelvemonth ago—I have not heard one word from my poor boy. Oh, I could have received him, with joy and thankfulness, without a cent. And oh, if I could but hear from him, it would be some consolation. Oh, this unceasing anxiety, this ago-

nizing uncertainty, not to know whether he is sick or well, dead or alive, is killing me."

Her aged form shook like an aspen leaf; and, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud. I tried to speak to her a word of comfort, and to point her to some ray of hope that was glimmering in the distant future. Alas the task was vain. Struggling for composure, she said—

"Go, my child—go to California. God be with you and bless you there. And, oh, if you should meet my poor boy, tell him how I long to see or hear from him; if he is sick, or in want, provide for him, as if he were your own brother, for my sake; or, should you ever hear what has befallen him write to me, and God will bless you—I know He will.

My California friends, this is no fancy sketch—no pencilling from the imagination—but a scene which actually occurred; it is long since, 'tis true; but I hope that long ere this his mother's heart has been gladdened by word of her absent son. If, as your eye falls upon this sketch, memory should bring to mind an absent loved one, to whom you have neglected to write, I pray you delay no longer, but let the next mail rejoice that heart by news from the California wanderer.

CARRIE D.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

Reader, do you live in a log cabin in the mountains of California? You wonder why I ask that question, I see. Simply for the reason, that if you do not, I cannot expect as warm a sympathy from you, in my undertaking, as if you were one whose emotions help make up the great heart-throb of the California miner's cabin, of which great social pulse this is the thrilling of one slight chord.

Hidden in one of the wildest ravines in the Southern Mines, stands a modest little log house, in no way differing from the thousands of others scattered throughout the mines. That, kind reader, is our home—our happy home. And who are they who constitute the "our," you ask. I was going to tell you they were ourselves, but that makes the matter no plainer, I perceive, and so I will be more explicit.

There are three young men, all under the age of twenty, as happy a family as there is in the State, I believe. Individually, there is Ben, a handsome, slight built fellow, one whom frontier life has denied all education, but who naturally possesses a fine taste; he is very sensitive; perhaps this is quickened by disease, for the hardships of his early life have done their work upon a form so naturally slight, and the "silent cheater of the eye" is fast working its ruin upon him. I know no sadder sight than to see him sit for almost hours at a time, with his large thoughtful eye fixed steadily upon some object; it tells a sad heart history, and one which it pains me to read.

Then there is Charley, the very opposite of Ben, black eyed, curly headed, the very picture of health, and always gay and light hearted. I don't remember that I ever saw him look sad; he's the very life of our home. He might, perhaps, be called a little wild, as he preferred California to College; and although his parents, who are rich, write constantly for him to come home, he cannot be persuaded to leave this fascinating, independent, miner's life. Speaking of him reminds me that it is a misstatement about our cabin differing in no way from the thousands of others throughout the mines, for it does in one respect. Charley has sketched with charcoal on the canvass roof, until the complexity of figures and scenes resembles the sculptures on an Egyptian temple.

The other one is hardly worth mentioning; he would scarcely be noticed beside two such interesting fellows as Ben and Charley. It is understood by them that he is to be a writer, and when they rouse him from the dreamy

spells in which he frequently falls, with a "well, Joe, what are you thinking about now," he generally mutters something about *conceptions*, giving them to understand that he is forcing ideas with which to gain his future fame, I suppose, for he hardly knows himself what he means. Well now, dear reader, you know who we are. And so we might have lived on happily together, Ben taking his quiet, thoughtful enjoyment, Charley laughing and singing, and Joe kept on conceiving in his dreamy way; so we might have lived on, I say, and you have known nothing about us, but for the advent of the California Magazine.

I'll tell you how our acquaintance commenced. The very cold nights had come again, and we had once more kindled the cheerful fire in our cabin. One evening we were gathered round the hearth, Ben was fixing his gun for hunting in the morning, Charley was reading the Magazine, Joe had laid down his book, and sat tracing figures in the glowing embers, as he had often done in childhood, by the old family hearth. At such times he recollects not himself, but is lost in the beautiful images before him. Charley arose, and clapped him on the shoulder, saying,

"Come, come, my boy, we can't have any more of your fruitless dreaming. Some of your 'conceptions' have got to be realized. Here," said he, pointing to the Magazine, "is a general invitation to all such fellows as you, my young *author*. And now I'll tell you what you have to do; you may write whatever you please, and read it to Ben and I, on Saturday night, and then send it to the Magazine. Let's see, its Tuesday evening; you can get off a very short composition this week, but hereafter we shall require more lengthy ones. No excuses, now."

This had attracted Ben's attention from his gun, and he now joined Charley, in his solicitations, with a look so full of pleasure at the idea, that I could not refuse two such dear old friends, however much I distrusted my own abilities; and so I promised, obliging reader, just as you would have done yourself.

Accordingly, on Saturday night, after we had gathered around the fire, after supper, I read them the following, prepared at odd moments during the week.

THE GRAVE UNDER THE PINE TREE ON THE KNOLL.

You know the grave under the pine tree on the knoll, and, doubtless, have often wondered whose ashes had their "wonted fires" smothered there. I confess it has always been a subject of curiosity to me ever since I saw the mound in such a wild, sweet spot. The wish to know who rested there has continually haunted me. I am not philosopher enough to explain what there is in common between sadness and graves; but there is certainly something; for whenever a feeling of melancholy or twilight sadness comes over me, my footsteps invariably lead me towards the grave under the tall pine tree; and the breast's cares and the heart-yearnings gradually melt into the thought of who rests there. So many, many ideas will suggest themselves. It must be a man; for the heart rejects the idea that affectionate friends or kindred would leave a woman in so lonely a place, without one token of affectionate remembrance. But, whether he was old, or young—one who was content to live with only a fondly cherished name, or one who had higher aspirations and yearnings after fame—whether he clung to life, friends, and the warm enjoyments of earth, or welcomed his lonely grave as a long prayed for object; and so they crowd on endlessly; all that I could say was, that whoever it was, he had found the deepest oblivion the tomb can give; for the action of the elements had effaced the inscription upon the rude head-board, and the generation of Forty-Niners, who laid him there, had passed away. No one knew who occupied the mound; and the conclusion

had forced itself upon me that my curiosity would be unsatisfied forever. I unwillingly yielded the thought of ever knowing who rested there; but the desire was none the less. You know how reluctantly we yield up things that have been near our hearts, and how we cherish their memories and every thing connected with them, after they are taken from us, and you can judge my affection, I may call it, for the grave was none the less.

A few weeks ago, an old Forty-Niner came straying back here—as, I sometimes imagine, spirits come back from heaven to their old haunts on earth—to find them scarcely more changed. After dinner we strolled to the back of the cabin, and the old pine invited us to its shade. As we passed the grave, it attracted my friend's attention. Taking a long whiff, and removing his pipe, he breathed out a light cloud of smoke, and coolly remarked, "I helped to roll that fellow under the sod."

I cannot describe the sensation that I felt as he said this. My curiosity was at last about to be satisfied—all the old questions answered. They came rushing upon me with such interest, that I scarcely cared to know who rested there, if I but knew what he was; and so I asked my friend, as he had resumed his pipe, what sort of a person he was.

"I had quite forgotten him," he resumed, "until I saw this grave. Poor fellow! I pitied him. I don't think I ever felt so bad, in my life, as I did the night he died. He didn't take California life easy—never joined in our jovial times, but kept moodily by himself. Many a time I've seen him sit till late at night, under this very tree—watching the stars, I expect; if not, I know not what. He was quite young, and we all regarded him as a boy; but when the poor fellow was taken with the fever, he showed a spirit worthy of any man. He never complained, and was so patient and mild that it was almost a pleasure to take care of him. He never showed the least weakness but once, and that was a glorious weakness. Just before he died, when telling me what to write to his mother and sister, his voice faltered, and tears came into his eyes, I felt my own heart rising, nearly to choking me. I tried to cheer him, but he was already dying, and had scarcely finished his message to his dear old mother before he was gone."

And this was the occupant of the grave. In all my imaginings, I had never pictured such a likeness. And who was this, who had shrunk from the rude society of the early miners—whose last thoughts had been for loved ones far distant? I asked my friend if he remembered his name.

"'Twas Story—Edward Story, I believe," he replied.

A knife could hardly have sent a keener sensation to my heart than did that name. I had known him at home. He lived but a few miles from our place. I was quite young when I knew him; but his memory—perhaps more, on account of the circumstances of his death, was vivid in my mind.

His father died when Edward was quite young, leaving Mrs. Story with a scanty fortune for the maintenance of herself and two children, Edward and his sister, a year or two younger. In a few years they grew to idolize one another. You have seen families,

where each member seems to live more for the others than for themselves; like some delicate plants, of which, if one branch be broken, the others wilt and die. Such was the Story family. Edward entered college early, and the greater part of the little fortune was expended upon his education. He graduated with much credit and ability, and returned home with the knowledge of the necessity of doing something immediately to repair their straightened circumstances.

The California gold excitement had just broken out, and he hailed it as the speediest means of accomplishing his object. After many preparations, and with the heartfelt blessings of his mother, and the kind wishes of his sister, he departed on his journey; and after a prosperous voyage, arrived in the land of gold in safety.

His labor was well rewarded; he remitted enough to have made them comfortable for life, but still, with that strange avarice of man, he wanted more. I do not think he worshipped money, like too many of our number; his intellect was of far too high an order for that, but it was a glorious chance, and he wanted to be independent. His letters bore the deepest traces of affection, speaking warmly of the time when they should be reunited. From their tone he always appeared contented and happy, as in his absence from the beings of his affections he possibly could be. A long space ensued, in which the usual tidings from him came not; a space of painful suspense and fear. And then came that soul chilling thing, a letter dressed in mourning, and written in a strange hand.

Their worst fears were realized; Edward *was* dead! It told the same tale of deep affection as his own prized letters had always done; throughout his long illness his thoughts were only for them; how his only regret at dying, although life was bright before him, was the thought of leaving them; and how the last sounds, eer the parting spirit breathed its last, were their ever precious names.

You can judge the effects of this sad intelligence upon those whose affections were so wholly bound up in the departed one. The mother never recovered from the stroke, but sank almost immediately; and it was only by the tenderest care that the frail sister survived the first shock of that heavy blow. Her delicate and sensitive nature had been clouded by a gloom from which it never could recover. This was previous to my leaving home. I had always forgotten it until the forty-niner's visit brought them back again so vividly to my mind: and the interest still increased by my sister's letter, which I received last mail. This is an extract from it: "You remember, dear Joe, Nelly Story, whom you used to think so pretty. Poor Nelly; you would scarcely recognize her now. Her slight form has wasted until she has become so fragile, and sadly beautiful, that she hardly resembles a thing of earth. She has never recovered from the effect of the news of her brother's death, but has been wasting gradually away ever since. The physicians can treat the case with no success. It is the effect of morbid mental action upon a delicate brain. They have tried change of scenery, society, all that is usually done for such cases without any effect, and they now only

try to make as pleasant as possible her stay on earth, which, I fear, will be very, very short."

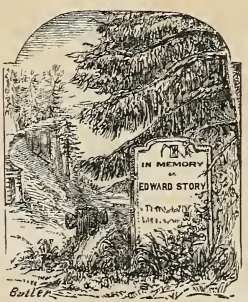
Such is the story connected with one lonely grave in the mountains of California. There are *hundreds* of them scattered among the hills, and probably many of them possess as sad an interest as this one if their histories were known. But they will remain untold until the great recital of the last day. Meanwhile the recitors shall remain unknown under their earthy mounds, eliciting many a casual notice, like that with which my friend the forty-niner ended his remarks: "He lies in a pretty rich bed. I have got a six cent prospect out of his grave."

I finished reading, and folded up the manuscript slowly, hesitating to look up at the boys; we sat a long while silent. Finally, I glanced at Ben; he was looking steadfastly at the fire, and its reflection made something in his large eye glisten, which resembled much a tear; noble fellow, he had let his sympathies dwell upon my feeble words of recital until they had brought his great, generous heart into his throat.

I then glanced at Charley; he had his fine black eyes fixed more thoughtfully than usual, upon the candle light. So we sat silent for a minute. Ben was the first to speak.

"I've been thinking, my boys, we might fix some kind of a grave-stone over that grave, and Charley can take a drawing of the spot; its a beautiful spot, you know, and send it to the poor girl. It seems to me it would be a comforting thought to know that her brother's grave was cared for, and to see in what a handsome place he lies." These were the very words in which he expressed his manly ideas.

"I've been thinking the same," said Charley starting from his reverie. "The granite in the gulch has a splendid cleavage, and luckily I know something about handling a stone chisel, and with a very little labor we can make quite a nice monument. What say you, Joe?" I was highly pleased with the idea, and so we agreed to build a monument on the grave, under the pine tree, thus:



THE END.

THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

A correspondent of the Lowell *Courier*, writing from Norway, gives an interesting account of a visit to the renowned "Voringsfos," remarkable, among other things, for being four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. While it is undoubtedly the highest, it is believed to be the most difficult of access of any important waterfall in the world. Starting from Eidfjord, the party travelled ten miles on foot, to a deeply sunken lake, across which they rowed in a boat to the village of Sœboe. Here they took horses and guides and started for the mountains; and after a two hours' ride, during which they crossed some perilous passages, they reached the foot of the so-called "Steep." This is a mountainous mass of barren rock, rising two thousand feet, apparently perpendicular, which, it would hardly be imagined, could be climbed by horses. It was climbed, on horseback, however, by the party, up a zigzag course, turning to every point of the compass in the space of a single rod, and ascending flights of irregular, artificial stairs.

The party suddenly emerged upon a broad moorland, interspersed with quagmires, rock-beds, and stinted vegetation. It extends for several miles, and at the further extremity is a dairy-maids' village. The river rushes through a cavernous gorge in this plain; but the only sign of its vicinity was the eternal cloud of spray which rises and soars above the plain. Says the writer:

"In five hours after leaving the lake below, we stood upon the brink of the precipice into which the thundering cataract makes its final plunge of *nine hundred feet!* Standing about six hundred feet above the top of the fall, we could look down to its base, *fifteen hundred feet below us!* Here, again, we were spell-bound in mute amazement at the wonderful 'works of creation;' and here would I gladly lay down my pen; for who can describe such a scene, or his own emotions when contemplating it? Language fails, and the beholder is made conscious of aspirations that reach beyond this world and take hold of eternity—aspirations to comprehend infinity. So deep is the chasm beneath this projecting stand-point, that every object within it—even the rocks and shrubbery on the borders of the now quiet stream—has a tinge of reflected sky-blue.

"If the estimates are correct—and they were made by Prof. Hansteen, of Christiana University—the fall itself is about six times higher than Niagara, and the summit from which it is seen nine times higher. The cross on the tower of Trinity Church, New York, is 383 feet above the sidewalk. Place four such towers one above the other, and they would rise but thirty-two feet above this precipice; and six Bunker Hill monuments would not reach the top by 180 feet. Should the Washington monument be carried to three times its contemplated height, (though there is no danger of it), and were it set into this ravine, one could step from this rock upon its capstone.

"So steep are the walls of this gorge, that one yard from the brink the water is nowhere visible. The channel extends several miles, and the vegetation of the plain, in some places, so conceals its verge, that venturesome sheep are sometimes precipitated into its frightful depths. It is said to be a well-authenticated fact, that a broken-hearted girl once deliberately threw herself off into the yawning gulf."

The astonishing height of the waterfall described above, although situated in one of the most romantic and mountainous countries in the old world, cannot compare with those of our own California, which surround the magnificent valley of the Yo-Hamite. One of these falls is *thirteen times* the *height* of Niagara; that being 165 feet, while the Yo-Hamite Falls is over 2,000 feet

It is the vast volume of water rushing over Niagara that makes it so justly celebrated.

We insert below, from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the report of Mr. Thomas Long, Surveyor of Mariposa county, who has been engaged for some time in the Yo-Hamite valley, in taking the altitudes of the most prominent rocks and falls, and which is the lowest estimate of some of those stupendous heights yet given. The following is the result of his calculations:

The large rock, about one and a half miles above the entrance of the Valley, on the north side, known as El Capitan—3,090 feet.

The falls on the south side of the Valley, nearly opposite to El Capitan, and known as the Bridal Veil—940 feet.

The falls on the north side, about the middle of the Valley, known as the Yosemite—2,063 feet.

The point below the Yosemite falls—2,938 feet.

Pyramid Rock, on the north side, nearly opposite the Yosemite falls—3,200 feet.

The dome-like rock, on the north side of the Valley, known as the North Dome—3,630 feet.

The rock opposite the North Dome, and which stands over Mirror Lake, known as the South Dome—4,484 feet.

The peak on the south side of the Valley, near the upper end, and below a small stream, emptying into the south fork of the main river, known as the Junction Rock—3,503 feet.

THE OLD ELM TREE AT HOME.

I remember, I remember, nor can I e'er forget,
My old home, where the swallows built their nests beneath the jet;
The sweet-briar clambering to the eves, nestling the honey bee,
While far above them all arose the shady old elm tree.

That tree had stood through many a storm of wind and wintry rain,
While many generations had come and gone again;
My grandsire sat beneath that tree, smoking his pipe of clay,
While close beside his old arm chair, the aged house-dog lay.

My granddame sat beside him, with her book and spinning-wheel,
Or laid aside the distaff, while she turned the busy reel:
The gray cat lay upon the step, watching her kittens play,
While crickets chirped beneath the stone, as blinking there she lay.

I remember, I remember, the day my father died,
How that old tree bowed heavily, as shorn of all its pride;
And when they bore him slowly on the funeral hearse away,
A wail went through its branches, on that bleak November day.

I remember, I remember, how often I have laid,
In the long and sultry summer hours, beneath that old tree's shade,
And watched the golden oriole's nest, as over head it swung,
Or mocked the robin and the thrush, that on its branches sung.

I remember, I remember, when a little wayward child,
How I used to play beneath it, with my two white rabbits wild;
And look up to its branches, then they seemed to me so high,
I almost thought they reached to heaven, and stood above the sky.

I remember, I remember, and wheresoe'er I roam,
I often think of that old tree above my childhood's home;
How gladly would I seek its shade and lay me down once more
Beneath the shelter of its leaves, beside my father's door.

San Francisco, Dec. 15th, 1856. G. T. S.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. IV.

"My mother earth!
And thou, fresh-breaking day; and you, ye mountains;
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye;
And thou, the bright eye of the universe!
Thou span'st over all, and unto all
Art a delight; thou shin'st not on my heart."

One bright star in the west shone out from the dark blue vault; it was like an eye, looking out on the world beneath—a silent watcher of the night. Somehow, we were both looking at it; there was a magic in its glance—an influence, which thrilled through all our being, as if the spirit of that star was searching our inmost souls, and that all their hidden secrets were known to it; and not only ours, but all others in the circle of its light; aye, our most hidden thoughts, long buried in the past. I knew the star; and soon it was changed to me—and the beautiful face of a dear maiden I had loved was looking down upon me from its high place in the heavens; for we had often looked up together at that star, and sworn eternal fealty as it beamed on us.

I was entranced, and had forgotten my companion, when, suddenly, his voice dispelled the charm.

"Markham," he exclaimed, "this is a beautiful world, seen in a light like this; and when I look up to that glorious firmament, and feel the spiritual influence of those bright orbs, speaking to my heart, I feel the God within me, and know that I am immortal and hold communion with the dead, who, in this world, have died and gone down into the dust, but whose souls live and are around us now; for I can almost feel their touch; and they whisper to my spirit of the mystery of the coming life; they would win me to their God; but the morrow comes, and they are forgotten, as we mingle in the warfare of life; and human passions and earth's cares drag us down again; and we, who but the night before held converse with the dwellers in an eternal life, crush down our aspirations, to stain and pollute all that is godlike in our nature, to gain—what? Speak, Markham! This earth's golden hopes—*a mockery, at best—an hour of death for an eternity of life!* Strange, this warring of the good and bad within us. As I feel now, I am fit to rest in the home of innocence, amid the endearing affections, the true heart-impulses, of a true woman's love—and, from the truth and purity of my thoughts, draw to myself human hearts to elevate, refine, and make happy, in the long years of the coming future. I can see the very pathway to such a home; and many, of the past, are lingering there—the shades of loved departed ones—and they are beckoning me, and pointing, with extended hand, to the prize that I might win. But, alas, they do but mock me; for what have such as I to do with dreams like these? The home of innocence I would corrupt, and change the happy laugh, ringing the heart's chimes in the music of its peal, into the howling wail of maddened sorrow.

"See! look west, my friend; you see that glorious planet;" and he pointed to the orb which had shed its silver light on the dreaming path of my first love. "See," he exclaimed; "that star, in every ray, is accusing now, and telling me of the false heart that lives within my breast. For, in an-

other land, on such a night as this, somehow, by chance, or as my evil destiny would have it, I was seated at an oriel window, beside a beauteous maiden, unknown to her; I, partly hidden in the shade, was watching her speaking countenance and wondering at the halo of devotion which beamed around her, ever, when she looked upon that star. She was one of those beautiful beings, the light of whose angelic beauty gives a lustre to all around them; on her high forehead, it seemed as if God had written truth; and when she smiled, and the light of her bright eyes sparkled on you, a joyous flood of electrical force thrilled through every nerve of your whole being, and every pulse in the human heart was set beating, in its turn. It was an inspiration to draw the feelings of a life-long power—a divinity, and a worship, to guide you ever after; and, over lake and mountain, land and ocean, to bring the traveller back, after long years of exile, to bend the knee again in admiration.

"Well, here was a prize for me; for the magic fire of love was burning in my heart; and I would have placed that jewel on my breast, and worn it all my life. Markham, I never knew love until then; and, while the pure thought lived within me, I was fit to mate with the very angels in the spheres. Oh, how I loved; and, months after, when I wooed her for my bride, and she told me she loved another, oh, how I cursed my folly in giving away my very life to the caprice of a woman. And then I looked again at that dear face, and I did plead, with all the despairing eloquence of a lost soul, that she would forget that other, and think only upon me—it seemed in vain; and she pointed to that very star, and told me she had pledged her faith, looking up into its light; and ever, when it looked out from heaven upon her, she thought of him who, in a foreign land, was trying to make a fortune for her alone. And we became fast friends, and I never whispered love again; and oh, how fondly she spoke of the absent loved one. And many a long walk we had, in the forest glades, and by the clear stream; and I have listened, wrapt, to her conversation; for her spoken thoughts were, oft, the very music of poetry. And, in these delightful meetings, she lifted me up to the exaltation of her self—to the high point of her intellectual and moral worth—until my life, in the deep, earnest-toned reasoning of its future, promised to be a happy and a peaceful one.

"Many a letter she received from her lover; and, in truth, he must have been a gallant youth; for sometimes she has read little passages to me, from them, which were filled with high, chivalrous thought; and many a scene he described, of danger and adventure, with a master hand. He, too, became my friend, and I felt to him as a brother. She never told to me his name, nor did I ask her then, as it seemed a secret with him and her; for her friends knew not of it; and sometimes the simple folks wondered that she and I were not wedded.

"How happy we were, Markham, I cannot tell you; I have no words to describe the full perfection of our friendship or its truth and purity. But, alas, we were on the brink of an abyss, and the evil demons of my fate were

drawing a circle round us then, which was to girdle us with fire.

"One night I was listening to her beautiful words, when, suddenly, I lifted my face, to look at her, and found her eye was fixed on me with a light which flashed to my brain and heart and soul; 'twas love; by the immortal passion, it was there; and the tell-tale crimson tide mounted o'er cheek and brow.

"And I was triumphant. I uttered not, nor even by look or gesture, for many a day, spoke of the knowledge I had gained; but it came out at last; and a fair arm was round my neck, and eyes, with the diamond's lustre, looked down into my heart. Why did I not flee from her then? for the evil of my soul had overcome her own, and I was dragging her down, hour by hour, day by day, to a level with myself, until —come nearer, Markham, till I whisper it to thee—*She fell!* and, in her fall, she blotted out from my page of life, all the little faith I had in our humanity.

"For a little time, a few short months, it was a brilliant life to me; but there came a change; the devil which had gained possession of her had lost its power, and the old love and deep remorse came back with tremendous force. And I, loving more than ever, could see deep hatred to me and horror at our guilt, had taken the place of love. In my madness, I offered her my hand, to make her my wedded wife, but she scorned the offer, and cursed me, with language so terrible, that ever since then I hear it ringing in my ears.

"Well, months rolled on; she went mad; and then her reason came back again, and she knew that she was dying, and made her peace with God. She sent for me; and I, kneeling beside her couch, listened to a prayer she offered up for me; and then she placed her hand in mine, and died. And I—the accursed—the seducer—was alone in the world, with the brand of Cain upon my brow.

"How can I ever hope for happiness again, Markham? How can I dare to look up to those heavens and feel that accusing star fire eternally torturing my doomed soul! What have I to do with the spiritual world? The worst evil spirit of the ghostly throng is an angel, in purity, to me; and the after life must be to my soul a fearful and despairing doom. What is left to me? This world; and I have marked out for myself a path on it, in another land, where, amid the battle and the strife, I will write out a name illustrious in history. Yes, in a land steeped in guilt and crime, sunk and degenerate, I will raise the standard of a new hope; and, amid the burning ashes of its sin, purified with blood, I will re-youth its soul, and, with the name of my lost one for my battle-cry, urged by the generous hope, I will be triumphant, and in the hour of victory will dare to look up to heaven again; and, elevated by the power of high resolve, and baptized anew at the altar of liberty, I may be a *man* again, and dare to hope for heaven.

"Till then, my friend, help me in my plans and schemes, and by and bye I will show you a pathway to honor, wherein a soul like yours will need no urging on."

I had listened like one entranced. One part of Harold's story touched so

close upon my own, that I felt as if the evil-one himself was beside me, and, perchance, that it was my own loved one he had betrayed; but I crushed down the thought, as blasphemy to her; still I could not shake the feeling off, and it made me sick unto death as I asked of him her name. When I did so, he turned upon me like a tiger, and his eyes flashed fire, as he exclaimed—

"Must you know all? I have forgot myself, and, like a fool, have made bare the secrets of my heart; and now you would make me breathe dishonor on a name that went down to the grave fair and untarnished, to the searching eye of the world's scorn. Still, at another time I will tell thee it; for I feel, somehow, you are linked with my destiny. Before she died, she placed a sealed packet in my hand, to be opened in two years from then. In a few months more, the time will have come. It is among some papers I expect by the return of the Galtschut. On that night, the evening of her death, I will again make you my confidant, and you will see her picture, and read her last request, and know how fearful must be the agony of one who destroyed so pure a being, and feels, living in his soul, the accusing torment of so foul a deed. I would be alone now. Go back to the tents; I will join you soon."

He walked on, and I was alone, wondering at the events of the night and the terrible tale I had listened to. I looked up to the heavens above, and at the stars, which were speaking nature's poetry in the influence of their beauty; and over the waters of the bay, and amid the cloud-land of the dim, star-lit horizon; and then I inwardly looked into my heart, and fervently prayed that I might be so guarded from sin and wrong, that my soul would never be a curse unto itself.

MY POET SISTER.

How pleasant it is, in our sadness,
When the present comes laden with pain,
And sickness has banished all gladness,
And demon-thoughts conquer the brain,
How pleasant to turn to some message,
Warm and fresh from the loved ones at home,
As it comes, like a morning star, presage
Of faith to the pilgrims who roam.

Alone in my chamber, the singing
Of summer-birds falls on my ear,
And Memory comes to me, bringing
The treasures I ever hold dear;
The love of a beautiful maiden,
Like sunlight, is over me cast—
Each moment with happy thoughts laden,
Came up from the wrecks of the past.

I roamed through my own native village—
To the bridge which is spanning the stream;
And the rushing of waters was music,
Which lulled my heart into a dream;
I saw there a beautiful vision—
On the bridge, where the shadow was cast—
And revelled in day-dreams Elysian,
Floating up from the mists of the past.

Our thoughts wandered down the dim vista,
And cast off the burden of years,
While the eyes of my sweet poet-sister
Grew brighter, though filling with tears.
Years had passed since we met in our gladness,
And deemed that our souls were as one,
Nor dreamed that cold shadows of sadness
Should darken the sunlight begun.

Then the hand of my beautiful sister
Put back the soft locks of her hair;
And, Psyche, my lips would have kissed her,
So pale was her brow, and so fair!
But she fled from the bridge, and the shadow,
Away from the shadow and gloom,
And I followed her steps to the meadow—
The meadow all sweet with perfume.

The fairies were dancing around us,

Or resting amid the closed flowers;
The soft spell of soul-love had bound us;
We whispered away the warm hours;
Low, soul-winning voices were filling
With music the still air of night,
And the notes of their melody thrilling
My heart with intensest delight.

And the hours of the night fled unnoted;
Unmarked was the dawning of day;
For my soul into paradise floated,
And cast the dull body away;
An angel guide was to me given,
In the radiant beauty of youth;
Together we swept through the heaven,
To the fountains of Beauty and Truth.

The flowers, which the dews had been kissing,
The dews from the soft summer skies,
In the dawning of morning were blushing,
With tears in their half-opened eyes;
But the form of the fair poet-maiden,
Whose eyes had gazed into my own,
Away to her beautiful Aiden,
On the wings of the morning had flown.

San Francisco, Dec., 1856. S****.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

NO. III.

BY ALICE.

From false caresses, ceaseless strife,
Wild hope, vain fears, alike removed,
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoyed—when most improved.
Dr. Johnson.

Spring, with all its vernal beauty, began to deck the broad prairies of Iowa, and, as we went trembling along in the big topped wagon, I could but admire the spring violets, early bursting from an icy bed, and now germinating into beauty and loveliness. Our driver was a jolly German, seated just ahead of us, on a disconsolate looking horse, just dragging one weary foot after the other, at a snail's pace, with ribs almost protruding through the hide, and receiving now and then an encouraging tone from the rider, with a slice of the lash to tingle him to remembrance. The sun, that had risen so dazzlingly beautiful this morning, now became obscured, and half congealed rain-drops beat in our faces, making them much longer than the moral law, and twice as blue and frozen. In the month of March a good snow-storm is not uncommon, and the driver consoled us with the idea that we should soon be at the side of his blazing fire, and remain at his house for the night, and the following day he would take us to Fairfield.

The mud in the Spring, in this country, is very deep, which, by the cold northern wind, had become slightly frozen, and was an ugly impediment to such anxious travelers as we were. We became often fastened in the mud, where the wagon sunk to the axletrees. Our company was snugly ensconced behind a pile of trunks, traveling sacks, and carpet bags, and no one would leave his warm place to help the driver from his perplexing dilemma. He chirped, and clucked, and swore, exhausting the few words he could master in English, and fell back upon his native tongue. The boys told him they had paid their fare to Fairfield in the huge vehicle, and would not walk it through, let what would come. Being stuck fast in a mud hole for half an hour, I became benumbed with cold, and seeing a log house by the roadside, which stood alone on the open plain, and around which the wind moaned and howled like so many infuriated beasts, eager for their prey, I hastened thither to warm myself. Upon knocking at the door a half suppressed voice said, come in. I had seen houses of poverty, and famished misery, but

on no former occasion had I come in so close a contact with so heart sickening and loathing a scene as presented itself on this never to be forgotten occason. The woman who had bidden me enter, was seated on an old rickety chair, from which she rose, and then pushed it with her foot towards me. She held in her arms a puny, half-starved infant, which was vigorously tugging at the milkless breast, to keep the little life it had; its sweet chiseled and upturned features, so innocent in their imploring expression, made the the tears of sympathy start from my eyelids. The mother, slender, yet symmetrical in form, and beautiful to a fault, with large blue eyes that were red and swollen with recent weeping, and with a heart that was full to overflowing with wormwood and gall, bursting its forged fetters, soon to quit such sickly scenes of earthly despair and misery. Such a hopeless and despairing look had she that even now the slightest recollection embitters my mind. Her sweet, silvery, and hollow sounding voice, is still ringing in my ear as plaintive as though I heard it but an hour ago.

My entrance caused the wretch to lay the whip down, and which but a moment before he was using upon that sweet being who now stood quailing before him, apparently so angelic, so self sacrificing, while leading this life of horror. This author of her misery was intoxicated, and in his drunken phrenzy had brutally wronged the only heart that ever trusted him. On a cupboard, which stood in a corner of the room, was a few broken plates and saucers, and on the other shelves stood whisky bottles, both full and empty. A few rags, placed in another corner of the room, made their bed, and never before had I witnessed such squalid misery and intemperance.

The wagon being extricated we again started, and arrived at the German's house that night. A warm, steaming supper being prepared by two romping looking girls, who, in linsey woolsey dresses were in attendance, we hastily despatched it; meanwhile these lasses several times stole sheep's glances at the young men in our company, and who looked more feminine, with their white beards and downy moustache, than themselves. Some of the lesser juveniles were so frightened at the appearance of strangers that they ran and crawled under the bed, until they became gradually emboldened, and came out, still looking shy and frightened as startled fawns. Soon sleep claimed us for its own, and we forgot the bad roads, and German swearing, in the land of Nod, reveling in sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams of home.

The next morning we started on our journey, but it was bitter cold, and the snow fell slantingly upon the frozen roads, and drifted into the wagon, which made it very unpleasant traveling. We arrived in Fairfield just as the Sunday bells were ringing to call the worshippers to church.

Music of Words.—Listen to the mother talking music to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

LOSS AND GAIN.

On a clear but cold morning in January, Bernard Harcourt sat down alone at his father's table, to breakfast; for of the numerous members of the family, no one seemed in readiness to join him on this, the morning of his departure for California.

It was but seven o'clock, an early hour for breakfast, but the cars left Staunton in half an hour, so there was no time to wait. His handsome face wore a sad expression, as he sat there alone. There was a great rattling of china, considering there was but one person at the table, and the young man buttered his bread, regardless of the high price it was then bringing in market; helped himself a second time to the milk toast, though the first spoonful remained untasted on his plate, where he had but a few moments before deposited it; salted, instead of sweetening his chocolate; and committed numerous other excusable extravagances, apparently unobserved.

His father, while this make-believe-affair-of-a-breakfast was going on, was walking, in silence, up and down the long dining room, with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes fixed intently upon the carpet, as if in search of something, but evidently thinking, with sorrow, of the separation that was to take place between him and his youngest, dearest son; and when at last he raised his eyes to the face of the young man, who was, like himself, endeavoring to shut in the farthest cell of his heart, the feelings of tenderness and regret, which, in spite of his efforts, would be seen in the countenance as he sighed, and found himself several times on the point of saying, "Bernard, you had better not go."

Soon the young man arose from his almost untasted breakfast. The time of parting had come sooner than either wished; and yet both were glad when it was over.

"I suppose it is time you were off, Bernard," said the old gentleman, with a voice that sounded a little husky, as though something unpleasant were sticking in the throat. "I may as well wish you success and a prosperous journey, and say good bye at once."

Bernard faltered "good bye;" another hearty shake of the hand, and they had parted.

The elder Harcourt turned from the room to conceal his emotion; the younger sought his mother and sisters in the parlor, who, with sweet and tearful faces, were there awaiting him.

"The worst of it all is, this getting away," said Bernard to his brothers, who were accompanying him to the depot; "I would have given all the money I shall make in the first six months in California to have escaped the 'good bye' of dear ones at home; and yet it is not done with; here, Charley, take my overcoat, while I just pop in and say a word to Lillian."

"The worst is to come, then, Bernard," said Charley, as he took the overcoat and walked on slowly in the direction of the depot, while his brother ran up the steps of a fine mansion and hastily rung the bell.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he joined his brother at the depot; they had just time to notice that his eyes looked a little red, as though he had been weeping, and there was a slight quivering of the lip; but the noisy engine that moment coming up, put an end to their observation. The last "good bye" was soon said, and Bernard Harcourt, stepping in the cars, was whirled along the curving rail track as rapidly at he could wish.

Arriving in Boston early in the afternoon of the same day, he took passage in one of the steamers that ply between that city and New York, at which place he arrived in due time, transacted a little business, and then shut himself in his stateroom, on board one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's beautiful and fast sailing steamers, and was soon bounding away o'er the billows. The sea was unusually rough, and Bernard, with many more

of the passengers, bowed to the decrees of Neptune, who "demanded his dues" with a vengeance.

When his seasickness subsided he recovered his spirits, and was the life of an interesting party of ladies and gentlemen who, like himself, had left dear ones behind them, and embarked for a land where they hoped to amass riches, without toiling a lifetime. With them Bernard was lively and cheerful, but when he retired to his stateroom a thoughtful shade passed over his face, and he would sit for hours, with a finely wrought locket in his hand, gazing at the lovely portrait of Lillian Martin. It was for her that he left father, mother, and his cherished home. It was for her that he sought the land of gold.

But while he is riding on the deep blue sea, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, sometimes chatting with others, or joining a glee party in the chorus to a lively negro melody, and sometimes in the quiet of his stateroom, singing with a mournful voice, "Do they miss me at home," we will transport our readers back to Staunton, for a brief space.

Bernard, our hero, was the youngest of a family of eight children, and his father had endeavored, thus far, to fulfill the scriptural injunction, "train up a child in the way he should go," etc., and, as his amiable and respected wife often said, his children were such that he might be proud of them.

Bernard, quite early in life, fell in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, by the name of Martin. The attachment he evinced for the fair Lillian was returned, and as the parents on either side made no objections, young Harcourt paid her semi-weekly visits, and in due time they became engaged.

Then it was that Bernard aroused himself to action. He had thus far "taken life easy," as the saying is, but he now felt that the time had come when he must carve a name and a fortune for himself; and as California was then the great rendezvous for all who desired wealth in a hurry, he accordingly bent his steps hither. Lillian also felt the necessity of the step; yet, she would have been better pleased to have had him nearer home. No good opportunity, however, appeared, and he tore himself away, hoping and praying that success might attend his efforts, and enable him to return in at least two years time, with wealth enough to justify him in making Lillian his wife. Having thus given a hasty description of the interesting friends of our hero, let us now return to him.

He was detained but a short time on the Isthmus, yet long enough to contract that lingering disease styled the Panama fever, and which has made thousands of adventurers its victims. After leaving Acapulco a slight fall lamed him, and made him feel so ill that he was obliged to keep his berth for some time, and ere he recovered from it, the fever which had been in his system since he left Panama, made its appearance.

When he reached San Francisco, the place of his destination, he was very ill, and at times delirious. He was, in his sane moments, happily conscious of his danger, and sent to a former acquaintance of his, who was then in business here, to come to him as soon as possible. Mr. Ferguson obeyed the summons. He found Harcourt in his berth, looking extremely ill, but the young man assured him he was not sick, only a little disabled by a fall, and begged Mr. Ferguson to use his influence to get him into some good, quiet family, where he thought a few days nursing would set all right again. Mr. Ferguson promised, and while running over the list of his acquaintances could think of none who would like to admit an invalid into their house.

While on his way to his place of business he met a young man who had been for some time in his employ, and who was a distant relative of Ferguson's, and as far as worldly goods were concerned, was poor. This Ferguson knew, and thinking a boarder, though

somewhat an invalid, might help Savage to live, he inquired of him.

Savage, after hearing Ferguson's statement of the case, consented to have young Harcourt taken to his house. The room was hastily prepared, and in about two hours the carriage bearing the invalid, and one or two of his old friends from Staunton, stopped before the door.

Harcourt was assisted, or rather carried, into the house, for he was unable, from weakness, to take a step alone. In the hall he met Mrs. Savage, and looking anxiously into her face said, "I fear, madam. you will regret having allowed me to come to your house." He fainted when they attempted to take him up stairs, and both Mrs. Savage and her husband felt that the young man was more seriously ill than Mr. Ferguson had represented.

Dr. Selden, who had been summoned, soon arrived, and pronounced the young man's disease to be the Panama fever, in its worst form. Mrs. Savage's heart sunk within her at these words. Having always been blessed with health herself, and never having had any sickness in her family, she felt herself incompetent to the task of taking care of the young invalid.

"What is to be done," said she, looking with tearful eyes at her husband, who had just left the sick man's room.

"Why, we must do the best we can," he replied.

"But I know nothing about nursing a sick person, and I fear he never will get well here; indeed, he looked like a dying man when they brought him into the house," said Mrs. Savage.

"I will leave my place for a while, at least till there is a change in him," said Savage. "He has a father and mother, and many friends at home, who would be broken hearted if they knew his situation here; sick, and almost without friends."

"I will cheerfully do everything in my power to make him comfortable; yet I fear my inexperience may make it worse for the young man. If he should die here, husband, I should think it was through some neglect or inattention on our part," said Mrs. Savage with a sigh.

While they were yet conversing a neighbor, who had from her window noted the arrival of the invalid, came in to ascertain the particulars, and when informed that the young man was a stranger, and had been brought there ill with fever, she raised her hands in horror, and replied, "I would not have a person in *my* house, with a fever, and I wonder you don't have him sent away directly."

"I did not know the young man had a fever when I consented to give him a room in my house," said Mrs. S. mildly. "I was informed that his indisposition proceeded from a fall on board the steamer, which proved to be incorrect; but now that he is here, and comfortably housed, he certainly shall not now be moved."

Her visitor left, saying, as she did so, that "she would not like such a responsibility, and that *she* could not be imposed upon as easily as some folks."

To the satisfaction of all who knew him before, or had made his acquaintance since he arrived, young Harcourt began slowly to mend. An old friend of his, whom he had known as a merchant in Staunton, came, "rain or shine," as regularly as the physician, to see him every day; and his visits were a source of gratification to all. He dispensed his good advice freely to young Harcourt, and Mrs. Savage found herself not only amused, but interested in his conversation; and Mr. Savage enjoyed an argument with him better even than eating and sleeping, and he was remarkably fond of both.

It was five tedious weeks after Bernard Harcourt's introduction into the family of Mr. Savage, before he was able to walk around. Occasionally, on a sunshiny day, his friend Waters came in his carriage, and took him to ride a short distance. These rides, and the exercise he otherwise obtained, strengthened him so much that, after a week,

he was able to pay his respects in person to Mr. Ferguson, thanking him over and over again for the interest he had taken in seeing him so well cared for, when sick and alone, in a land almost unknown to him.

Ambition returned with health, and Harcourt sought eagerly for employment, but he sought in vain, nor was he the only one, as thousands were and had been for months, idle in San Francisco.

"I am not discouraged," said he to his friends, as he returned home after another day's fruitless effort to obtain a situation in some mercantile house. "I am not discouraged, because I have determined I will not allow myself to be." And he took off his hat and rubbed his high full forehead, in deep thought.

Savage, who was of a lively turn, by his cheerful countenance and conversation, soon brought a smile on the face of Harcourt, and helped to dissipate his gloomy thoughts for a time.

The young men were fond of each other, and having talked the matter over, formed a desire to go in business together; but neither possessed sufficient capital to commence, and they tried in vain to get assistance. They were therefore obliged to give up their darling project. Savage continued at his old employment, and Harcourt started for the mines.

He soon, however, returned to San Francisco, worn out with his travels, almost discouraged, as he found mining to be very hard work, and often very unprofitable.

Letters awaited him, for the steamer had arrived while he was absent, and none but those who have come to these shores as he did, leaving every dear one behind, can realize the pleasure with which he grasped those letters, and eagerly perused the contents.

Lillian, the dear girl, was well, thank heaven. Then there was a long one from his father, who never let a steamer pass without writing to his son, but his heart beat fast, and his hand trembled as he read these words:

"My Dear Bernard:

It is a cold but beautiful day, and group after group of happy faces are continually passing my window, yet I cannot rejoice with them, for my heart is sad. Our precious household band is broken—ruthlessly broken—for death has suddenly entered and borne away a dear one from our bosoms.

"Yes, Bernard, Helen has gone. When you return, you will miss her dear, interesting face, and sweet voice. Her seat in the family circle is vacant. My hand trembles while I write this sad intelligence, for we have but just received the news of your terrible illness, and in the midst of our agonized bereavement for the loss of Helen, we tremble and fear for you. Would you were here Bernard. Let me entreat you not to put either your life or health in peril again. You are not strong. You had better return to us. Do not grieve too deeply for her who was ready, we trust, to go; but live so, my son, that you may meet your angel sister in heaven."

"Your affectionate father,

"John Harcourt."

There was no letter from his mother. She was too ill to write, but a loved sister wrote, and with his father pleaded that he would return soon to his home.

He went. Sad indeed was the meeting with his parents, brothers, and sisters, for his return brought the loss of Helen fresh to their minds. Yet while they wept they thanked their heavenly Father that Bernard had been spared to see them again.

Lillian received her lover with much apparent pleasure; but her father did not seem quite as well pleased, when Bernard called there, as formerly.

Bernard was sensitive, and quickly noticed the change in Mr. Martin's manners towards him, and in his frank and open candor spoke of it to Lillian.

She could not say that it was imaginary on his part, for she had noticed it herself, but had endeavored for a time to excuse it. Bernard, however, was

not to be blinded to the fact, and he sought and obtained of the old gentleman an explanation of his conduct.

Mr. Martin reasoned that as Mr. Harcourt had not succeeded in obtaining a situation in some lucrative business, either here or in California, that the engagement ought to be broken off, at least until such time as she should be able to take care of and support a wife in her present style of living.

Harcourt was indignant at the unfeeling manner in which Mr. Martin had expressed himself, though he smothered his anger, and said "very well." As they parted, Harcourt on his way home thought of his exertions while in San Francisco to get into business, and was convinced that he had not let an opportunity escape him, and now to be censured, when he felt he was undeserving of it, was more than he could well endure, and as a consequence he did not go to Mr. Martin's house again, but wrote to Lillian.

After receiving his letter she wept all night; and when, as usual, on the next day, the hour came round for him to call, and he did not come, she shut herself in her own room, to hide the agony she could not conceal in the presence of her sister and parents. And she felt that what he had expressed in his letter to her was true, "that he should come there as her suitor no more." And she could not but feel that if her father had looked with an eye to her happiness, he would have bestowed enough of his wealth on his intended son-in-law, to start him in business in Staunton, or some of the larger towns adjoining.

All Harcourt wanted was for some one to give him a fair start, for he had energy and talent, but that was withheld. Mr. Martin was an austere man, and Lillian's pale cheeks and swollen eyes did not in the least affect him.

Gold was a necessary requirement, and he made up his mind that his son-in-law must have no small pile, ere he could claim the hand of his daughter.

Harcourt and Lillian met occasionally, but only as friends; yet it was a hard struggle for both, as she yielded to parental authority.

"I can endure this no longer," said Harcourt one day as Lillian passed him in the street, with only a cold bow of recognition. "This is no place for me; I will travel, I *must* forget the *past*."

Once more Harcourt is on his way to California, but with what different feelings does he set out to what he did at first. The bow of promise has faded from his sky, and Lillian, bright Lillian, his star of hope, is obscured by the dark clouds of mercenary expectation.

"The world is all the same to me," said Harcourt to himself, as with hurried tread he paced the steamer's deck. "I may as well die in one place as in another. What?" said he, recovering himself, "do *I* talk of dying? and for *one* who is not worthy of the love I have lavished upon her; for one who cares not for *me*, since *I* have *no money*. Away with such weakness; I will be a man, and prove to Lillian, to the world, that I am worthy of the name.

On arriving in San Francisco he bent his steps to his friend Savage's dwelling, and, though it was past ten o'clock, he ran in without any announcement, and surprised them all, for they had not expected his return.

It is needless to add that they were delighted to see them again; and little Molly, who used to make herself useful in various ways during his former sickness, endearing herself to young Harcourt, fairly danced for joy at beholding him again, and her first inquiry was for Lillian, as he had often spoken of her, and allowed many little notes to be seen, that had passed between them.

Harcourt's eyes sought the carpet when that once loved name was mentioned, but he said nothing until the little prattler, Molly, was sent to bed, when he related the circumstances to Mr. and Mrs. Savage, that led him to return to California.

"Do you think she really loves you as she ought?" asked Savage, after Harcourt had concluded.

"I don't know," replied he thoughtfully; "when we met she looked unhappy. Time alone will tell."

When morning came Harcourt's first thought was to go again, and seek employment as he had so unsuccessfully done before; and knowing that his old friend, Ferguson, could assist him by his advice and information, he went to him at once.

After the welcome salutations were exchanged, Harcourt opened his mind to Ferguson, when he informed him that nothing could have been more opportune, as business had very much increased, and he wanted just such a man.

As time rolled on prosperity rewarded his faithful services to his employer in an extending and profitable business, and as he, by his frugality and untiring devotedness, had not only won the admiration and confidence of Mr. Ferguson, but had saved himself a snug little sum of money, he was admitted as a member of the firm; which, to this day, is one of the most respected and the most prosperous in San Francisco.

He kept his good success to himself, occasionally writing to Lillian, as they had engaged to communicate with each other. Her letters became less frequent, as months rolled away, and so unsatisfactory were they to Harcourt that he threw down the last one with a sigh, saying, "Her love, alas! has grown very cold." He did not answer it.

The next mail brought letters from home with a blackened seal. His beloved father was no more, and he so far away that he could not receive his parting blessing. It was hard for him to accept consolation from the many friends around him, in this his greatest affliction. He regretted his leaving home, and would have given all that he had earned could he but have seen his father's face once more e'er his departure to the land of spirits. Earthly pleasures now charmed him no longer. He had met with too many disappointments, and drunk too many times of the bitter cup of affliction, to trust it longer.

* * * * * * *

A year and a half has passed away, and prosperity still smiles upon Bernard Harcourt. Each night he may be seen seeking a snug and comfortable home on the hill side, overlooking our magnificent Ba[illegible], and where the climbing rose and woodbine partly hide it from view; but where, within, there is a loving hearted watcher awaiting a return from his daily duties, and one who feels that "his very foot has music in't as he comes up the stairs." That watcher is not Lillian. Bernard, however, is married to a fair and noble lady, whose glad smile of welcome fills him with joy as he crosses the threshold of his happy home; and he now says, with pride and pleasure, that although he has traveled twice around the world, there is not her equal to be found.

And Lillian, what of Lillian? Soon after Harcourt's departure, she met with a young and fashionable man, the only son of one of her father's old friends; and as he inherited a considerable amount of money, there was no objection raised to the suit, which he pressed with so much ardor that in due time she became his wife. Lillian, however, learned, alas! too soon, that there is but *one* step from *fashionable tippling*, to beastly intoxication; for, unfortunately, he became an inebriate; his money vanished like snow before the sun; and ere two years had elapsed, Lillian was obliged to seek the shelter of her own father's roof, as much to protect herself from her brutal husband's violence, as to provide her helpless babe with the common comforts of life.

HOME is man's ark when trouble springs,
When gathering tempests shade the morrow;
And woman's love the bird that brings
His peace-branch o'er a flood of sorrow.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.

Only weak minds allow their judgments to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

MANAGING A WOMAN.

"Show me a man that can manage a woman."
[*Old Block.*

Do you speak from experience, Mr. Block?—or, are you so far without the pale of woman's influence, that you have become a misanthrope? If not, look around you, and see, if among your acquaintances, there are not a few who make exceptions. Can you find none? Then, let me point you to two or three of mine.

Do you see, that pale, care-worn woman, with high intellectual brow, and noble, dignified mien? She sits alone, in her little cottage, to-night, keeping sleepless vigil over a little piece of clay, which seems all too dainty for the cold earth yet to cover. The little child, the last of three, who has, for days past, struggled on the confines of eternity, is dead! The lamp in the little front parlor, emits a feeble light—emblem of the hope that is dying out in the mother's heart. God pity her—the time was, when her heart was as blythe as a May sunbeam; but, wedded to an intemperate brute, who has, long since, ceased to regard her otherwise than as a slave to his caprices; there is nothing left to her, but the grave. Her weary, throbbing head will soon recline, on the dark, damp, welcome pillow. The little babe, her bright and beautiful boy—for whom her last proud hopes were garnered up, has only gone before—the waves of the Jordan of death are already dashing over her frail form—and the friends of her youth, those who know how to appreciate her excellence—are far, far away.

I have not asked concerning her history. I only know she lives in the alley, near our house; and, that she is poor and destitute, and her husband has *managed* to crush the loving, guileless heart, that ventured her life's happiness in his keeping.

Let me introduce you to another. There is my friend, Annie P——, Mr. "Block;" I was her bridesmaid fifteen years ago—the white orange wreath, and the snowy satin dress, were not less pure than the heart that beat so confidingly beneath them. She was most beautiful; but, it is said, "intellect and heart are the worst dower of nature," and she possessed both. That attachment came nearest my idea of a love-match, than any I had met with. He, the proud, the noble-hearted, and so handsome, and, like the heroes in the old romances, with a strong arm to battle with the caprices of fortune; and she, the sweet innocent being, who looked up to him, with such child-like dependence, as one superior to herself—it seemed as if they were formed for each other. When she gave her hand at parting, a tear trembled in her eye, for we were to see each other no more—for years—perhaps never. But a letter came, telling me of all the deep bliss which she enjoyed in her new home—an out-flowing of a heart fluttering and trembling with an excess of joy; intensely beautiful were the strange day-dreams which filled her soul. It spoke of lovers' walks, of fireside readings, and of two loving hearts. Years went by, on the wings of light and shadow, and strange things were told of Edward P——. First, a rumor came that he had become a spend-thrift, and then, a gambler—and finally, that he had committed a crime, for which he was obliged

to flee to elude the officers of the law; it proved from the latter he was exculpated by some legal technicalities, but the former was too true. I wish I could picture to you, Annie, just as she is—her inner and her outer self—she is as white, as frail, and as pure as the lilly, yet, she has strong womanly character—a perfect contrast to her husband. Could you read her heart, you would there see only the records of disappointed hopes and inward conflict of her experience. They met with reverses, and he had not the courage to brave misfortune, and meet it heroically, and is now the self-indulgent, exacting man you see him. He *managed* to squander his own and his wife's fortune, and now seeks the gaming table to retrieve his losses, and the wine-cup to dull his sense of honor.

I was sitting alone, in my quiet little sanctum, the other evening, when the door opened, and Annie entered; but the bright, joyous girl of years ago stood not before me. She came to lay her head upon the only breast that could sympathize with her in this land of strangers—to tell me of her heart's sorrow. She says, "an awful thought has obtruded itself upon me of late—that of leaving my husband and returning home—what shall I do?" Do no such thing, said I, it is a fearful step for a wife to take. Be the same angel you always have been, and take God at his word, who has said, "in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not"—and she returned to her cheereless home, to suffer, and endure, and bear patiently, like a good christian as she is, until such time as an all-wise Providence sees fit to remove the burden from her heart. In God's own appointed time, she will meet with her reward, and, over her night of sorrows, stars shall arise, and she will walk by their heavenly light.

And then, there is my old seminary chum, Mr. Block, Mrs. M——d, (now a staid matron of thirty-five.) That calm, sweet countenance before you, does not look as if it masked an evil spirit, does it? No—neither does it. It is the index of as happy a heart as ever beat. And yet, could the walls of No. 9 speak, they could bear testimony to many a shameful scene; for she was the worst specimen of feminine ugliness that I ever knew. Why she quarreled with me every week, and once came near being sent home, in disgrace. Being an only child of wealthy and indulgent parents, her every wish was gratified, and she was petted and spoiled. Her wayward and impetuous spirit could not, seemingly, be swayed by gentleness; even the tears of her companions, failed to soften her heart towards them. Her reputation for being a wild and heartless girl, always preceeded her everywhere, and had found its way into the seminary before she arrived; and it was with many misgivings that I accepted her as my roommate. Wilfulness was her ruling passion, and she cared no more for the encouraging word, the tender look, the loving caress, the approving smile of her teachers and class-mates, than she did for the beautiful "book" that I one day presented to her; thinking, in my childish simplicity, to gain her friendship; she looked daggers at me, and threw it out of the window. After that, I sought no more for her confidence, and our business hours were spent apart. Two years after, I heard of her

marriage to a young clergyman, whom I knew intimately. His was the very nature to love with that devotion—which the poets of old have sung—but his choice was to every one a mystery! He yielded up the treasures of his love to the proud beauty; and if ever I saw any beings in the world, whom I thought too happy, it is Mrs. M——d, and her husband. No thorns seem to have grown among the roses of their lives; and one by one comes forth the blossoms of hope and love. There is a purity in the very atmosphere of their home, which charms away the world's infections. What?—do you ask—has wrought this great change? Ah! Mr. Block, he knew just how to *manage* her; *like* begets *like*, you know—and *love* begets *love*; and the mystery of sympathy is a curious power—that which makes us feel we possess the rich blessing of a heart on which our own can lean; and, when our faults are kindly made known to us, by those to whom we have surrendered up the best and holiest affections of our natures, we are very apt to commence a reform. I have always thought, and still persist in thinking, that a good man, can make of his wife almost what he pleases.

BESSIE.

A HOMELESS NATION.

The following from the New York *News* is applicable, to a greater or less extent, to every city and village in the country:

The present generation lives on the sidewalk. The ladies pay seventy-five dollars for a bonnet to adorn Broadway, and they sweep the pavements with the costliest silks. Our sole aim now is to create a sensation at the hotel or boarding-house table. Our flirtations are carried on in Broadway, on promenade, and our young and blushing brides commence the honeymoon on a steamer. We no longer live for ourselves, and for the calm enjoyment of the family circle; we only exist to show our neighbors how very fine we can be. We live, in fact, not to please ourselves, but to astonish the Browns. The household gods have been packed up in an old trunk and put in the cellar, and we have only one sincere, genuine worship in the world—its temple the marble goods-box in Broadway, and the high priest is Stewart. The result of this is even now beginning to be visible in the lax public virtue, and private morality. The centre of all godliness, home, is disappearing, and we shall not be astonished to hear it announced that the next generation will be conducted by patent labor-saving machinery, and farmed out by contract at fashionable hotels.

This living in public, in addition to the laxity of personal morality it engenders, which will produce two enormous classes of society, the distinctions in which will be, simply, master and self-tyrant and slave! That noble republican simplicity and independent quality, which carried our infant republic of three millions of freemen through the appalling struggle of '76, will be replaced by a mere Helotism, which will render our present force of thirty millions inferior in all respects.

We repeat, that the great defect in our system is the abolition of the sentiment of home, which will inevitably lead to extravagance, debt, dependence and bankruptcy.

A kind *no*, is often more agreeable than an unkind *yes*.

MANY a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has become frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, and savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE SHEPHERDS OF MOUNT JURA.

"Come, Pierre," said I, thundering at the door of my servant's room, "get up! I'm off for the Jura Mountains."

"What can your honor want in such a desolation as that? Why, I have lived there, man and boy, off and on, for seven years; and never had as many hours sleep the whole of that time."

"Why, you are always harping upon sleep. What has your sleep, or want of it, to do with my journey hither?" I replied, "Come, get up, and pack my valise, or I shall be off without you."

There's nothing to be got in that *maudit pays* but fleas and snow-water! What in the world can the Doctor want in that blind place?" muttered Pierre, loud enough for me to hear, as I made my way down stairs to the little cafeé of the pretty romantic village, or rather town of Arbois.

A few words about its pretty, natural pictures:—Nothing can exceed the beauty of its situation. It is placed high and dry, amidst clumps of well-grown trees, on the romantic Loue, and is crossed by two stone bridges, about sixteen miles from Besançon. Just outside of the town, are to be seen the venerable relics of one of the finest old castles in France. It was the favorite residence of the old dukes of Bourgogne; and, judging from its majestical remains, these old gentlemen must have had lofty notions of the honor and dignity of *the ancien regime.* Almost all the old towns in this arrondisement have their chateaux celebres, which would take a month's inspection, to do them justice.

I had just left the celebrated Doubs' Leap, a cataract, eighty-seven feet high, the finest in this part of France, and that is saying something. I never shall forget the scene I witnessed on my approach to it—the savage nature of the gorge, through which almost the whole waters of the Doubs dashes perpendicularly down this distance, causing a thundering roar, and dashing up cloudy foam and spray, only equalled, perhaps, by our Yo-Hamite and Niagara.

Tired of Pierre's yawns, (the fellow, verily, some day, is destined to see his jaws part company forever,) I saddled my own steed, and left him more than three parts asleep, to do the like office for himself; and making my adieux to the obliging hostess and her pretty little daughter, I jogged on at break of day, on a journey to the Juras. The air was as fresh as myself, and I fully realized the poet's utterance:

"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet;
"With charm of earliest birds—"

My old horse was in the same happy vein as myself, and carolled and snorted like a young colt. Ten miles soon passed—and another ten—and still nothing of sleepy Pierre. Well, I suppose he's gone to bed again, thought I.—No, that can't be; I am his debtor to the amount of a hundred francs, and that will keep his eyes open, if it does not shut his mouth from yawning. The day passed—and another—and another; no Pierre.

I had just entered the district of the Jura, and began to look out for the Reculet, Tendre, la Dole, and Colombier, the highest points in the crest of the eastern chain of these magnificent mountains, when who should I see, directly opposite, on some mad animal, in the attitude, almost, of flying, legs, and arms, and whip moving, with wonderful jerks of velocity, but the lost sheep, Pierre.

"Why, from what hole in the clouds have you fallen?" said I, "Pierre, I had long ago numbered you among the seven sleepers, never to rise again."

"Master," said he, "'twas the francs that awoke me, I dreamt that you had paid me, and given me my discharge; but I awoke and found it a lie; and here I am making up for lost time."

"Well! that's pretty well!" said I. "So you suppose I am to pay you for attending upon myself."

"But, Monsieur might have commanded my services."

"Eh bien!" said I, "and so I might those of King Louis Philippe; but there is a probability of his not attending to such command."

"*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur, comme vous voulez*," growled Pierre, "let's make for yonder chalet, I know the keeper. We may get something for our horses and ourselves, but as for beds, Monsieur."

"You have had enough sleep, at Orndas, to last you as long as I shall remain here; so do not let us hear any more grumbling on that account," said I.

I had come thus far, to collect specimens of petrifactions for my cabinet, with which the eastern sides of the Jura abound. Here are magnificent samples of oolites; some good alabaster, almost transparent; and marbles of the richest vein; asphalte, gypsum, stalactites, in abundance. In some nooks you suddenly alight upon grottoes of the latter, surrounded by miniature and picturesque waterfalls, which burst upon you, in the most pleasing manner. And here is the great naturalist's puzzle—two or three strata of rocks, of quite a foreign kind to those of any other part of the Jura. One would think some mighty volcano had transferred them thither.

We arrived at the chalet in good time. Pierre shrugged up his shoulders at its outside appearance looking first at me, and then at the host, as much as to say, "can you put up with the nothingness this fellow has to offer?" But I made no scruple, sat down on a vacant three legged stool, took out my meerschaum, puffed away, and left Pierre to find out the way to be as comfortable as myself.

These chalets are substantial looking houses, serving as habitations for the herds; stores, for dairy produce; sheds, for cattle; and inns, for stray passengers. In these the cows, many of them numbering hundreds, are milked, and their cheese and butter are made. Every twenty cows has one herdsman, and every eighty has one cheese-maker. These great droves are taught to come of their own accord, to be milked, and to go away again to pasture, in the utmost order. In mild weather they never lair in the chalets, only in cold weather. Their stalls extend along the whole length of the building, arranged in two rows, head to head; and they feed from a manger that runs from one end of the apartment to the other. In that part of the tenement inhabited by the herdsmen, (there are never any women among them, men do every thing,) the chief head quarters, are about fourteen feet square; in the center stands a stove, the smoke of which issues out through a tube, carried up a wide chimney, kept close from the wind side by an ingenious trap door, that turns to accommodate the wind, and to keep out the smoke.

Around one of the stoves, in such a habitation, I used often to listen to the patriarchal herdsman, and many a tale of thrilling interest did I add to my budget; some I noted, as follows:

"It was at least fifteen years ago, when the greatest snow storm, remembered by the oldest inhabitant, fell. I was then herding with old J. * * * * We had been blocked up for five days, and our cattle were getting restless; our number was fifteen hundred head. We used to smoke and doze, doze and smoke, through the livelong day, tired of our existence. On the fifth night, 't was St. Denis' Day, when you know we ought to be far away from the mountains by that time; for then, the winter sets dead in; but it had been an unusually mild season.

"On this night, we had just made up our litter, when that distant, indescribable rumbling, loud crackling of an avalanche was heard. I thought there was no time to be lost, so I ran up to the upper roof; when, just at the moment, as I reached the last stave of the ladder, the field of ice came sliding down, and shaved off the top of our chalet, as clean as a scythe would take a head of

clover. I lost all consciousness, and when I came to my senses, I found myself in bed, in Father Stephen's house, in the hospice, and learnt that the chalet's whole inmates, numbering some ten men, without myself, together with the whole of the cattle, had perished; and when I had recovered from my sick bed, many weeks after, the greater part of the avalanche had slid further down, and the snow had melted behind it; and when I visited the spot, the scene was most horrible. There were my former companions, discovered seated round the stove, with their arms intertwined amongst each other, with their dead, glassy eyes glaring, and mouths distorted in every conceivable horrible shape. The poor animals had broken their tethers, and had, many of them, been jammed in a corner, having carried away the timber of their stalls. Dozens of them had their legs torn from their bodies, some had been ripped up by the horns of others, in their endeavors to escape. It took nearly two weeks to dispose of them, and I cannot bear to dwell on the scene. My merciful and miraculous safety is a theme to me of constant gratitude."

"Ah!" cried another, "that was old Detrais' chalet; somehow or other the place never prospered, and never will. Have you never heard of the murder of the two brothers in that chalet? I'll tell you how it happened. 'Twas discovered by one of their cows."

"A cow!" said I. "Who ever heard of a cow turning police officer? After this, one need not be surprised, in one of these marvellous days, to find one performing on the tight rope."

"However you may doubt it, Monsieur, it is the fact. Nor ought you to be surprised at their having no less sagacity than other animals. Why, don't you know, amongst our countless herds, there are thousands, when our graze breaks up for the dead winter, that are led back, without a herdsman, by some venerable, wise matron of the drove, miles and miles away, to their own village, where they arrive safe and well, without any loss or hindrance, and, perhaps, in better condition than if they had been under the guidance of a herdsman.

"Well, to go on with my story. These two brothers had a quarrel, and didn't speak to one another for weeks. Their herdsman, observing this, took it into his head to take advantage of it; and one night, amongst a dish of champynors, of which both were marvellously fond, he took occasion—at least, 'twas thought so on the trial—to sprinkle a handful of arsenic over them, in the pan, and by this means caused their death. Each died, swearing and cursing, and accusing the other as the cause of his death. The murderer buried their bodies under the planking of an old leader's lair; and, for a while, their absence was not noticed. But the herdsman, either to drown conscience, or in too much haste to enjoy the proceeds of his villany, was often discovered intoxicated; and, while so, was seen throwing about a good deal of money. This excited suspicion, on account of his former poverty, and the Mayor, hearing strange rumors, caused a search to be made throughout the whole Department; and, on their coming to the old chalet, this old cow's strange antics, of biting the planks, and endeavoring to pierce them with her horns, drew them to the spot; and when the planks were removed, there they lay, all doubled up, like a heap of old clothes, with some of their limbs chopped off, because they could not be laid straight, and having become rigid and contorted in death by much suffering. These old leader cows are always favorites, and their herdsman have always some tit-bit of food for them. The loss of these usual marks of favor, no doubt, caused the animal's sagacity to show itself in this manner."

With such, and many other narratives, we were wont to pass the night. Friend Pierre, in the meantime, despite of the fleas, finding entertainment and consolation always in long draughts of snoring sleep.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWS MR. H. TAKING ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES, AND BY OPPOSING ENDS THEM—OLD TRICKS UPON YOUNG TRAVELERS—ANOTHER TRIO.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. H. fearing to lose his passage, waited upon a party at Liverpool, in connection with Messrs. Suit & Nabb; he detailed, in a very summary and graphic manner, how he and his wife had been victimized, and requested their advice how to proceed. As no time was to be lost, that worthy immediately furnished him with funds to replace what had been stolen. His own outfit fitted him to a T; but as for that of Mrs. H. she couldn't be suited, "not no how;" but knowing the importance of promptitude in all matters relating to embarcation, she was "obleeged to take just what they please to give her, and to be satisfied."

The last gun of that comfortable steamer—the Asia—proclaimed its departure just at the very time when Dickory and suite had set foot on board, and the chapter of their experiences was about to commence. Mrs. H. and Flory were charmed with their state cabin, and anticipated a delightful voyage. Dickory, with a shilling weed, puffed away all his vexations, and was soon charmed with everything and everybody. For three days did these comfortable feelings exist; but on the fourth day "that ugliest of all sows, a sou'wester," caused a great many grunts and squeaks, destroying the harmony of many a pleasant circle, and taking the conceit out of many a would-be-old-salt. It was amusing to observe how one after another they retired into the precincts of their cabins, when they observed the stewards busy in adjusting the table rails to confine and reduce the edibles to proper order and proper behavior at dinner. To some who had experienced the horrid *malaria*, the hint was quite enough; to others, who had to make the experience, the preparation seemed superflous and ridiculous. All above, in awful stillness, were, each man at his place, anxiously awaiting the blast, while the captain ever and anon diving below, and consulting, with his physician the mate, the fevered pulse of the barometer, looked with that imperturbable gravity, that the reader may have noticed in the hangman, who is about to take the life of a creature as a matter of course.

And now came "the war big with elemental strife." Mr. H. had already escorted Mrs. H. to her stateroom, as she felt "quite overallish," as she said, and had prescribed that sovereign cure for all complaints among women at a certain age and station; albeit brandy, when, on returning to the saloon, he began to feel "desperate queer himself." His walk, not adapted to the lurchings of the ship, caused him to make several saltatory movements, such as a bear might be supposed to make, who, for the first time, had essayed to walk without the proverbial hot plates. These movements were so grotesque, and his gestures on the occasion so comical, as to attract the notice of a coterie of three young gentlemen seated there, and to afford them abundance of amusement. They had long wanted a butt for their shafts of pleasantry, and Dickory and his family were just the proper objects to alight upon. Dick observed it all, but was too ill, even to make a remark upon their ill-timed sport; but thought he, my fine fellows, it shall be my turn next.

"Where is Adam," said Hick, looking as fishy as a dead herring in water.

"O, he's fast asleep, thanks be. How do you feel my dear?" rejoined poor Mrs. Hick, with a face utterly woe-begone.

"Queer, queer," replied H. Where's that thing with a long name that you bought at the milliner's to cure sea—sea—sea—sick—sick, up?"

"O! my—poor—poor—stummick,"

answered Mrs. H.—"As for that stuff, 'tis nothing but stick liquorice and mustard. O, O, O, dear!"

"Never mind about it being dear," replied her spouse, "if it's the rale thing.—Steward, bring,—"

"Sir?" said the steward, ubiquitous on such occasions, "What shall I bring?"

"Stick liquorice and mustard, ho, you know, anything."

The steward, taking any thing in its received sense to mean nothing, closed the door, and left the invalids to themselves.

Pass we over to the events of the second day after the storm, when the prostrate chrysalides began to arouse themselves from their cocoon blankets, etc., and to look vallient again—when good humor presided at the dinner table, and courteous strangers began to exchange kind health-inquiries amongst each other. It was on this occasion, that the coterie mentioned above, resumed their jokes upon their fellow passengers. One of them coming late to his breakfast, having had more than an usual bout of it, surrounded by his two friends, observed little Adam trotting about the saloon, and calling to him "*the young Muggins*," as he facetiously termed him, inquired what might be his name.

"Oh, Chickabidy, is it, Mr. and Mrs. Chickabidy—quite a pastowal name, I dequare," lisped out this one, designated among his own circle as the Oxford swell.

"Does Chickabiddy want the mustard pot?" said the third;—a cockney city swell,—"Chickabiddy shall have it." Then putting into the child's hand the vessel, he, to the delight of his two companions, gave to the child, nothing loth, a good spoonful of the pungent. Adam, roaring with the heat in his mouth, bawled for his mother, and a scene ensued, between the young gentlemen and Mrs. H. which baffles all description.

Hickleberry was deaf to his wife's remonstrances to expose her quarrel about this affair. "The child," he said, "had no business there, without Mary or his mother. Young men were fond of a lark, and his generous nature forgave, but did not forget, the affront." But a second assault upon this young passenger was not destined to pass so quietly off. Hickleberry, on this occasion, found his anger rising, and appealed to the Captain; who took them to task, in a manner that lowered, somewhat, their self importance and dignity. Young Adam, it appeared, had strayed from Flory, below, while she was engaged with one of this hopeful trio above, who was befooling her with his tender addresses, to afford the clique entertainment for the evening. While thus away from her guardian, the two below amused themselves by grotesquely marking the little Adam's face with ink, after the manner of one of the little Der. Frieschutz devils; this, the child took quietly enough at first, and enjoyed the joke as much as they did, until his face was shown in the looking-glass, after which the saloon resounded his cries of fright and alarm. Hickleberry's wrath, this time, was not fully appeased by the gentlemanly remonstrances of the Captain, and he waited only a fitting opportunity to be quits with them. He could have borne this impertinence, himself, as did his wife the rude glances of their quizzing eye-glasses, but to make a helpless child a butt for their ridicule, betrayed, he thought, such a dastardly character as deserved a signal punishment. However, this little storm blew off, and nothing appeared of it, for a time, and all, as the trio thought, was forgotten.

On a memorable day—the Captain's birthday—when the passengers had memorialized him, expressing their wish to celebrate it in a becoming manner, to mark their esteem for his complaisant and gentlemanly behavior, the trio dressed for the occasion: the swell, as firm as a peacock, profusely garnished with gold and jewels; the snob, in a light suit, quite *outre;* and the

bear, in a toggery, as he called it, quite *de-gar-jay*, were standing at the bottom of the stairs leading to the dining saloon, engaged in a supercilious gaze upon the dresses of the various ladies as they entered. Hickory, watching an opportunity, when no one was near them, for the signal to be given to him by a congenial spirit, poured a pot full of tar over them.

Their surprise, and the scene consequent thereon, it would be impossible for human pen to do justice to. The ladies could not restrain their laughter, and the men joined, with hearty good will, their laughing choruses; and when they made their complaint to the Captain, *in propria personæ*, the snob, with his head as if dressed for an Ethiopian performance—the swell, with his face and clothes like a spotted hyena—and the bear, with one half of his person and clothes habited in a sombre hue, and the other half (as if from some freak of the tar-pot) scarcely touched; that gentleman loudly joined the rest, declaring, as soon as his cachinations would allow him, that they had really brought the tar crisis upon themselves, and recommending them, after the lesson they had received, not to indulge in jokes again at the expense of his passengers' comforts; however, Mr. Hickleberry, no doubt, had certainly taken an undue course, for which he was scarcely justified, and he would speak to him about it.

"I'm ready," quoth Hick, hearing the Captain's speech, and standing at a respectful distance for fear of being attacked by the three at once, "to give them the satisfaction of an Englishman; how, when and where they like, with your leave, good Captain. Only allow me to beg the favor of you, to stand a little out of the way, while I finish my painting." And with that, the same congenial hand, from above, regardless of the captain, or any one near, shook a bag of white feathers over them. Their grotesque appearance, at this stage of Hick's proceedings, convulsed again the whole party in the saloon, and the large room rang again with peals of loud laughter, while the three discomfitted heroes, making all haste to their respective cabins, spent the jovial time in scraping the tar and feathers from their persons and devising means of ample revenge.

The festivities of the day closed without the august presence of any of the trio, who had already got by heart their speeches on the occasion, to signalize themselves. The result was particularly annoying to the college youth, whose prepared classical quotations had thus evaporated in smoke. On the next morning, as soon as the hands began to swab the deck, an unusual stir was taking place; something was going on above in a very mysterious manner, and many turned out of their warm berths to satisfy their curiosity.

The occasion was as follows. Dickory, on the same night, was waited upon by a youth, whose beard "no nineteen summers yet had shorn," with a challenge from each of the trio.

"What is that, my dear?" said Mrs. Hick, turning around, in apparently great suffering; for, while all this had been going on, she had been confined to her bed with her old enemy the "roomatiz."

"Nothing, my duck; only three articles on deck that want polishing off to-morrow morning, and no one there knows how to do it but myself."

"What on airth do they want you to polish so early in the morning, Mr. Hickleberry? If I was you, I should make them pay well for it."

"That you may rest assured of; I shall, my dear." Then, whispering to the boy an answer, he retired for the night and slept as soundly as a top. Not so the trio, who had ajourned behind the stoke hole, for the purpose of practising with the gloves; and, before they had done, each thought himself a match for any modern Mendoza in the noble art of self-defence.

"I calculate, as Brother Jonathan would say, that our friend Chickabiddy

will be minced meat before this time to-morrow night, Septimus."

"Nous verrong; nous verrong," responded Septimus, laying on most lustily to an imaginary Hickleberry, with the boxing gloves.

As we said before, the three worthies were pacing early, to and fro, the deck, amongst the splash of the swabbers, regardless of their cautions to get out of the way, when Hickleberry made his appearance.

"Gents," said he, "have a care what you're all about. This has been a favorite pastime of my youth; and if I love any thing in this world, more than another, it is a good game of cricket and a bout or two of boxing. But mark ye. Fair play's a jewel. One down, and the other come on. No foul monkey-tricks, or donkey-tricks; but let all be fair and above board, arranged as in the regular ring. Where's your seconds? Here's mine," said he, clapping a lad of fifteen, a stranger to him, on the shoulder, who seemed to be on the qui vive for the sport; then, stripping himself, and displaying to their astonished gaze the massive limbs of a Hercules, he put himself opposite to the snob in the most scientific position.

The instant he made this display, the poor snob became chop-fallen; he had discovered his mistake, and regretted his courtesy in ceding to his adversary the choice of weapons. However, he was in for it; and, with the hands gathering around to form a circle, he could not recede. The very foul blow of the snob, Hickleberry parried; and, in exchange, sent his opponent flying amidst the ring, with the blood spouting in profusion from his nose and mouth. He fell senseless on the knee of his second, and the two other gents, heedless of all laws of the game, rushed headlong on Hick.

"Shame! shame!" cried the bystanders. "Cowards! cowards!" echoed all present.

"Never mind," said Hick, not at all out of breath; "when there's a choice of game, I like a brace."

Their queer scientific blows fell lightly on his shoulders, for they were the only spots accessible to them; like small hammers on a large spike nail—making scarcely any impression; while those of Hick, true to their aim, told with fearful force upon their frail frames.

When both had been nicely polished off, as Hick was wont to express it, he called out for a truck It was getting cold, he said, and he would put on his shirt; and, when he had got that on, he would show them a little science.

"Why," said one of the jolly Jacks, an admirer of the art, "if we haven't seen any science yet, I don't know what you call science."

Dickory, at the third round, as it is called, began to warm on his subject, and chased the two poor discomfitted heroes round and round the after deck, exchanging blows right and left, like a steam-hammer, until a passenger thus addressed him:

"Mr. Hickleberry, let me prevail upon your generosity, to desist from punishing these young men any longer. I fear some mischief may come of it. A dozen of such men are no match for you. Let me prevail upon you."

"With all my heart, sir. Give me your hand; it belongs to a kind heart. I wanted an excuse to give over. I wouldn't hurt the young gentlemen for the world, beyond teaching them a lesson of good behavior for the future. Do me the favor, sir, to see them taken care of; for they all appear to be in a fainting condition."

"He's a trump, and no mistake; he's a hearty old cock—that he is; he's a true Briton—that's a fact;" were the ejaculations of the crew, one and all, as they resumed their work.

QUINCY, being asked why there were more women in the world than men, replied:

"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth."

This does not apply to California.

[*Concluded, from page* 284.]

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

After some years, Hans Schmeterling suspected the old schoolmaster of visiting his mother oftener than mere friendship demanded. Old Grub was too fond of spending his evening in their comfortable little parlor, and enlightening the good woman with his sage counsel, which Hans thought they could get along as well without. The old skin-flint observed, at such times, that the furniture, and other etceteras, about the house, bespoke much comfort, and said more, even, in aid of the suspicion, that good Mrs. Schmeterling had a nice little pile of money hoarded away, in some sly, out-of-the-way place. So Hans was not surprised, one lone evening, to find his mother beating about the bush, and laboring to disclose something of grave interest to her darling son.

"The long and short of it is, mother, old Grub has offered his old skinny hand to you, in marriage; but you have not accepted it, I hope," impatiently broke out Hans, who was no longer a heedless boy, but a smart, stout lad, the noticed of all the village.

"Why, Hans, what do you think of it, my boy?" simpered his mother.

"Just this," replied Hans, "that the old nip-cheese wants your money, and not you!"

"Money! Hans—you know I've no money."

No, but he thinks you have. I tell you what, mother, just to show this old Grub in his true colors, I'll go and borrow a sum of money from him, and tell him it is to pay your rent, that you are behind hand with."

"Well, that is so—for I have not paid off all the last quarter, Hans."

Away went Hans, to the old schoolmaster, who saw him trudging along the lawn, in front of his house, long before he heard his bold and fearless knock at the door. It was not now—"*Come in! don't you hear?*"—that he was answered with; but—"*Hans, dear Hans, how glad I am to see you; sit down, and make yourself at home!*" (Thought Grub, he has come to let me know how soon I may take up my quarters at his mother's cottage, and break up this

disconsolate bachelor life.) "Well, Hans, what a fine lad you are grown. What will you take?"

"Why, as much," replied Hans, modestly, but firmly, "as you are inclined to lend me. Mother's behind with her rent, and wants you to lend her thirty thalers, till next"——

"Thirty thalers! Hans,—I'm not worth half that."

"Why, I thought," said Hans, "that the hundred thalers you sent me with, the day before yesterday, to put in the bank, was yours—at least you told me so."

"Did I? Well, that might be so—at least I have the use of it; but, not exactly the use of it either—but"——

"In short," said Hans, "your friendship is not worth so much. Can you lend us ten thalers?"

"Ten! Hans—to be plain with you, I have not one thaler for any such purpose."

"Then I wish you a good morning, and many such to improve your reputation," replied Hans, as he took his leave.

Hans should not have said that; but away he trudged, and when easy Mrs. Schmeterling heard, at how much the schoolmaster estimated her friendship, and perhaps, as she thought, her affection, it was difficult to say which exhibited the most surprise—*old Grub's* disappointment, or Mrs. Schmeterling's gratification at her dear boy's wisdom and forethought.

Years again rolled on—some two or three—a bad harvest, and many local failures of small merchants, brought around much distress in Hans' native village—indeed his mother was often without a full meal, and all Hans' care and toil, added to her own, seemed to be of no avail; it merely bought bread, and often not enough of that. One morning, when the gaunt hand of want was pressing them sore, and the poor widow was in hourly expectation of being deprived of house and home—many rents being unpaid, and many tradesmen's bills, with long scores, owing—Hans rose from his bed, and, after an earnest prayer, (he never forgot that duty, children, and I hope you never will,) he bent his weary way, without his breakfast, leaving his poor old mother, almost heart-broken, in bed. Crossing the road, he espied old Grub. "I am sorry to hear Mrs. Schmeterling is so poorly," said he.

"Are you?" said Hans, and off he set, walking as fast as his legs could carry him. Turning off, up the next lane, with his heart almost ready to break, he saw, lying on the ground before him, a black morocco pocket-book. To pick it up, and open the clasp, were but the action of a moment. Out tumbled a large quantity of gold money, and on opening another tuck, bills, and notes, and silver, to a large amount, fell upon the ground; he carefully picked all up, closed the pocket-book, and put it in his pocket.

Now, thought Hans, here is a temptation; I said this morning, in my little prayer—"*lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil*," and now I see I am called upon, in the midst of my misery, to make this sore trial of my duty. However, I will take it to our minister, and although he's as poor as mother, his advice and assistance have always been ready. Good man, he sent mother, last Sunday, a part of his own poor dinner. Bless him!—what a shame that he should be worse off than old Grub."

"Hans! my noble boy!" said the good man, eyeing him with feelings of affection and admiration, "so your poor mother knows nothing of this?"

"None, but yourself, your reverence," replied Hans.

"My boy, God will reward you, for thus performing your duty, in the midst of severest temptations. Struggle on yet longer; I will advertise this money, and, if God please, I will induce the owner amply to reward your conduct."

He did publish it, and that by every public means, but, strange to say, no one could describe it, and, of course, no one could own it.

A month after this, one fine frosty morning, his Reverence made his appearance at their door. Hans and his mother were seated at their humble meal. Times had been very hard with them—as hard as the frost that chrystallized their breath on the little window of the only room of their present abode.

"Mrs. Schmeterling, I've come to take you and Hans to see a farm, that I think would be a good purchase, in the neighborhood," said the pastor.

"You are very kind, your reverence; I don't know how I should have stood the winter, without your kind assistance."

"You are wrong there, my good woman, I could not afford the one-half of what was sent to you, I am very poor myself."

"Then, upon whom have I to ask God's blessing for the deed?"

"Upon your son, your own Hans, Mrs. Schmeterling," and, with that, he told her the whole affair of his finding the pocket-book.

"Gracious! who would have thought it!" cried, and laughed, by turns, the poor old woman. "And to keep it so long a secret, from his poor, old, almost broken-hearted mother. Yet, I thought somehow, his evening prayer, before retiring to rest, when we went supperless to bed, had good hope of relief:—'Trust in God! mother, trust in God! *Who never sees the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread,*' he would say."

* * * * * *

"Mrs. Schmeterling, do you say?—Hans Schmeterling, the honest boy, who"——

"The same, Mr. Grub, the very same," said the housemaid to old Grub, as she stood rubbing his school stove, and her nose at the same time, with the back of the brush, making the latter article as black as the former—"the very same. The minister paid the gold thalers, in my very presence, while I was lighting the lawyer man's fire, on Thursday, last week."

You should have seen how old Grubs' eyes, even his mouth, stared, as the woman narrated the gossip of the village about it.

"Well! who would have thought it," muttered o'd Grub to himself; "what a fool I have made of myself. I dare say it was a trick of cunning Hans, to try my friendship. Stupid fellow, I must be, not to see it all as I now see it. Ah! a lucky thought. I will sit down this very moment, and write a few lines, as it were, showing my ignorance of her good fortune, and offering my kind sympathies in her distress, thereunto appending my sincere regret that my inability has disenabled me to do this before, and begging her acceptance of the enclosed five—no, say ten—aye, ten thalers. I can afford to give a shrimp to catch a herring. I know Hans' goodness of heart. He will call the next morning to thank me, with tears in his big blue eyes, and hearty shake of the hand, and give me, at the same time, a cordial invitation to see his farm. I see—I see. Let me alone for a stratagem, mumbled the old man between his bare gums. I am not so old yet, but that I may confer the honor of the name of Grub on his old nurse Schmeterling.

He sent the letter by the woman—but wondered all the next day, and the next after that, seeing no Hans Schmeterling. The boy is busy in his new farm, thought he. I will go over and congratulate him, having just heard, by mere accident, of his extraordinary good fortune!

"Good morning, Mr. Grub, walk in," said the ruddy young farmer. "I received your kind gift, and lost no time in sending it over to the old woman, your poor old sister, in the alms-house, just by. It would have done your affectionate heart good, to have heard the blessings she poured on your reverend head."

Hang the old woman, my sister! thought old Grub; the money is thrown away, and Hans is laughing at me.

And this was the fact—Hans and his mother laughed outright, and Grub taking his hat, and thumping the top of it, when on his head, ran out of the farm-yard, slamming the gate after him; and he soon afterwards died, afflicted with *many* rheumatics, in a *one* room attic.

As for Hans, I have not done with him yet. He married, and had a charming family. On the birth of his third child, and first boy, as they were merry-making—celebrating the event—a knock came at the door, and upon opening it, some men, with lighted torches, were seen, bearing, on a litter, an elderly man, who had been thrown out of the diligence, when passing that way; and as Hans' farm was the nearest dwelling, he was taken there, being sure of a kind reception; for Hans was known, far and wide, to possess a kind heart, and a helping hand, to all in distress or want. The stranger was unclothed, and put to bed in the best room; and this event entirely put a stop to all farther merry-makings, that night; and the doctor, who was fortunately present, found he had three patients instead of two—the mother and child.

It was many months before he got well — for several of his ribs were broken, his left arm badly dislocated, and the whole of one side one huge bruise. However, by means of his good constitution, and the careful nursing of Mrs. Hans Schmeterling, and the skill and pains of the worthy doctor, and the kind attention of the village pastor—Hans' best friend—he, at last, quite recovered. The first day he rode out, Hans showed him all over his farm, his greatest pride and delight, next to that of his family. Pausing, at one turn of the road, the stranger suddenly remarked—"why, this is the very place, where, seven years ago, I lost a large sum of money, and it was on this very spot, I do believe, the diligence was upset then—and where I, but for your kind care, should have ended my days."

Hans listened with astonishment—but his cheek was not flushed, nor did he betray any marked emotions of surprise, while the late invalid continued.

"I have, thank Heaven, amply recovered my loss, since, and my health is now better than ever it was. I feel no more inclination to travel. I have no family. I have no soul, beyond mere acquaintances, who care a kreutzer for me. If you would consent to my taking up an abode with you, I should end the remainder of my days happily. Money is of no consideration with me, in comparison with the daily satisfaction I should experience in having the innocent and peaceful delights of your little social circle. Your family has been to me a source of much pleasure—and the cheerful society of your amiable mother, and your exemplary wife, and, last of all, your entertaining and sensible conversation, have become a part of my very existence, so that I know not how I can live, deprived of them. Consent, my dear friend, to add one more to the cares of your happy heart, and in so doing, be assured, you shall never have cause to regret it."

Hans took the hand of the stranger. His feelings for a while almost choked the utterance of the words he wished to express. In a few short sentences he told him all that he held was his; all, except the dear ones of his family.

The next day, after this confession, the stranger made over to Hans, by a deed of gift, the whole of the farm purchased with this money he had lost; and which, by a kind Providence, had fallen in such worthy hands.

I have no more to add, my children, but that Hans, "the good-for-nothing," lived, a blessing to the poor, an example to the rich—and that all who knew him, found him never wanting, in any kind of office; but was, always, instead of "the good-for-nothing," the good-for-everything.

Remember all that is truly good and beautiful in life, blooms around the altar of domestic love.

Literary Notices.

The Hills of the Shatemuc, by the author of the "Wide, Wide World." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The characters in this work are all well drawn, and possess much interest. The picture of farm life is so true to nature, that every one familiar with it must recognize it at once as a faithful picture; and the noble impulses of the self-sacrificing mother will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many. The various characters, however, though well drawn, in too many instances are left unfinished. In the beginning, too, the work bids fair to carry with it a high toned and important moral, but which is evidently lost sight of at the end; and no work of this kind, in our opinion, should close with this important omission.

California Inn-Doors and Out. Or, *How we Farm, Mine, and Live Generally in the Golden State.*—By Eliza W. Farnham. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Farnham is the talented lady who first sought to benefit California, in 1849, by the introduction of a number of intelligent, virtuous and efficient women; and who has made her home among us since that time, occasionally giving lectures in public.

The volume before us, while it briefly alludes to her original proposition, is more in defence of motives, than to trouble the reader with the details of its failure.

The volume before us we repeat, is descriptive of adventure, climate, scenery, soil, population and production.—Of mining, farming, grape-growing, gardening, milling, ranching, and dreaming.—Of men and women, their education, pursuits, social habits, and condition; of what they have been, are, and can be. In fact, of almost everything that is interesting in and to Californians, from digging gold to raising calves; not omitting some suggestions of improvement to men and women.

It is an interesting book, fluently and pleasingly written, and we commend it to our readers. It is, moreover, the first book that has been written in, or concerning California, by a lady. Buy it.

Editor's Table.

To an independent and noble nature, but few things are more annoying and humiliating than to be in debt; especially when surrounding exigencies and empty coffers preclude and postpone its speedy and honorable payment; and but few transactions in business give greater pleasure and satisfaction than the ability to pay, when a just bill is presented.

On looking over the debtor side of our memory's ledger, for the six months last past as the lawyers would have it, we find a long account with friendly contributors, subscribers, and a host of well-wishers, that we never expect to be able fully to pay; and, whatever may be the interpretation put upon it, we must confess that it neither humbles nor annoys us.

We cannot close our eyes to the fact, even if we would, that the many imperfections, so naturally attendant upon a new undertaking, have been generously overlooked; and almost every one has spoken a kindly word for us and our enterprise, and none more so than the California press, throughout the State; for which, we beg of one and all, at this festive season, that they accept our most hearty thanks as *our* "New Year's Present;" and, as Time gently lifts the curtain of another year, and Hope gilds the horizon of our little world of cares, we will endeavor to make our Magazine more worthy of their kind ap-

proval; ever striving to keep in view the expressive word "Excelsior;" that, as time flies, it may bring improvement with it.

At this festal season, too, a few monedictory and consolatory words from the Editor, to the opposite and various classes forming a reading public—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the successful and the unsuccessful—may not, if even common-place, be out of place.

The Monedictory.—To the Young, we would say—Improve your time. Time flies with the speed of the wind, scattering the chaff of Idleness before it, but leaving the good seed of Industry to bring forth its timely fruit.

To the Rich—You are made, by an All-wise Providence, the constituted guardians of the fatherless, the widow, and the poor. See that you perform that duty aright, or, sooner or later, perhaps too late, you will repent it. You say, you must look to your own family. The community at large is your own family; and if one of its helpless ones perish by neglect or want, you are morally guilty of the crime of homicide, and that sentence will be passed upon you at your trial before an incorruptible Judge.

To the Successful—May the good genius of good luck still be with you. You have found out the paying strata, where plenty of the yellow dust is most picturesquely scattered. Do you lend a helping hand to the poor fellow who lies prostrate before you, struck down to the very earth by the repeated blows of bitter disappointment. Put a little of your dust in his dirt, by helping him to a good claim; and administer to him the words, Cheer up, old mate! Try again, my hearty! Never say die! Better luck next time, and plenty of it!

The Consolatory.—To the Old—You need not be reminded that a few more festival pages, like the present, must close your Book of Life. Let us hope that you have been useful in your generation; that you, too, have lent a helping hand to the helpless, in advice and from the pocket; that your example has become, like a full wheat-ear, just ripe for the granary; that your sons and daughters around you are vieing with each other to smooth your downward path. Still, be happy. If your sun is about to set, they will know that its last rays promise a bright and everlasting morrow, and you will meet them again, never more to be separated.

After they have softened down your pillow, where you are to take your last sleep, it will appear to you, when you wake again, but as yesterday that you saw them. You will have left all your infirmities and sorrows behind, and will have a renewed existence, capable of enjoying, without alloy, and for ever, all their fond endearments.

To the Poor and Unsuccessful, we would say—Take heart! there are some good people and some good luck left in the world yet, despite appearances, however you may despair of it. Be up and stirring! Do any thing! Battle with your apparent fate; and, at last, you will say, who would have thought it? if I had not tried the one hundredth time, my ninety-nine labors had been without their reward.

The Valedictory.—To All—We have endeavored, and shall still endeavor, to inculcate, in our writings, the sentiments of a holy bond of brotherhood to mankind, by every possible example; feeling our duty to be only half done, if we assist to develope the vast resources of this great country, while we leave unurged the paramount one of upholding every element that conduces to constitute a community of sufficient moral power to avail itself of them.

Farewell! a kind farewell! a grateful farewell to all; until another Christmas, if it please God to spare our pen, and call us to a like duty of reciprocating kind offices of advice, consolation, comfort, encouragement and entertainment.

We have several times called the attention of the public to *California's only pecuniary salvation* being, in an ABUNDANT and exhaustless supply of WATER; as no one presumes to doubt that the immediate available wealth of California, unquestionably, to a great extent, lies in her gold fields. For the successful developement of this wealth, the introduction of water through artificial channels, to extensive and rich placers, otherwise destitute of a supply, for their working, is of the highest importance. Not only are enterprises of this character of incalculable value in promoting the general welfare, but, in numerous in-

stances, they have proved most valuable and productive investments.

In this we are reminded that, even now, on our list of friends is a practical engineer who can command ten thousand dollars, and who is desirous of an interview with some person or company having a like sum to invest in the construction of a new mining canal less than twenty miles in length, in a locality where none at present exists, and where, if one is constructed, there can be no other with an adequate supply of water. The canal will command a large scope of excellent mining country, and besides the hydraulic power furnished for mining and milling purposes, the water can be used for the irrigation of hundreds of acres of the finest orchard, grain, grass, and meadow lands to be found upon the Pacific coast; and if once introduced for this purpose, will ever afterwards be indispensable.

The entire work, we are assured, can be completed, easily, in six months, at a cost not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, and will pay from fifty to one hundred per cent. per annum.

One has thus begun, let others come, by thousands, to the rescue, for water we want, and WATER WE MUST HAVE.

Having received and published several pieces from the well written manuscript paper that is weekly circulated in the Benicia Young Ladies' Seminary, so prettily named "The Wreath," we felt desirous of looking upon the fair flowers which composed it. Accordingly, we paid them a visit, at the closing examination of the session; and we must say that we have never looked upon a more cheerful and intelligent group of happy faces than the pupils in this Seminary. We shall now look with additional interest upon the bright flowers culled from the sunny gardens of their imagination; assuring them that they have our hearty good wishes for their prosperity and success. From the closing Number of the session, we select the following—first the Editorial.

Of the *character* of the pieces we will not speak particularly. No one can expect from pupils of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, that maturity of thought and clearness in expression which is looked for in those who have the *rational principle* fully developed and cultivated. We consider ourselves as children every day learning something new. We feel convinced that this paper has been of great benefit to us all, in allowing us to write out our thoughts and emotions just as they have arisen spontaneously in our minds. We never can correct any bad habit until we see it. When we hear the paper read, we can see faults in the style and composition of our pieces that we could not detect in any other way. We know that many of us have improved greatly in composition, writing and reading through the medium of the WREATH. —We shall soon separate, to spend the vacation at our own dear homes, but we fondly hope that many of us will assemble again within these loved walls to renew our studies. We will hope to hear occasionally through the WREATH from those who do not return.

The first editress of our paper was Miss Emily A. Walsh; she still remains one of our most valued contributors. As our school has increased in numbers it was found that the task of copying and reading was too laborious for one, therefore, during the past year, two have been selected each week, upon whom devolved the duty of correcting and transcribing all the pieces furnished, and also of reading the paper before the school.

We have but few remarkable events either of joy or sorrow to record. During the past year, four of our contributors have left us and entered into a "new State," one not yet laid down in our *school maps*, viz: the "State of Matrimony." We should be glad to receive articles for our paper from their pens, but can scarcely expect it, now that more important duties claim their time and attention. Two of our loved schoolmates have entered the spirit land, one of them a contributor to our columns. They were both greatly beloved by us all while they shared our joys and labors, and we deeply mourn their early departure. They are only removed, however, to a *Higher School* where they may learn *lessons of Heavenly wisdom* of the *Great Teacher Himself*. Let us all strive to imitate their virtues that we too may be ready whenever we are called "to come up higher."

THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

The household band!—'tis broken now;
The links that bound love's golden chain
Are tossed upon the stormy waves
Far, far upon life's crested main.

The loved!—the dear ones! Scattered far
On, on amid the wide world roam,
Far distant from their native clime—
From sunny childhood's happy home.

One wandered far in search of fame,
"Hope's bow of promise" in the sky,

They placed the laurels on his brow
And sadly laid him down to die.

And then, upon a distant shore,
They gently bore him to his grave;
One loved one, from the household band,—
One bark engulfed in death's dark wave.

And soon an angel summons came;
The fairest of the household band,
Mid heavenly songs and murmurs low,
Was beckoned to a heavenly land.

The brightest flower was crushed and dead;
The ransomed spirit flown afar;—
Again a death—a broken link—
The loved, the lost, the household star.

And when the mother's aged form
Was bending low, while silent tears
Were on her cheek, and on her brow
Were clustered all the woes of years.

And oh! a heavenly call was heard,
A whisper from the realms above;
And then, the household band had lost
A priceless gem—a mother's love.

And soon the spirit world was spread
Before the father's weary feet;
And safely was he enclosed there,
Where loved and dear ones gladly meet.

A pall hung o'er the cottage home;
The mother's gentle voice no more
Arose to welcome loved ones home
Each evening at the open door.

And now, the few, the lingering few,
Are wanderers from their native land;
The sun is set, the night-cloud dark,
For broken is the household band.

LILY-BELL.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S.—We don't know.

C. G.—We shall act upon your advice, and "take the kinks out" as we like it.

George H.—By no means.

Joe.—Maxwell's Creek.—If you don't send us your address and an invitation too, that we may "drop in" and make one of the "dreamers" when we come your way—why, there will be another grave needed near your cabin, and the first letter on the stone will be J. If we cannot accomplish it, either Ben or Charley will be sure to help us;—and then, Mr. J. where will you be, think you? Keep her going, boys, and the family of the "large hearts" and the happy, will generally increase.

Harry N.—"No sirree!" "not a once." Did you never hear of a poor fellow once becoming immensely rich by simply minding his own business?

Coon Creek—Is received; and, with several others on the same subject, will be attended to next month.

W. B. S.—Filed for next issue.

J.—We shall be happy to see you, for we like those friends whose hearts are as large as a miner's bread-barrel; and we think yours *must be*—nearly.

W. D. C.—Is not well written; and, moreover, it has the common fault of being *spread out* so much as to make it useless. Besides, "haste" is no excuse for slovenly composition.

Thos. M.—Send it along. We like short articles, full of good thoughts; as they, in our estimation, are worth a cart-load of long ones, containing but very little; the latter we have no use for—"nohow."

L., Alameda.—Is received.

J., Monte Christo.—We are very sorry for you. Send us an onion, that we may weep.

T. H.—We cannot help it. Your letter, containing *fifty cents*, cost us, by express, "four bits." Always send by mail.

Jesse M.—We know one young gentleman who, like you, was impatient to return to his lady-love in Charleston; and, poor fellow, he went—*without the dimes;* and, after the first "sweet" meeting, he told her "that sad tale;" and what do you think she said? Why, this: "Charley, you don't want *vaccinating* for the simples as you have them naturally. *I don't want a simpleton.* Do you understand? A precious husband you'd make. Pshaw! Go to the land of gold, and then come home without any. No, sir. I wish you a very good evening." And she gave him the mitten; and the girls all said that "it served him right." So, draw your own inference.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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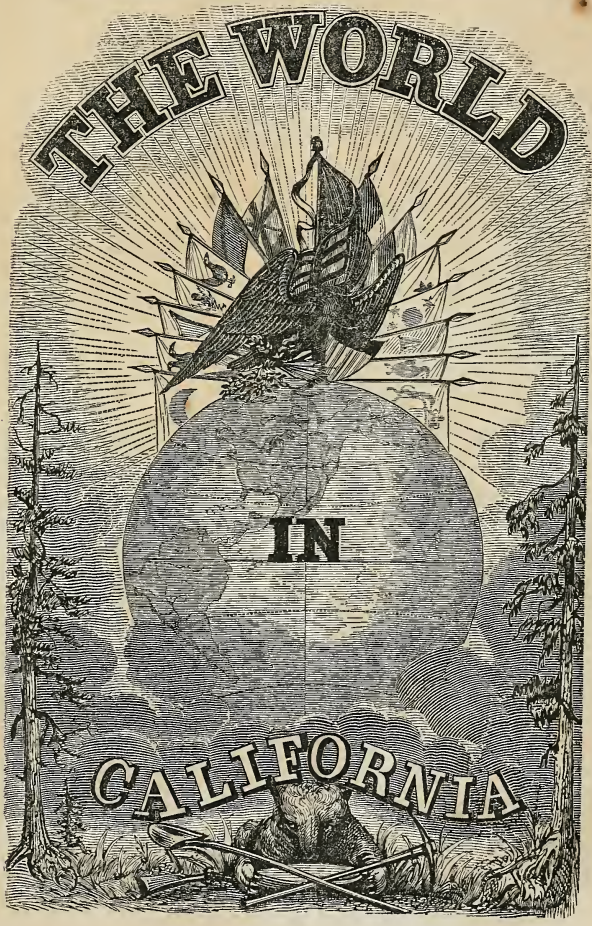


THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Yes, good friends, we are about to exhibit to you the World in California; as great a truth as that California is in the world; and if the exploit of Homer's immortal poem of the Iliad, containing twenty-four books, written on parchment, and enclosed in a nutshell, was a marvel, how much greater wonder must that be which brings all nations into such a nut shell as California. If the world is made up of all peoples, we here show that there are people here from the whole world.

THE INDIAN.

Our description of character must necessarily be brief, as a full analysis cannot be attempted in a work like this, and in an age and country in which everything seems to be required to bear the insignia of brevity.

But a prominent feature of our Magazine we intend shall ever be its pictorial character, as being more expressive than words, for—

"They are the
Registers, the chronicles of the age
They are made in, and speak the truth of history,
Better than a hundred of your printed
Communications."

Man of the desert, forest, and prairie! O how short is thy destiny! Wherever thou plantest thy foot, the sure onward march of the white man treads on thy heel, crowding thee out, as a newspaper narrative of a bygone time. The wild wail of the spirit of thy forefathers, borne on the winds and the waters, tells how their spotless and childlike life became first corrupted by the fire water of the white man. How he next scattered enmity amongst their tribes, and divisions amongst their ranks. And how the children of the prairie strung the stalwart bow, and pointed the poisoned arrow against their common enemy. But their shafts, thick and fast, fell on the faces of the white men like flakes of snow; exciting only their derision. Then the sharp crack of the murderous rifle, true to its aim, each selecting a victim, hewed down their valiant ranks, leaving nothing but the deluge of their blood to tell of their valor, and what it once had been! Alas! what has civilization done for thee? The pathless waste, the stunted glade, the barren rock, the lonely shores, await the remnants of thy tribes; their solitudes groan for the last of thy race, and soon shall the hollow winds howl their last dirge over thee.

The Indians before us, inaccessible to any improvement, are but the dregs of what are left of them. Their wives are as much their beasts of burthen as their horses, and their horses they use as mere machines, which they so unmercifully load as to justify the expostulation of the Yankee, "get down, ar'nt eight enough for a donkey." Dressed

in the loathsome cast off garments of chance; fed upon acorns, roots, and grass-hoppers, they eke out a life of squalor, wretchedness, and misery, and as if to aid in the extermination of every relic of their race, burn the last remains of their untimely dead.

THE PIONEER.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Whittier.

One of nature's noblemen; lord of circumstances; master over exigencies; conqueror of the wilds; tiller of the forest; tamer of nature; provider for the needy; leader of the pathless wild; pilot of the trackless ocean. He stands, trusty rifle in hand, with his faithful dogs beside him, a match for whole tribes of wild Indians, for whole herds of wild beasts. Eagle sagacity is in his eye; a giant's strength in his arm. His manly figure inspires confidence, and his tongue banishes all fear. Who would hesitate to follow, where he leads? Who could flinch when he holds on? Scorning to be clothed in the dainty garments of the toilet, whatever he wears has a grace about it that speaks nobility of mind and grandeur of body. He wants for nothing; and while he is following the bent of his own inclination, he is unwittingly, or without a thought of it, laying the foundation for the mightiest of empires, and the most magnificent of cities.

In the Miner (see next page) we present you the great throbbing heart of California, whose pulsations have made her what she is, an anomaly among the countries of the earth; and we present him in all the honest dignity of a "forty-niner," and with implements as rude and primitive as was his experience in gold digging, at that time. The short handled spade has long since given place to the long handled, nicely balanced, and pointed shovel; and the pick to one far more delicately curved, and with the large end of the handle turned the other way. Indefatigable in everything he undertakes, appertaining to his avocation, with money or without, he turns

THE MINER.

Without him our agriculture, our commerce, our prosperity would be a fable, our history a myth, California a "humbug." With an independence of action in keeping with the perfect freedom of his volition, under no control or restraint that his better judgment does not prompt him to exercise, he speaks his mind when, where, and how he will, and holds himself personally responsible for its utterance.

Noble hearted, generous, and hospitable, even to prodigality, sharing his last slice of bacon or his dollar with the worthy unfortunate, he has been a liberal patron of every monied institution of the State, from the ten-pin alley, up or down, to banking houses; and generally the loser by every transaction.

He is a great reader, and exhibits much sagacity in his selection of books, papers, and periodicals, for he always reads all he can get.

He almost invariably attends church on Sunday, or visits some city, town, or village where there ought to be one,—and though he seldom works on that day, his presence in town makes everybody else work. His weekly supply of "grub," and his one "square meal" on Sunday, he will have; picks must be the river from its ancient bed, and hangs it, for miles together, in wooden flumes upon the mountain's side, or throws it from hill to hill, in aqueducts that tremble at their own airy height; or he pumps a river dry, and takes its golden bottom out. He levels *down* the hills, and the same process levels *up* the valleys; he "drives a tunnel" through a mountain, or in twain, by a "deep cut," divides it; and with cast iron stamps, he pounds the rocks of the mountains into dust.

No obstacle so great that he does not overcome it; "can't do it" makes no part of his vocabulary, and thus, by his perseverance and industry, are golden millions sent rolling monthly from the mountains to the sea.

sharpened, and his boots made thicker on their bottoms; he deposits his dust for transmission to the mint; and after expressing his opinion of the post-master, the theatre, and town institutions generally, returns to his "claim" and cabin, and often a slightly *poorer*, if not a *better* man. And thus he makes his weekly "riffles" to the town, and the aggregate of these pulsations is the fountain from whence springs the great wealth and prosperity of the present, and the hope of the future of California.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

Here you see, in all his supreme self-sufficient satisfaction, the veritable Englishman. Still grumbling on to the end of his existence. Although the sun of California cheers him every day in the year, which he never sees in his own happy England, according to Lord Byron, but three times a year, still he is longing for the charms of a pure London fog. (Old Fogy was born in one.) It suits his gloomy temperament, and affords him an opportunity, operating as medicine, to discharge his spleen and his bile at the same time. Out of England, he would ask what is there worth living for. In England he has ever been asking the same question. His favorite quotation is, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;" and adds, in his queer love for it, "and better still for all thy faults." Certes, there is no beef so good, no rogues so keen, no taxes so numerous, no ale so pure, no ladies so fair as in righte merrye England; and although it is his boast that the sun never sets on her Majesty's dominions, yet he admits that the dog in the manger, nor the convicts make the best settlers in its fairest spots. His is the only nation, according to his own account, that has ever been conquering, and yet remaining unconquered; and if any accessions have been made to its vast dominions by any questionable policy, bless you! it was quite a mistake. As for being beat any time, my dear sir, 't is no such thing. He may have once been licked a little, but never by a foreigner; it was only a fight between two Englishmen, whose pluck, if a kind Providence, in the shape of overwhelming taxation, had not stepped in and ended the difficulty, they, like the Kilkenny cats of old, would have fought on to the end of all creation, or until nothing but the ends of their tails would have been left

to tell the tale. He has a peculiar forgetfulness about any battles that his country has lost, but a lively reminiscence of every one gained.

Conviction makes but slow progress with him, although he is daily seeing something worth copying in Brother J. He will begin the reformation by doffing the plug, and adopting the comfortable Yankee wide-awake, or Shanghae. There's the beard, why should he shave? Why did he ever shave? He don't care a carpenter's shaving about it; let it grow as nature intended. In course of time it goes greater lengths than Brother J.'s. He likes it, and means to adopt it, moustache and all.

But to chew; pshaw! that will never do; say no more about it; so he makes up in his consumption of the weed by smoking three segars to his one. He has learned too, from Brother Jonathan, politeness to the ladies, and can actually get out of an omnibus, in a shower of rain, to accommodate one.

His heart, yes! all must confess that article is in its right place. He is liberal to a fault. He will spurn a beggar from his door with one hand, and throw a sovereign after him with the other. But we must hasten on to the next character, or we fear his friends by and by, will see no fault in him.

The Irishman, although not a Mason of the society of Free Masons, so numerous in California, is nevertheless akin to it, being a fellow of the hodd society, as the Cockneys have it. A cute fellow, and no mistake about it, is Paddy O'Rap-at-ye, for has not he, with his brother, Shaughnessy O'Smash-ye, by the art of shoulder striking, el-

THE IRISHMAN.

bowed his way into the first offices of this State, unencumbered with the botheration of learning, at all at all. While we Yankees have been neglecting our duty, as citizens, to look after the almighty dollar, he has been looking after it and them, pocketed the proceeds, and bringing his thumb to the end of

his nose—with a most significant expression, got his praste's absolution, and sentenced himself to transportation for life, to spend the money in some other State, where he will keep agitating until he sees the Pope President. A good patriot is he, and carries his pat-riot-ism into every country he adopts. America begins to know what a rum customer England has had to deal with for the last half a dozen centuries, and thinks Johnny Bull not so great a tyrant as he is represented. Around every tree of liberty he is sure, sooner or later, to plant his sprigs of shillelahs, and whatever rock his bark strikes against, it is not long before it is covered with his sham-rock so green. If he never founds cities, he is always building them up, and is as likely to have a "brick in his hat," as in his hod. Always upon the *ladder* of progress, but without improvement, as he is sure to take a step down for every one up. He is ever ready in debate, for what his mind and tongue lack in argument, is sure to be made up with his fists.

THE JEW.

In truth he is one of a faction, as far from the class of Irishmen above him, in honor, liberality, and good citizenship, as the poles are asunder.

Allow me to introduce to you, ladies and gentleman, in the person of the Jew, another brother Californian. One Mister Moses, a most worthy neighbor, who never says nothing to nobody, who never minds not nobody's business but his own; who never makes a bargain, but he loses by it. He has been ruining himself in this way for years; but somehow or other, in some extraordinary manner, instead of growing rich as that jeu d'histoire, Cœsus, by the ruin of others, he has become so by the ruin of himself. A good fellow, is Moses, for if all the world had made up its mind to offer you only half of your charge, fair reader, would you not make yours by charging that *world double*, in order to balance your accounts with it. Did you, reader, ever see a Jew a beggar? Can one of any other creed answer that question as satisfactorily?

Observe! how kindly he notices the wear of your pants, and how amiably he invites you to take the shine off them, by entering his store to choose for yourself another as better as new; and less, in price, than the cost of the thread

that tacks them together; and it will be only when they drop off, may be the next week, will he drop off your acquaintance. But drop in again, and tell him of the circumstance, and my veracity on it, he will suit you better next time, if he loses by it, as he always does.

THE NEGRO.

Extraordinary fellow to unite two such opposite crafts as whitewashing California houses and firms, and blacking their understandings. He deems the cleansing of the one as important as the polishing of the other. His humor is *sui generis*, and has passed into stereotype, and his melodies never die. A right hand-y help is he, from the driving of a nail to the driving of a bargain. There is no weightier article in demand at the dinner table, than himself as a table waiter. He knows all your wants sooner than you know them yourself. Whether in bearing a hand at a stew-hard, that is, a cook, or as a steward, that is not a cook, he is one in a community that would not be perfect without him.

The Hybrid, as we would suppose from his appearance, (see next page,) is a bad left-handed cross of the Irish and the Yankee. With a regular shillalah looking countenance, and the full, heavy form of the Irishman, he shows in his whittling and whistling propensities, his half Yankee origin. Too lazy to work, he manages to keep himself in tolerable trim by betting on all manner of elections, at all times and places; never puts up the "stakes," but trusts to the honor of gentlemen to pay their bets, if losers, but if himself the loser, was never known to pay.

He believes real "red hot vittals" not conducive to longevity, therefore goes his whole length, which is considerable, on the "free lunch" arrangement, claiming a living from this source, on the ground of the inventive genius of his ancestry—that his father or mother—on one side or the other, must have originated the system, or it never would have been so perfectly adapted to his nature and constitution; a better reason than three-fourths of the "free lunch" class in California can give.

He is the shrewdest of all men, because he is a Yankee; the wittiest, because he is an Irishman, and the most

THE HYBRID.

sagacious politician in the world, and the only one who positively knew that the really elected would be elected; this he knew, for he helped to lay the cards.

The only thing that ever gives him the slightest uneasiness, is the payment of his washing bills; but as his entire linen, like that of a majority of his fraternity, consists of but a single tin shirt collar, (all but the shirt,) and a patent leather stock, he manages, by changing his quarters once a month, to cheat his washer-woman, even, out of her dues.

He is no gambler—not he—neither his principles nor his purse admits of this, though he is never backward at a game of billiards. Thinks no man a gentleman who don't attend the races and bet largely.

He has an opinion on the Vigilance question, but has never expressed it; but upon all questions of State policy his mind is fully made up, believing that the late decision of the Supreme Court, upon the State indebtedness, is in accordance with law and the Constitution, but that the honor, the glory, and future credit of the State, requires its payment to the last dollar.

He is satisfied that earthquakes are no great shakes after all, hardly worth noticing; but that if they were, that our city is becoming so extensively "hooped" that no possible apprehension of danger need be entertained, except in the event of a general burst, when he thinks the flying timbers might be dangerous to by-standers.

The Sandwich Islander (see next page) is a man of frivolity, ease, and improvidence. Inhabitant of a luxurious isle, where nature prodigal of her gifts, bestows a climate ever genial in temperature, the earth teeming with the voluptuousness and variety of her products, and all attainable in the highest degree of perfection, almost without effort, we see him with an ambition soaring even to the clouds, for his highest ambition is his kite.

And though we find him a part of the World in California, he seems not at all at home. His love of ease is an effectual barrier to his progress in anything that depends upon effort or labor, and his natural improvidence, and cost of his maintenance here, soon brings

SANDWICH ISLANDER.

him to a condition in which he looks with supreme disgust and contempt upon anything but his own beautiful and luxurious ocean girt home.

We shall continue our delineation of The World in California, in our next number, by introducing to your acquaintance, first, the veritable Yankee, the true American.

THE VIVIPAROUS BAY BREAM,

OF CALIFORNIA.

Californians have much to boast of in the novelties and capabilities of their country; but the Viviparous Bream, often exposed in our noble markets for sale, are not the only viviparous fish known in the world. This Bream is a species of the genus *piecelia*, which are *all* viviparous, and are found in other fresh and brackish waters of America, beside those of California. Many of the Blennies found on the English coast are viviparous, and have their ovarium situated precisely as in others; and which on being pressed, produces abundance of perfectly formed fish.

The Bream are not all of them viviparous; some are only partially so, producing, when the ovarum is pressed, in a state of parturition, the perfectly formed, the half formed, and the roe of the parent fish.

Although the California Bream are somewhat larger than other species, the flavor is in no way superior, but rather inferior to those introduced at European tables. This kind of fish, altogether, is not much esteemed by epicureans of any country.

THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.*

BY CALLIE FORNIA.

Away, but not with merry heart, I go,
From dear and long loved friends I part in woe;
I weep, yet cannot tell the reason why
The large tear drops should tremble in my eye.

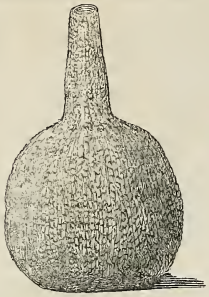
For my "new" husband lingers by my side,
Clasping my hand, and calling me his bride,
His pride, his hope, his treasure, all his life,
His only loved and loving little wife.

Deep lines of thought have marked his forehead fair,
And time has left a "slight impression" there;
His intellect, above the "common" mind
Soars far, for he 's to literature inclined.

Husband! that name to me sounds strangely queer;
My own changed title "grates" upon my ear;
Yet I'm to be a true, devoted wife,
To honor, love, obey him all my life!

I promised, did I? Well, the words are said,
Though chains clank round me I *will not* be led;
I'll teach him, first, that I must have *my way*,
I'll love him then, and when I please, obey.

* See Editor's Table, *To Contributors.*



THE INDIAN WOMAN OF SAN NICHOLAS.

Our readers will remember that in the November number of the Magazine we were favored by Capt. C. J. W. Russell, with the narrative of a woman who was eighteen years alone, on the Island of San Nicholas. Since the publication of that sketch, Capt. R. has paid a visit to Santa Barbara, and by Mr. George Nedever, the gentleman who discovered her, was presented with a water-bottle made of grass, and a stone mortar, necklace and other things that were made by her during her long and solitary residence. The water-bottle explains its own use. The mortar was used for pounding the *aulone*, the *Haliotis* of naturalists, and which was one of the principal articles of food among the Indians, and by whom they were dried for winter use, and afterwards pounded in a mortar before eating.

At the present time there are no less than twelve schooners and sloops chartered by Chinamen; besides several hundred of Chinese laborers engaged in this business, as they are an important article of consumption to Chinamen in California, in addition to the vast quantities exported by them to their native land. In flavor these are said to be fully equal to the oyster, especially in soup, and could be introduced advantageously for our own use, and we would suggest to epicures here, to give this dish of "John's" a trial, for it may be possible that although we might not relish cooked rats, the *aulone* may be one of the greatest of delicacies to our own people.

(The *aulone* is the fish taken from the pearl oyster.)

The necklace made by this ingenious woman, was of slate, and although rude, it was prized by her as a great ornament, even though no one was near to admire or praise her.

There is upon this island a good sized cave in which she took up her abode, and on the walls of which she had kept a rude record of all the vessels that had passed the island, and of all the most remarkable occurrences in her lonely history, such as seeing large quantities of seals, hailing of vessels in the distance, &c.

By her signs she represented herself as once being very sick, and had to crawl upon her hands and knees from the cave to some water. During her sickness at Mr. Nedever's, although she suffered much, she never complained, and made them understand that she should like to die, for then she should meet her child in the spirit land.

We append the following interesting extract from the *Santa Barbara Gazette.*

"All that was known of this remarkable woman, and all of her history while living upon this island, she

was able to impart by signs and gestures, (she had lost the knowledge of language), and the manner of her discovery and deliverance, her arrival here and death that soon followed, has before been published. While living she was an object of lively interest to some and curiosity to others.

"Speaking with a friend lately, an old and respectable resident of California, on this and kindred topics, we were enabled to trace the history of the Indians inhabiting this and other islands in our channel back to the year 1811. The account given of the war of extermination* against the Indians on this particular island is not uninteresting, and runs thus:

"In the year 1811, a ship† owned by Boardman & Pope, of Boston, commanded by Capt. Whittemore, trading on this coast, took from the port of Sitka, Russian America, about thirty Kodiak Indians, a part of a hardy tribe inhabiting the island of Kodiak, to the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel, for the purpose of killing sea otter, which were then very numerous in the neighborhood of these islands. Capt. Whittemore, after landing the Kodiaks on the island, and placing in their hands fire-arms and the necessary implements of the chase, sailed away to the coast of Lower California, and South America.

"In the absence of the ship, a dispute arose between the Kodiaks and the natives of the islands, originating in the seizure of the females by the Kodiaks. The Kodiaks possessing more activity, endurance and knowledge of war, and possessing superior weapons, slaughtered the males without mercy, old and young. On the island of San Nicholas, not a male, old or young, was spared. At the end of a year Capt. Whittemore returned to the islands, took the Kodiaks on board, and carried them back to Sitka.

"From this period little is known of the Indians remaining on these islands till the year 1836, when Capt. Isaac Williams, late Collector of the Port or San Pedro, visited this island in a small vessel, and took on board all the Indians remaining but one woman, who was left in the manner stated by Capt. Russell, in the *California Magazine*. The Indians of the islands were of the type of the coast Indians, and were no doubt a part of them."

* The war referred to by Capt. Russell in the *Cal. Mag.* of Nov.

† The ship was captured the following year near the Sandwich Islands, by the British ship-of-war "Phœbe," and Capt. Whittemore was carried a prisoner of war to England.—Ed.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good; now watch me;
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips—
So pure and free from guile.

And, when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
'Twould save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day."

Too Good to be Lost.—An old miser in New England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon despatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer 'we take supper, it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like it," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the delighted laborer, "I never work after supper."

CROSSING THE SIERRAS.

NORWEGIAN SNOW SKATES.

The recent rapid settlement of that great belt of fertile valleys lying along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada range of California, has made necessary the extension of mail facilities to that inland world in advance of any provision for that purpose by the agents of the general government. Previous to the winter of 1854-5 the inhabitants of these valleys for three or four months of the year, were closed in by almost inaccessible snow-clad mountains on the west, and on the east by a vast extent of desert country stretching towards Salt Lake, that during the winter months seems peculiarly the great battle ground of the winds and the storm.

The great depth of the snows upon the Sierras, renders their passage by pack animals not only difficult but dangerous, and often for months together wholly impracticable. To remedy this great inconvenience and secure to the people of the valleys a regular correspondence with California west of the mountains, a proposition was made by Mr. John A. Thompson, a Norwegian by birth, to convey the mails semi-monthly without regard to the depth of the snow. The proposition was accepted and we here present him mounted upon the true Norwegian snow skates, of which, a knowledge of their construction and use he had retained

from the memory of boyhood, having left his native land at the age of ten years.

Entirely unlike the snow shoes of the North American Indian or the people of the Canadas, well adapted as they are to a loose light snow and a level country, the snow skates are peculiarly adapted to the rugged features of our mountains and the damp compact snows that annually accumulate upon them.

The skate consists of a single piece of strong stiff wood, from six to seven and a half feet in length, that turning up in front six or eight inches terminates in a point, six inches in width on the bottom at the bend and gradually tapering backwards to four inches in width. It is flat on the bottom, the top oval or rounded except about a foot in length where the foot rests, a little back of the center; here it is an inch and a half in thickness, from thence tapering to a half an inch or less at either end.

The only fastening is a single strap over the toe of the boot admitting of the freest possible motion to the feet and ancles. In making progress the skate is only raised from the snow when it is desired to make a shorter turn than would otherwise be possible. On uphill or level surfaces the skates are placed parallel to each other and pushed forward alternately with ease about the length of an ordinary step, but the impetus given causes them to slide further than this, while upon descending surfaces they run with great ease and rapidity, and when the declivity is very great, making it necessary to check the motion by throwing the weight of the skater upon a double handed staff, six feet in length, forced into the snow upon one side as showed in the cut. With these skates Mr. Thompson, heavily laden, travels over the otherwise almost inaccessible snow clad cliffs, and gorges of the Sierras, a distance of from thirty to forty miles a day, thus bearing the sealed tidings, doubtless of hope or disappointment, happiness or grief to many.

It is a feature of our inland transit unique in itself, and as far as it relates to the American Continent, we believe peculiarly Californian.

As showing to some extent the perils and dangers incident to a winter passage of the Sierra Nevada, we subjoin the following interesting account from the *Sac. Union.*

J. A. Thompson, the Expressman of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, called upon us yesterday, upon the completion of his second trip this winter to Carson Valley, and placed us in possession of some highly interesting particulars connected therewith. This trip is peculiarly interesting, from the fact that it was made on his Norwegian snow shoes, seven and a half feet long, over snow which, at some points, he was unable to fathom.

About three miles above Placerville, he came to the snow, having left that place on the 20th of December. He was accompanied by two men who had awaited his going, and at this point they all put on their snow shoes. The weather was clear, bnt cold, and the party made Lake Valley without any incident worthy of note.

On the night of the 23d December, they reached a deserted cabin in that valley, and struck a fire. Mr. Thompson being anxious to press on, told his companions that he would go ahead and stay over night at another cabin about a mile ahead, and that they could overtake him in the morning. Al-

though anxious to stop, rather than separate from him, they determind to go on that night, and once more they all started off. About midnight, they reached the cabin and found everything dark and the door closed. Mr. Thompson, not expecting to find any one in, however, knocked and "halloed," when, to his surprise, a voice answered from within. On entering, Mr. Thompson found a man lying alone upon the floor in that dreary spot, without other covering than the clothes he wore, and the boots frozen to his feet.

In this deplorable condition, he had been lying for twelve days, with nothing to sustain life but raw flour. His feet were completely frozen, and will both have to be amputated below the knee. His sufferings must, according to the statement of Mr. Thompson, have been indescribable, and yet he bore them with the fortitude of a martyr, and scarcely permitted a murmur to escape him. Although death would soon have terminated his agony, he still had a lingering hope that Providence might direct Mr. Thompson by his cabin, and thus save him. Had not Mr. T. gone on that night, he would probably have passed the cabin in the morning without stopping.

The sufferer proved to be James Sisson, the partner of Mr. Hawley, about six miles above Placerville. He had been engaged in the packing business, and left for Carson Valley on snow shoes some two weeks previous. The storm overtook him on his way, and his feet becoming frozen, it was with great difficulty he reached his cabin or trading post. On arriving there he found his matches so wet that he could not strike a light, and thus he remained for four days, when he discovered a box of matches in his cabin which furnished him a fire. He then attempted to cut his boots off his feet, but could not succeed; and nothing remained for him but to await either succor or death.

On the 24th, Mr. Thompson started for Carson Valley, and on Christmas day got five men to agree to accompany him back to Lake Valley. He rigged them out with snow shoes, made after the pattern of his own, and taking with them a sled upon which to haul the sufferer, they started back on the 26th. They reached the trading post that night, and laid over during the 27th, in consequence of the severe weather—another snow being falling. On the 28th, they packed Mr. Sisson on the sled, and thus, with great labor, succeeded in conveying him safely to Carson Valley, where the sufferer is now lying in the care of Dr. Dagget. Mr. Thompson, on his return will take with him some chloroform which will be administered to the patient and his feet amputated, as it was not deemed advisable to attempt the operation without this agency.

In Carson Valley, Mr. Thompson fell in with Col. Wm. Rogers, who had gone over from Hope Valley, and from him he learned that one of his copper miners, named Benj. Fenwick, formerly from Virginia, had been frozen to death on the 15th of December. The deceased had gone to Carson Valley, and was returning home, when the cold overpowered him, at a distance of three hundred yards from Col. Rogers' house. He seated himself upon the snow, with his body in an upright position, and thus perished. Five days after, a dog which had accompanied him approached the house, emaciated and starved. The occupants of the house, following the track of the dog, which faithful animal also followed them back, found the body of Fenwick as described. From the indications, it was manifest the dog had not left the body of his master during that time, but had crouched upon his lap, until driven away by starvation or a higher instinct. That the devoted animal should have escaped freezing is somewhat remarkable.

Mr. Thompson left Carson Valley on Monday, January 5th, and arrived in this city yesterday morning, the 9th.

At Big Canon, the snow was four feet deep; at Hope Valley, five feet; at Luthers' Pass, six feet; at Lake Valley, five feet; and in the pass on Johnson's Summit, he sounded a depth of ten feet without reaching bottom. He estimates the depth of snow for eight miles this side of Slippery Ford at twelve feet.

"STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY."

BY CALVIN B. M'DONALD.

[Every Californian who has listened to the sweet musical strains of the lamented Mrs. Robb, will read the following beautiful sentiment from the pen of C. B. McDonald, formerly of the *Sierra Citizen*, with feelings of sorrowful regret, that one so fair and gifted, should be prematurely hushed in the deep stillness of the tomb, or be called from their care easing mission in our mountain land, to the spirit choir above.—ED.]

We have received a message, dictated by the late MIRIAM GOODENOW ROBB a little while before the gates of Paradise were lifted up, at the coming of one of the fairest and purest of those whom God created only a little lower than the angels. Her request was, that Gen. Allen and the writer of this would not forget that she had lived—that they would collect and send to her little daughter, all their articles written about herself; that when ELLA shall have learned to read, she may honor the name of her lost mother, and be taught to believe that, after all, this world is not so very dreary; because, in the far-off sunset land, among the nodding firs and bleak and silent crags of California, many a stout heart, calloused with the curse of gold, welled up like a fountain in the desert, when the sweet voice of her mother bade the bearded miner "strike the harp gently."

Strange it is that when the Angel of Death is sent to earth, to execute the decree of "dust to dust," that the young and beautiful perish, while the old and the deformed, and the heavy ladened are left to toil on with their weary burdens. But, 'tis even so; the archer sends his shaft at the soaring eagle, and spares the partridge cowering under the hedge; and when the lightning crowns the mountain brow with fire, the ignobler trees escape its vengeance, but the lofty pine, that lifts its head heavenward, and nods to its Creator, is blasted, and its branches withered, leaving only the riven trunk, swaying to and fro, writing on the overhanging dome, in characters unread by mortal eye, "Thy will be done." When the "demons down under the sea," come up and war among the waves, the worthless hulk is washed ashore, but the noble ship, that bears the proudest pennant of the world, goes down, full of life and majesty.

And when the flower girl goes forth to gather the first born of the spring time, the lily, bending with the purest distillations of night, is gathered first.

Rest thee, sweet singer! Rest thee beneath the green prairies of Illinois; and every evening, when the chaste sunlight draws its last magic circle around thy sleeping place, "*strike the harp gently.*"

And the little Ella! In after years, when the glow of womanhood shall have mantled her cheek; when the stranger's kiss, pressed on her infant brow, shall have grown cold and been forgotten; when the chaste summer wind sweeps up from Lake Michigan, and plays among the branches of the locust and the willow, in God's Acre; when

"The young lambs are playing in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
And the young flowers are blowing toward the west,"

let ELLA, kneeling by the honored grave of Genius, whisper softly to the overwatching angel, "MOTHER, STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY!"

[The following stanzas (from the same pen) are equally deserving of notice, for their refined simplicity. In the spring of 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Robb, and the little Ella, were lost in the mountains, and just at nightfall they were rejoiced by the sight of smoke curling up among the pines, from a miner's cabin. Here they were welcomed and entertained for the night. One of the miners became very much interested in little Ella, because she reminded him of his own loved child at home, almost her age; and in the morning, when the amiable sojourners departed, he kissed the little one with considerable emotion, no doubt with his heart's feelings lingering on the ever dear ones far, far away. Afterwards Mrs. Robb related the circumstance to the author.]

ELLA ROBB.

Aye, welcome, little traveler,
Across the drifted snow;
The fir trees' shadows lengthen fast,
And the evening sun is low:
The wolves are howling down the glen,
And scenting for their prey,
And the grizzly comes from out his den
As soon as close of day.

Come, welcome to my fireside,
I'll kiss thy infant brow,
For I left at home an angel child,
As innocent as thou;
And often, in this lonesome cot,
When wintry tempests wail,
I've started from my dreams, and thought
Her voice was in the gale.

Our hut is made of shapeless logs,
Our hands are rough and strong,
But long ago we listened to
Thy mother's matchless song:
Then welcome! little pioneer,
The kettle's on the hob,
And every one thou see'st here
Will welcome Ella Robb.

C. B. McDonald.

At our Cabin, Yuba River, 1854.

Flowers are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

OUR NEIGHBORS OPPOSITE.

We love character in every thing. It affords us infinite instruction and entertainment, especially if it belong to the eccentric.

Our Neighbors opposite are Cigar Merchants. Their stock and store are not so extensive by many a foot and pipe, as they might be; nor is their custom such as to provoke mad speculation. For the last rainy week or two, it has been confined to an unusually limited sphere; to self and partner. To call them merchants, is no more an hyperbole than their names are to their persons. Mons. Petit-de-trop is one of the smallest Frenchman we ever saw; so much so that if he were less than his name implies—Little too much—he would be nothing at all. His worthy partner, Mr Fairchild, is one of the darkest children, of the mulatto cast, on our record, and for a *child*, some six feet in height, is as remarkable a growth, as any mammoth production of the present day. As the former appears to be a caste between the Spanish and Frenchman, so does the latter appear to be a cross between a cockney Yorkshireman and a Guinea Negro.—Mons. Petit de trop seems to be the sleeping, while friend Fairchild is the traveling partner. The former divides his time between Manillas and Dumas' cheroots, and the latter with perambulations about town, in search of an undefinable object. In these pursuits, he is accompanied by his dog Beauty, as remarkable in appearance as himself; four very small thick legs, shaped like the fashionable Louis Quatorze tables, have to support a long thin weasel-like body, surmounted by a prodigiously large bull-mastiff head; these, with a tail one inch and a half long, make up the whole figure of the ever constant companion of his travels. On one of these occasions it was my chance to be introduced to him. The omnibus in which I was seated one morning stopped in the middle of

Montgomery street to take him up. "You can't come in Beauty," said he, to the dog; "There are ladies here. So you must tramp it. But go to the store first, and get me a cigar." We looked about to see whom he addressed, but observing no one near, said: "Are you speaking to your dog Sir?"

"Yes, stranger—would you like a cigar when you get out? Here Beauty, get two!" said he, putting up his two fingers.

Does that dog understand your wishes?" said I,

"Does he dare misunderstand them," replied he, "I'll tell you how t'is. Experientia docet, or as I English it, experience does it. Come here Beauty, said I, when I taught him this lesson, do you see that cigar box with red paper around it? he nodded his head by way of recognition. Well! said I, when I want a cigar, always make use of that box for my especial use. They are the finest Manillas in town. Do you hear? Smell it first, always, before you bring it. Well, he brought me two or three at first, according to order; but somehow or other, some idle customer, for a joke, I suppose, put in a damaged Cuba, and when he brought it I coolly lighted it, and with it burned the tip of his nose, by way of sharpening his wits. Now, said I, Beauty, whenever you bring me such a thing as this, when it is lighted, I shall always make you smoke it out yourself, and I shan't be very nice about which end goes into your mouth first. For you have been long enough in the trade, as one of our partners, to know a good cigar from a bad one. Sir, you know that dogs are said to have the finest scent in the world, and my Beauty, judging by the size of his nose, you see as big as that of a full grown lion, ought to have this quality in a pre-eminent degree; and having it, he ought to make use of it to some good purpose. Here he comes, freighted with the cargo." Here the conveyance, as luck would have it, stopped, for a passenger to alight.

"Let him come in," said I, these ladies are friends of mine, and are fond of dogs."

"Thank you sir; Beauty, come in, and make a bow to this gentleman for his politeness."

The creature did as was desired, and then retired under the heels of his master, after dropping from his mouth the two cigars into his hand.

"Observe," said he, Beauty has only presumed to touch them by the lighter end."

"Is it possible," I remarked, that he can judge the quality of a cigar?"

"Almost as well as I can, and better than my other partner. I have often won many a dollar from my customers by his judgment, hav'nt I Beauty?" Here the dog moved his head.

"I should like to test his discrimination," said a traveller in a corner, I have two sorts of cigars, a T——and a B——.

"Beauty," said Mr. F., will you have a B——? The dog shook his head. Would your adorer rather prefer a T——? Beauty nodded assent. Now tell me which is a brand of the right sort, said he, laying three of different kinds in a row on a vacant seat of the omnibus. "Mind what you're about now, or you'll get a brand of the wrong sort again to improve your scent." The dog, after surveying each attentively, picked up the Manilla.

"Well! that is wonderful," said the ladies.

"Good dog," said his master, patting his rough coat. "Did you get any breakfast this morning, Beauty?" he continued. The dog shook his head, "How is that? Never mind, you'd rather have a good dinner, than a bad breakfast, would'nt ye?" The dog nodded as before.

"He deserves it," said I.

"He does!" said all.

"That's a quaint looking walking stick," I continued, "Excuse me for the remark." It was a vine, O inquisitive Reader! in shape like unto a double u. The handle and the ferule,

leaving out the horizontals, or cross pieces of the latter.

'It is," said the Character! To that very stick I am indebted for my existence; it saved the life of both my father and grandfather. It near mauled the life out of a loafer, who attempto rob my father once, and saved my grandfather from drowning, during an inundation at * * * *, where he lived. He clung to the stem of this vine full eighteen hours, and would'nt put off in the boat that came to his rescue, until he had cût away, with his bowie, that part of it that upheld him; out of gratitude. It has been an heir-loom, never out of our family ever since. Here our tall passenger, raising his hat of the lowest possible crown, of the smallest practical rim, bade the ladies and myself good morning, and alighted from the omnibus; but we were not destined thus to drop acquaintance.

In a fruit store next door to the firm we afterward heard the following colloquy; with which only, we will farther detain the Reader.

Mr. F. I'm tired of this hook De Trop, I shall cut my stick.

Mons. What for you cut a your stick, tis ver good stick; you will spoil him.

M. F. I don't mean that, I shall clear out of this.

Mons. What for you clear out, till we have more of stock, what for you clear out?

Mr. F. I mean I shall dry up, do you understand that?

Mons. Yes! It is ver cold, and vet, you a warm yourself comfort-able.

Mr. F. No, no, no. I shall drop this affair altogether. (He held in his mouth a large porcelain pipe.)

Mons. Ma foi! If-a-you drop ze pipe, you vill viz-out doubt brake him.

Mr. F. Here F. muttered, the sooner tis dropp'd the better. For break we must. Every firm's back would break with such a heavy crash of no business as we have on our backs.

Mons. Me no understand.

Mr. F. You no understand—can you understand this—that with no customers, we shan't be able to stand it much longer.

Mons. Eh bien! then vy not let the customare sit down; he not occasion to stan all ze time he buy. Ve vill get him some chare.

F. Nuf ced! And with that, out walked Mr. Fairchild, with his natty hat, learned dog, notable stick, and consoling pipe.

THE REQUIEM OF THE TY-U-GAS.

BY PIONEER.

In a beautiful and picturesque valley in Mendocino County, between two lofty ridges of the coast range of mountains, lies Clear Lake—that derives its name from the purity of its waters, and with the small streams tributary thereto, make the head waters of Cache Creek. Around this lake when first visited by the white man, were found the homes and hunting grounds of the May-ac-mas. The otter and the beaver sported along its banks, fishes innumerable leaped from its waters and antlered hosts almost unheeded ranged along the valleys.

We were one of a party of four who as early as the autumn of 1847 visited Clear Lake. Couseneau our guide, for many years an employee of the American Fur Company, had frequently visited this beautiful lake and valley. We had made our way along the southern shore of the lake to a point where quite abruptly it became greatly enlarged in width; we had encamped for the remainder of the day and night upon a point projecting far out from the main land; it was a beautiful spot, kept perfectly green by the moisture from the lake and canopied aloft by patriarchal trees, whose drooping

boughs and dense foliage screened us even from the more oblique rays of a setting sun. We had discussed our evening meal and were strolling leisurely along towards the extreme of the point that terminated in a pebbled shore; when on looking around we discovered a small band of Indians fully equipped with the implements of warfare or the chase and making directly for us and our camp. It was but the effort of a moment to return and place ourselves in the best possible position to receive them, in case their visit should prove hostile. Onward they came with steady tread, nor did their near approach seem to render them in the slightest degree conscious of our near proximity, though our tent and camp-fire were in full view before them.

Steadily holding their course along the deep worn trail, they passed within a few yards of us without so much as turning aside an inch or casting one solitary glance toward us. Then we breathed more freely, though not doubting the final result of our encounter should it have occurred, yet the consequences might have been serious to some of us, for they were nine in number and the tallest and finest specimens of the Digger Indians we had ever seen. But they passed us by and with the same unaltered pace proceeded to a small grove of trees, occupying the extreme of the point almost to the water's edge.

But even here their strange demeanor surprised our trapper guide, (familiar as he was with the Indian character) as well as ourselves. Their movements seemed almost incomprehensible. Instead of preparing or partaking of the slightest repast or reposing for a moment beneath the cooling quiet shades around them, they would move their lank and bony forms from place to place almost heedless of one another and voiceless as walking skeletons, they seemed more like the gaunt spectres of some ancient race than living men.

Around us lay the lake so placid and smooth, as faithfully to mirror back from its surface every surrounding object, except where the sportive trout, truant to its own element sent the circling ripples coursing to the shores. But just as the deepening tide of twilight seemed closing around us, one of those gaunt forms proceeded slowly to the beach almost to the water's edge, and kneeling down and stooping forward laid his forehead upon the sands; it was but for a moment however, then rose and joined his companions. But a short time had elapsed and another of the band advanced to the beach and performing the same evolutions, in like manner retired. We began to think it some act of devotion or worship and we became anxious to know more of our strange visitors. The mountain and the forest had thrown their lengthened shadows on all around, and we were discussing the propriety of a removal or a continuance in our present position for the night, when suddenly a low united murmur as of joy and sadness intermingled, was heard emanating from the swarthy band and for once were they assembled in a group and motionless. And now for the first, a gentle breeze was felt, that sweeping down the lake threw the tiny tokens of its presence purling along the shores.

Presently the whole band divested

of every implement of armor, proceeded to the beach and kneeling down as they had singly done before, broke suddenly forth in such a wail of apparent sorrow and bitter agony, not unmixed with tones of rage, hatred and revenge, and so excessive in intensity as to cause us to resolve upon approaching them, and if possible ascertain the reason of their strange proceedings. Thinking that deep treachery might be in some way connected with their acts, fully armed we approached to within a few yards of this prostrate and apparently deeply agonized group. But they heeded not our presence while their wailings seemed only increased in intensity. It was becoming painful to witness them; just then they ceased their wailings and all was still again save the murmur of the rippling waves.

Rising from their devotional postures, they again totally regardless of our presence passed us by, nor was it to regain possession of their arms, but seating themselves in a circle and resting their heads upon their knees maintained a death-like silence.

Determined to learn the reason of their mysterious movements, our guide, approaching one who seemed to be a leader or chief among them, gently tapped him on the shoulder. Instantly turning his wild fierce eyes upon us, without apparent hesitation, in his own dialect (with which our trapper was familiar) exclaimed: "You would know something of the Ty-u-ga, and why he weeps?"

Yes, was the reply. "First then go with me to where the gentle west wind breathes into our ear the spirit-song of the departed, for you seem not to know that around this point of land, sacred to this little remnant of our tribe, there rests upon the waters a Spirit Wave, that shaken by the wind rolls in upon the shore." Following our ghastly spectral visitant and conforming to his direction and example, we too, in the face of the gently increasing zephyr, bowed our heads upon the sands as if in adoration of some unseen deity. But no sooner did the ear reach the level of the water, than a strange wild voluptuous music seemed floating about us. Rising to our feet, nothing was heard but the gentle dashing of the waves upon the sands. Again stooping or reclining upon the beach, and a melting harmony of sounds, soft as the sweet music from æolian strings was poured upon the ear as wave succeeded wave, until the ear tired and the heart sickened at the wailing plaintive melody.

After listening for a full half hour to this musical phenomenon, we returned to our camp, prevailing upon our Indian instructor to accompany us. We offered him food, but he declined, saying—"The Ty-u-gas eat no more."—We then desired him to proceed with the history of his people—when with a vehemence and earnestness known only to the true child of nature, and with fire almost flashing from his eyes, he began:

"Many, many times have the snows come and gone from yonder mountains, since the Ty-u-gas were the sole possessors of all these Lake-lands, the valleys even to the mountains were ours; the Great Spirit gave them to our fathers, and here their descendants had ever lived. But there came a time when famine, disease and death, swept down

our people as the tules fall before the autumnal fires; and such was the nature of the fell disease that our strongest men and bravest warriors suffered most; when as if to render our great calamity still greater, just then our ancient and implacable foe the May-ac-mas invaded the hunting grounds of our fathers.

"In vain we protested against their encroachments; in vain we raised our feeble hands against our vengeful foe; and in our weakness we were driven back from hill to hill and from valley to valley, till at length, though battling bravely against our enemies, were forced at length upon this narrow neck of land, we and all our people. Here for two full moons did we successfully contend against the terrible odds of our enemies; and then for a time did they seem to relinquish their purpose of total conquest, but it was only the better to concentrate their whole strength for a final effort, the more effectually to crush out the last hope of our braves. It was evident too that a grand holocaust was in preparation in which the aged and infirm of our people with our children and captive warriors were to be the victims, none but our wives and maidens would be spared.

"At length the day arrived, they made the onset and we gave them battle, and bravely did our less than two hundred strong men hold in check the concentrated strength of the May-ac-mas; and even when the night closed in around us we were not subdued, only weakened; but at length as one by one our braves would droop and sink and die, hope fled, but only to strengthen the energy of our despair; and terrible was the slaughter that our brave men made; but ere the moon had risen, the darkness of the night shutting out from their view the real weakness of our little band, now all broken up and wavering before the still strong and now advancing ranks of our enemies, with a yell of despair as a preconcerted signal, concentrating our full force for a last effort at one point and aided by the darkness, we forced the lines of our enemies. But of the once numerous band of the brave Ty-u-gas, twenty-two only survived.

"You ask what became of our wives and mothers, maids and little ones—I will tell you:—A few old men who could no longer do good battle against the enemy remained with them, and calling them all together in one great group under the shadow of yonder grove, and while we waged the fierce strife of battle, they recounted to our people the glorious deeds of our fathers, the disgrace and dishonor of captivity.

"And thus employed even longer than they had hoped, did they await the despairing signal of their braves. Not a murmur was heard, not a sigh escaped the lips even of those yet young in life, for all had resolved to die rather than become the living captive victims of their conquerors.

"But at length the long expected cry fell upon their ears; it was the knell, the signal for their departure to the Spirit Land! Calmly they arose, and advancing to the beach, nor faltering there, onward they pressed, our wives and our middle aged first, leading the little child, followed by our bright eyed maidens and then our aged sires, down into the deep waters—and as the foremost of the conquerors reached the

spot, the last of the Ty-u-gas had departed.

"The *last* did I say? all but the little remnant band of twenty-two, and we have lived only to wreak vengeance upon the May-ac-mas. And terrible has been that revenge — constantly lurking about their homes and sparing neither age nor sex, they have melted away before our deadly hatred and more than centenarian lives, until like us, they are but the remnant of a tribe —but now that our numbers are reduced to nine and our thirst for vengeance more than satisfied, we wait the pleasure of the Great Spirit, to take us to our people."

And without adding another word he hastened to join his companions.

The morning came, but our strange visitors were gone—and from that day to this, neither has their war-cry been heard, nor have their bloody foot-prints been since seen around the homes of the trembling May-ac-mas.

But even to the present day, when the waters of Clear Lake are ruffled by the evening breeze, there is still heard around this point the music of the Spirit Wave, the Requiem of the departed Ty-u-gas.

HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR.—The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp; the noblest mountain a piercing blast, and the prettiest face some ugly feature. The fairest face is most subject to freckles, and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt-button, and the husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate; and the best dispositioned children in the world get angry and squall; the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the wittiest say something stupid; the wisest essayists write some nonsense; and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost "good-night" along the soul.

"Good-night"—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near—
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!
That ne'er shall breathe "good-night' again.

Good-night! O, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
"Good-night!"—that time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain,
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain—
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no "good-night?"

BE FIRM.—The wind and waves may beat against a rock standing in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware!—stand firm at your post. Let your principles stand forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the lighthouse is to the mariner upon a sea shore—it will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

MANAGING A WOMAN.

TO BESSIE.

Show me a man that can manage a woman
OLD BLOCK.
Do you speak from experience Mr. Block?
BESSIE.

Pshaw! Bessie what a question, and a leading one too, but it is better to own the corn at once even if it does tell against me.

Now I think I understand mankind pretty well but old as I am and as much as I have been around the—mountains, I never could get the hang of woman kind. If I undertook to manage them they invariably contrived to manage me. That has been my experience, and this will account in some measure for my extreme diffidence relative to woman kind. How on earth I ever contrived to get married I can't tell—probably my wife asked me if I would have her and continued to manage matters so that I gave up all control over my affections and placed them in her keeping, and although it is a good many years since, the last letter I received from her advised me that she hadn't got tired of the charge yet and hoped that I'd come home and see if they had been well attended to. God bless the woman, I will go as soon as I can. She's a managing sort of a woman any how. I don't like to go into family matters but to prove my first position I will tell you a little of her management—how she managed me once and how mad I got about it and what a terrible fuss it made in the family. I know Bessie you'll pity me.

But to tell about her I must talk a little about myself. My wife is a member (or was the last I knew anything about it) of the Baptist Church. Now I aint much of anything, don't belong to any Church, and of course a'nt a christian, but Bessie, the Lord knows I a'nt a Turk nor a Digger Indian, and that I do respect the sincere opinions of religious people except Mormons; I can't go that any how. I knew Joe. Smith and Rigdon personally when they first opened business. Well, I commenced the practice from the outset of giving my wife liberty of conscience and the privilege of worshipping God as she chose, under the impression that that was a matter between her and her maker and none of my particular business. Now will you believe it, she took this condescension on my part as a matter of right and did n't ever seem to think that I was the keeper of her conscience. How queer women are.

We lived at the time I now speak of in Indiana, and as among hoosiers I had the credit of being on the respectable side of community, Clergymen sometimes came to my house, and particularly those of the denomination to which my wife belonged. My general practice was to be so absorbed in business (if I had to make it for the occasion) that I could see but little of our pious guests, and mate had to do the honors herself. Now I suppose you'd call that managing her—humph! She often tried to get me to go to her church and hear her preachers. But I couldn't go I—I—wal I did n't—wouldn't go—so I left her to take care of the religious duties of the family. Somebody had to stay at home you know to take care of the children and things, and so I made a martyr of myself and let her go to church. Now wasn't that kind? eh! In the course of time a rather celebrated clergyman settled in our

vicinity and preached half the time in our village. Everybody was ringing his praises, the best preacher, the best man, the pleasantest man, no humdrum about him, good looking, not married, etc. and it is a fact he did draw good houses, and even old hard heads spoke well of him. Mate thought a heap of him, told me if I would get acquainted with him I would like him—was no humbug—social in society—had plenty of what preachers sometimes lack, common sense besides book larnin, with not a particle of starch or pomatum in his composition.

"Pshaw! Mate" says I "don't bother me, if he sees me the first thing will be to enquire what state my feelings are in spiritually without any reference to the state of Indiana." "Nonsense! says she, there's need enough for looking after your religious condition in all conscience, but he is not obtrusive and if you'd get acquainted with him you'd like him as a man if not as a preacher —now do for my sake." "Come, come mate, none o'that—I'd go barefoot through a snow bank for your sake—you know I would—but as for having anything to do with—there—go—let me alone." Well she did go—didn't I manage her elegantly? eh!

We had just sat down to our nice quiet afternoon dinner the following Sunday. My wife was on my left, her mother sat on my right, my darling boy and girl were as near grandmother as they could get, while I sat facing the window looking—Do you think I'm getting prosy?—up drove a carriage, and a gentleman stepped out. "Who the deuce has come now" says I looking at the stranger—then I looked at my wife—she looked at mother and my Fred was looking at me. The old lady and my wife exchanged intelligent glances—a smile of the cunning sort followed. "What is it" said I, innocent as the lamb I was—"who is it"—for the first time I noticed a spare plate, knife and fork and the truth flashed upon me—"Ah Mate you"—I did n't say devil but I thought it "its some of your work." "Ha'ha'ha! old fellow, I've caught you at last—that is Mr. Pratt—I invited him to dinner for I was determined you should see him and he has long wanted to know you and you've got to submit. There was not one at that table—not even my own children who,

"Pitied the sorrows of a poor old man."

and before I could get my hat the door opened and the Rev. Mr. Pratt made his appearance in the laughing crowd when my ears were stunned by my wife with "Mr. Pratt, my husband."

The fact is Bessie, when one is really caught in a trap the true way is to get out of it the best way he can; so with what courtesy I could muster I asked him to sit at the table. In five minuets he had me laughing; in ten I was listening with much interest to his conversation; in fifteen I thought him a capital fellow and when we arose from the table I insisted upon his staying all night—I went to hear him preach that very afternoon and don't think I missed a day at church as long as he preached in our County.

"Hum! you don't like the new minister then" said mate with a grin to me one evening when he was with us and I had been enjoying his companionship —I looked daggers (pasteboard ones) at her and turning around I solemnly addressed —"Mr. Pratt" and I just

told him the whole story from beginning to end and he laughed as much as Mate and her mother did. He was really a most excellent, amiable and talented man, and I not only parted from him with regret, but have been quite civil to ministers of all denominations ever since. There's my Experience, Bessie, and now "Show me a man who can manage a woman."

OLD BLOCK.

P. S. Poor Pratt, he went the way of all flesh—got married—poor fellow.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring.

Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh—now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the moon-light like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind.

How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry—it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling—it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

"Will you have some of the butter?"

"Thank you madam; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

Always speak of the present as though they were absent; and speak of the absent as though they were present.

VALENTINE.

TO * * * * * * BY W. H. D.

Most charming is spring time,
When Nature so gay,
With bird, bee, and blossom
Enlivens the day;
But Nature can never,
With bounties most free,
Impart the sweet rapture
I find, love, with thee.

Thy presence is ever
A heaven serene,
And thy charms, bright as stars,
In its azure depths seen;
Where all that is lovely,
And purest, and true,
Awaken the music
I now sing to you.

Return my fond love,
Though unworthy I seem,
While dwells in my bosom
This heavenly dream;
So pure and so lovely,
O wilt thou be mine,
And I will be ever
Thy fond Valentine.

"WILD BILL OF THE WOODS," OR THE LAST HOURS OF A MINER.

BY W. B. S.

In the winter of 185---, when I resided in the mines, there was a fellow familiarly known by the name of "Wild Bill of the woods." He was rather above the medium height, large blue eyes, very talkative when he had been drinking, but at any other time he had but little to say to any one. He lived in a cabin all alone, and mined alone, but spent a large portion of his time hunting. He never visited any one, and none of the miners were intimate with him from the fact that he was always so distant to all advances toward intimacy. He was considered by all who knew him, a peculiar kind of a man, from the course of life he followed, and there was something wrapped in a veil of mystery concerning his past life, but no one ventured to make any inquiry concerning it. The boys around often visited his cabin, but he was so distant to them, and gave them so cool a reception, that they all discontinued

their visits. But I was determined not to be so easily bluffed off, so I went there frequently, never discovering to him that I thought I was not perfectly welcome; and conversed with him freely on any subject except his past life, which I never could get him to speak of, more than just to mention it.

I had been away on some business two or three days, and when I returned the boys told me that "Wild Bill" had not been seen since I had been gone. So I determined to go down to the cabin, and see if I could see or hear any thing of him. When I arrived at the cabin I found him lying on his old bunk, very ill. He had a very high fever, which continued to grow worse for several days. A physician was sent for, and every thing done for him that could be by the warm hearted miners around, but nothing appeared to stay the raging fever. It came my turn to sit up with him at night, and that night will ever be remembered by me. As I sat by his lonely couch, while the faint glimmering of the taper fell upon his emaciated countenance, it presented a sorrowful sight. The dreary winds were sighing through the giant pines which stood upon the mountain side, mingled with the doleful notes of the night bird, and the howling of the hungry wolves, made my position an unenviable one. The first part of the night he was very restless, and he repeated several times, during the wanderings of his mind, "Mary, I will meet you there, where all is peace," and some other sentences, which I could not distinctly understand. At sun-rise one of the boys came to take my place, and I returned home to sleep. I had but just fell into a good sound sleep, when a request came for me to return. When I entered the cabin, he reached out his hand, saying: "Will you be so kind as to stay with me, for I have something to tell you, and some word I wish to send to an only sister. Bring me," he continued, "that old valise, hanging on the wall, by the door." I handed him the valise; he then wished to be propped up in bed, and after being made as comfortable as possible, he requested me to open the valise, and take out a miniature and hand it to him. He opened it, and gazed upon it for some time without saying a word, while a tear started down his care-worn cheek, and it fell from his hands. He remained motionless for some time, when he said, "Mary, we will soon meet in that land where there is no grief or care." He then addressed me. "I wish you to see my body laid in the earth, and on my bosom lay this miniature. There is a bundle of papers in the valise which you can have. They contain a sketch of my past life, which I have written since I have been here in this cabin. Write to my sister in N——, and tell her I sleep the last long sleep—but not to mourn for me, as I shall be happier in the change. Tell her to pardon my leaving her so abruptly, without letting her know my whereabouts. May the Angels guard and protect her is my prayer."

He became so weak he could say no more, so I laid him down again, and before the dawn of another morning his spirit had passed away, and we laid his body in the grave, with no kind friend to weep over it.

The following is the contents ot the manuscript which he gave me:

"It was one of those beautiful Autumnal evenings in October, when I returned home to my father's house, on the banks of the Mississippi, after an absence of more than a year, at College, where I had just completed my studies and bid adieu to my associates. Soon after I arrived, a ball had to be given in honor of my return, and, as but a few days would elapse before my birth day came, that was appointed as the time for the ball to be given at my father's house. The time came, and every thing was prepared in the most brilliant style. The *elite* and fashion of the city were there, and every thing went off as well as the heart could wish. There was a young lady there from the city of N—— in an adjoining state, who

was at that time on a visit to her brother. Her unassumed modesty, joined with her gracefulness, and possessed of charms which I have never seen surpassed, before nor since, made her the belle of the gay little party. From that night, love took its hold upon me, for I was perfectly charmed with Mary Calvin; indeed I thought her a being of some fairy land, so lovely did she appear to me.

During her stay at her brother's, my visits there were frequent, and after she returned home I visited at her father's, and before twelve months rolled around, we were betrothed. The day was appointed for our nuptials, but before it came, Mary was taken sick, from which she did not recover for more than two months, and during that time my father failed for a large amount, and we were reduced from affluence to poverty. When Mr. Calvin heard of my father's failure, I received a note from him stating he should have to recall his consent to my marriage with his daughter. This was no more than I had anticipated, for I knew Mr. Calvin to be a very aristocratic man, more fond of money than his word. I made up my mind to go and see Mary before I started for California, for I had come to the conclusion to try my fortune in the gold fields of the Pacific. So I set out for the city of N——, and immediately on my arrival went to the residence of Mr. Calvin. As I ascended the marble steps of the noble mansion, my heart almost failed me, not knowing what kind of a reception I should receive. I rang the bell; a servant made her appearance. I sent my card in, and but a short space intervened before Mary came to the door and conducted me into the parlor herself, and as we sat down on the sofa, she said: "I am so glad you have come, for I was fearful you would not, after receiving Pa's note, but thank Heaven, we have met again."

Yes, Mary, we have met again, and I trust as lovers, which will gild my path-way to the tomb. Is it not so, dearest? "How could you think otherwise, when I have so often unfolded to you the secret recesses of my heart, and pledged my vow to love you till the close of life?"

I pressed her to my bosom, and, brushing back the ringlets which hung in clusters round about her neck, imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips.

We sat for some time without saying a word, when she raised her head from my bosom, and looking me in the face, said: "James, I do believe it will break my heart, but I must tell you, for Pa told me I must, I cannot marry you, but don't think I shall love you any the less for that can never be. But I cannot marry whom my father cannot welcome as a son to his house. The time may come when he will be better reconciled to our marriage, and should such be the case, I will, with a willing heart, then marry you."

I told her my determination to go to California. She disliked me to go so far, yet she said: "I will not discourage you, if such is your wish, and if ever you return, while youth is painted on the cheek, or when your locks are blossoming for the grave, if I am living, I shall be as you find me now, Mary Calvin, and shall meet you with as warm a heart as I did to-night; my prayers shall ever ascend for your prosperity and happiness, through all your wanderings in that far distant land." When I rose to depart, she caught hold of my hand, saying: "Let me kiss you once more, for I am afraid it will be the last time on earth, and even should it not, years may elapse e'er I see you again."

In less than a week from that night, I was on my road to California, by way of the Plains. After a long and tedious journey, we arrived in Placerville, Sept. 20th., '50. I followed mining with considerable success, for in March, '51, I had made the nice little sum of nine thousand dollars, and went down to San Francisco, calculating to start home on the 15th of April. While I was waiting for steamer day to

come, I was induced by one of my companions, who was going to the States with me, to try my luck at one of the gambling hells, then so common in the city. I got to betting and drinking, and before we left the house, I was over five hundred dollars loser. Next day my companion said he must get back what we had lost the day before, but the close of next day found me over two thousand dollars more loser, and before steamer day came, I had lost nearly all my money, and so had my companion, and the day we were to start home, we started for the mines again.

I soon got to mining again, but my success was not so good as before, and I worked away without making any thing, until the Autumn of '53, when I made a lucky "strike," near Iowa Hill. I worked three months after I struck pay dirt, and then sold out for three thousand dollars, and made another start for home.

Who can portray the feelings of the mind of the homeward bound, after an absence of three years in the mountains of California, isolated from all that gives life a charm?

After the steamer had cleared the Golden Gate, and launched forth upon the deep blue sea, my thoughts were directed toward home, and all the past transactions of a three year's tour in California, were forgotten for the moment in the sweet anticipations of meeting friends at home, from whom I had heard nothing since I left. After a pleasant trip of twenty-eight days, we arrived at New York, and the same afternoon I left for home buoyant with hope of soon seeing those dearest to my heart. Little did I anticipate the sad disappointment which awaited me on my arrival; my father and mother both laid in the dark chambers of death. My only sister had gone to live with a distant relative, and no one was there to welcome me home. I would have given worlds like this, could I have recalled past transactions in the gambling house in San Francisco, for had I gone home then, I should have seen my friends. But the past I could not recall, and I went and knelt down on the graves of my parents, and attempted to pray, and to ask their spirits, now dwelling in heaven, to watch over me in the future. My next step was to find Mary. I started for the city of N——, and on arriving there went immediately to her father's residence, and was ushered into the parlor, where Mr. Calvin soon made his appearance, and gave me a hearty welcome, although I could see that sadness was pictured in his countenance. I was very anxious to inquire after Mary, but I kept waiting, thinking he would speak of her himself. After conversing a few moments, I inquired if Mary was at home. He raised his head and looked me full in the face, and I saw a tear start from his eye, as he said: "Mary is not long for this world!"

Is she very ill," I anxiously inquired?

"She is!"

Will you permit me to see her?

"She is now in a quiet doze, but as soon as she wakes up you shall see her, but before you go in, I must tell her you have come, for she has been speaking of you to-day." He then continued, "I would give all I possess on earth, had I never sent you that note, for since you left, Mary has scarcely been well a day, and she is now in the last stages of consumption. I have been on a tour through Europe with her since you left, but all to no purpose, and had I known you were living, and where to be found, I should have sent sent for you long since, for there has not a day passed but what she has spoken of you; but we had all given you up, as dead." I arose from my seat, and was walking the room, when a servant came to the door, and said she had awoke. In a few minutes I was at her bedside, and asked her if she knew me. She looked at me for a moment, and said: "James, is that you? I am so glad to see you. My prayers have been heard, and I shall die much

happier; kiss me once more, and remember that

> 'The heart that hath truly loved once,
> As fondly loves on to the close.'

I kissed her angelic brow, and wept like a child, for I knew she could not live long; that father and mother were gone, and would soon dwell together in Heaven, and then life to me would have no charm, for all that was dear to my heart, except an only sister, had left their abode on earth. The thought of my transactions in the gambling house of San Francisco, again came rushing to my mind, for had I returned a year sooner, I could have spent many pleasant hours with Mary, and have seen my father and mother once more. But I could not recall the past. Just then a settled calmness seemed to pervade her countenance, a Heavenly smile rested upon her lips, and the last words of Mary were: "I hope I shall meet you in Heaven," and ere the rays of another sun gilded the eastern horizon, her spirit had taken its departure to dwell with him that gave it. We laid her body in the tomb, and she sleeps the last long sleep, which is the portion of all Earth's sons and daughters.

I remained with Mr. Calvin a few days, and then took my leave of him, to go and see my sister, the last tie that was left to me on earth. I remained with her about two weeks and gave her nearly all the money I had, which was about five thousand dollars, and getting weary of remaining where fate seemed against me, I determined to return to the mountains of California. I did not tell my sister where I was going, for I knew if I did, it would almost break her heart. So I left for the Pacific coast without informing her where I was going, since which time I have never heard a word from her, and she may by this time be dwelling with my parents and Mary in the Spirit land."

Thus ended his narrative, which to me was interesting because acquainted with the author; and if I have by presenting it to the world, produced one good thought, or emotion of the soul, my most earnest wish is gratified. I wrote to his sister, and have received two letters from her. She had long since mourned him as dead, for he went off in such a melancholy mood that she was fearful he had committed self destruction. She must be a lovely girl, for she writes beautifully, and says there has been a tear, either of joy or sorrow, for every dollar that has been taken from the California mines. And the saying is probably too true. Reader, I have been tedious, but I hope you will pardon, for you can read it in much less time than I wrote it, as I sat by the side of a bright blazing fire in my cabin in the mountains.

PINE GROVE, Sierra Co., Cal.

HOPE.

BY C. H. D.

While sitting by the window,
All alone and sad,
A shadowy form celestial
Came tripping gay and glad;
As zephyrs in the morning,
That kiss the opening flowers,
Or fan the weary traveler
In noonday's sultry hours.

Like rose leaves gently falling,
Her lips then pressed my own;
Her touch, so light caressing,
E'en care itself had flown;
She spoke in whispers soothing,
Sweet music to my heart,
And swiftly through my being
New life her words impart.

As light first gilds the morning,
O'er earth by night opprest,
So shadows from her fleeing,
She comes and we are blest,
As when the storm is passing,
Through fields of glitt'ring dew,
God's bow of promise forming,
Lights up the world anew.

Blest shadowy form ethereal,
I clasp thee to my breast;
O make thou there thy dwelling,
Forever there find rest;
For life without thee seemeth
But dark and dismal dreams;
E'en death itself shall vanish
When Hope Celestial gleams.

THE MINER'S FLYING VISIT.

The way the money goes in San Francisco.

Picks and shovels had long been laid aside and we had been in anxious expectation, watching the clouds for the last two months, praying heartily for rain, but it was of no use. We then tried in every way that our imaginative minds suggested to kill time but it would not do, so my companions and myself started from our little mining town, which is in a valley scooped out like a basin, among the hills, to pay a flying visit to San Francisco.

We accordingly seated ourselves on top of a lumbering stage coach and after a long and fatiguing ride found ourselves in Sacramento.

We were not long there, for the boat was about leaving; even the last bell had sounded and we hurried ourselves on board and were soon gliding quietly down the river.

The blue hills and snow capped summits of the Sierras were visible nearly all the way and we were sorry when night came on and hid them from our view.

We stopped but a moment at Benicia, then passing rapidly on our way were at ten o'clock in the evening in San Francisco.

It was rather late that night to seek out a place of amusement, so we "turned in" at a comfortable hotel on S— street.

Before going to sleep, (for all three occupied one room) we resolved that we would neither play billards nor cards while in the city; and to make the thing sure we pledged ourselves not to enter a gambling or billard room while we were here.

We wandered about the next day seeing sights, though we were perhaps ourselves the greatest curiosities on the streets.

Evening came, and with it a discussion, for we could not agree on the subject of spending the evening profitably. One wanted to go to the theatre, another to the ministrels, while I—having noticed in the morning papers that there was to be a "Ladies' Fair"—and feeling sure that we should see a bevy of "fair ladies" insisted on going there. Each one was bent on having his own way but I "argued the point" in true "Jack Easy" style and had the satisfaction at last of convincing them that they would spend less money, see more pretty girls and enjoy themselves better at the fair than at any other place.

We shaved our faces, changed our rusty habiliments for an entire new suit, purchased at a fashionable clothing store on C—street, and which the clerk (a good honest looking fellow with a mustache) told us was the only "really fashionable" place in the city.

As there was no key to our door we took the "rocks" from our valises and put them for safe keeping, in our pockets, and then took our departure for the fair.

It was brilliantly lighted and tastily trimmed with evergreens fastened in all sorts of shapes. Then there was such a quantity of little fancy articles, pincushions needle-books, work boxes, fancy baskets, baby fixins, indeed every thing, and so much of it too, that one did not know which way to look.

Last but not least, were the ladies and lassies, and dressed—O! shades of hoops; I can't find words to express myself so I won't try.

We stayed until it was out—and we, "out of pocket" the "rocks" that had laden them so heavily when we entered the hall; and in their place was stowed pin cushions, babies' socks (though I've "nary" a wife) scarfs, ribbons, and cornucopias filled with mottoes; even my hands were full. I looked at my companions. They were in the same fix, and vexed with me for having brought them there.

When we reached the hotel we unloaded and found on measuring, that we had just three bushels, of what the ladies told us were "valuables" but not a dime left, we were flat broke,

but what is the use of complaining, it was the bright eyed girls that did it; we lodged at the hotel that night but did not stay for breakfast. We "sloped," leaving cornucopias enough we thought (setting them down at the value the girls at the fair placed on them) to pay damages, and at four o'clock were on board the boat en route for home, where my companions said we might better have stayed and gone in for a spree in the first of it. We couldn't have come out worse, but I didn't argue with them.

When we come down again it will probably be to attend the next year's fair (?)

Yours in unpleasant circumstances,

M. T.

P. S. We paid our fare up on the boat with a pincushion, which the Captain consented to accept in consideration that we had nothing else worth taking.

STANZAS.

BY W. H. D.

My soul is glowing with the flame
Of holy, high desires;
'T is no alluring hope of fame
That now my Muse inspires;
To tell the mysteries of my life,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
And pen the gushings of my song,
Full, free, and unconfined.

I 've revelled in the pure delights
Of every earthly bliss,
And felt my heart thrill with the glow
Of Love's most sacred kiss;
And from this heaven of bliss been hurled
Down to a hell of woe,
With agonies of heart and mind
Hell's fiends alone should know.

Upon the canvass I have gazed,
Enraptured with an art
Whose scenes of heavenly beauty claimed
The homage of my heart;
With visions of ideal truth
Those painted glories shone:
O Genius! ray of Life Divine,
What triumphs are thine own.

I 've seen the rigid marble glow
With Passion's burning fire,
And Virtue's meek and sainted face
All holy thoughts inspire,
Till from that dull, cold marble gleamed
A radiance all Divine!

O human heart! O human soul!
What God-like powers are thine!

I 've felt a rapture unto death
Thrill in the Poet's song,
When with undying harmonies
He pours his soul along
Upon the upheaving tide of time,
In many a burning thought
Of truth, eternal and sublime,
With inspiration fraught.

The thrilling voice of Eloquence
Has charmed my inmost soul. [burn,"
With "thoughts that breathe and words that
In sounds that seemed to roll
In tones of thunder to the skies,
While lightning gleams of light
Flashed from the soul's deep secret fires,
With Heaven's own radiance bright.

I 've heard sweet Music's melting strains
O'er all my senses steal,
And through my frame a joy impart
No language can reveal;
A voice beloved fell on my ear,
Like echoes from the skies;
My beating heart stood still to hear
Such heaven-born melodies.

I 've felt the raptures of the Saint,
From deeds of goodness flow;
I 've sinned, and in remorse have found
A more than earthly woe:
In the dark caverns of despair,
Without one ray of light,
My soul has been; Hope brought it forth
To find the skies still bright.

I 've seen the forms of loved ones laid
Within the silent tomb,
While Sorrow's dark and withering power
Fill all the earth with gloom;
In faith I raised my downcast eyes
To Heaven's bright glories, where
I saw *my loved* in peace and joy,
Blest with a Father's care.

I look upon fair Nature's face,
In many a happy hour,
While with adoring heart I trace
The Almighty's wondrous power;
His thunders awed my silent soul,
While lightnings flashed on high;
The storm it passed—I saw His smile
In rainbows on the sky.

Through many a silent hour at night,
Upon the skies sublime,
I 've gazed with a subdued delight,
Where Heaven's own glories shine;
And while the eternal stars looked down
Upon my thoughtful face,
With awe I pondered on the dread
Infinities of space,
Till earth seemed nothing to my mind,
And all its hopes and fears
Vanished like shadows in the light
Of God's eternal years.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1856.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWS HOW NEEDS MUST WHEN ILL LUCK IN AN UGLY SHAPE DRIVES.

"Land a hoy!"—cried a sailor in foreign accent at the mast head.

"Where away," shouted the captain.

The sailor thurst out his arm towards the spot, Martin applied his eye to the glass and sighted the island of * * * * * *

"Get out the long boat," bawled the captain. "Now my lord, you are released from your confinement, and you have only to thank yourself that you have had to endure it so long."

This remark alluded to the part of Lord Lovell having attempted to make a private signal to a brig making way towards the schooner in which he was an inmate. He had watched his opportunity, had torn off a piece of his shirt and painted with ink on it the betrayal of a pirate craft—*the death's head and cross-bones*, and was just about to throw it from the dead eye of his clout of a cabin, when a Malay who had been set to watch his motions over a small hole on the ship side of the partition of his cabin, discovered it, and calling to the captain, explained his discovery; and upon his lordship being called upon by him to pledge his honor that no like experiment or attempt at rescue for the future should be made, and this meeting with a flat refusal, this event had given occasion to his being put under closer vigilance than at first was intended.

"This is to be your companion in exile," coolly rejoined the captain.—"Allow me to introduce you to each other — Farmer Robert * * *, Lord Lovell; Lord Lovell, Farmer Robert."

"So you are to be my keeper," said his lordship, as the boat manned by two cut-throat looking rascals of the crew were making way towards land.

"Or your companion, just as you please," replied the farmer.

"Have you, man, counted the chances of this scheme being sooner or later discovered?" enquired Lovell.

"Every one of them," replied the other.

"Unless I could see the motive of gratifying an unearthly fiendish revenge, I should think this plot against my liberty and life, the project of a mad man. Are you the author of this unheard of proceeding may I ask?"

"Only in part," coolly replied the farmer. "There is a long score of grievances that has been up against your family in my village for a century or more; yours has had the unenviable distinction of taking away our commons' land, tilling up our paths, pounding our cattle, imprisoning our youth, starving our poorhouses, and depriving us of every little enjoyment our ancestors entitled us to, by their industry, love of their country's freedom, and obedience to their country's laws."

Lovell heard these reproaches, and for awhile was silent. He knew that his father's character merited some of them—that his caprices were held up to scorn by the generous, and that his over-bearing disposition had made him many bitter enemies.

"Is that miserable hovel yonder destined for my prison?" enquired he of the farmer.

"Not for you alone, I intend to become part proprietor of it."

"I shall not con—descend he was about to say, but substituted the penultimate—sent. I shall not consent to live with one who has thus conspired against my liberty, and who has brought on all this unmerited privation upon me, so you take up these your quarters and I'll take to the woods near at hand, for a place to dwell in," he replied, in the most dejected manner.

"Your lordship will soon be tired of the society there. However that be, as I do not choose to have your death upon my conscience, whether by starvation or wild beasts, I will appoint a place, in case you form this resolution, where you shall always find a daily supply of food."

"Is the place so unsafe from wild beasts? Give me a gun in self-defence, I ask no more,—you and my murderers cannot refuse such a demand, if you have anything like common humanity."

They now landed, the Malays turning out his lordship with as little ceremony as they would a slave, but showing signs of great respect to the farmer, from whom, during the voyage they had learned many useful domestic manufactures. He had spent his time in arranging seeds, making bird-snares, wolf-traps, and fish nets. He could cut up an old sail and convert it into a coat, cap and trowsers like an amateur tailor. He had made several water proof cases, light enough to be carried under the arm with ease. He could make artificial flies for fish, and decoy ducks for sea fowl. There was no end of his ingenuity. His traps and tools were always in the utmost order, and manifestly showed a determination on his part, to make himself comfortable under any circumstances. His lordship on entering the shanties was surprised to find them so capable of administering to the creature comforts. There was a good assortment of books, selected with much care, and when the farmer had deposited all his gear in them, Lovell began to think it bad policy to refuse shelter in such a place, or to prefer the uncertain safety of the woods.

"I will accept your offer of dwelling here on one condition," said his lordship, after the boat had left.

"What is that?" replied the farmer.

"That I may be left to pursue my own thoughts, and not be molested by your conversation."

"Although your presence would be no assistance, rather the reverse to my daily occupation of a living, yet, for humanity sake, as you say, I agree.—For I could not reconcile it to my mind to leave a hated dog unprovided at night in such a place as this becomes in some periods of the year.

"Then you have been here before," asked his lordship with some surprise.

"No, but the captain has, and knows it well; but is this to be the commencement of your lordship?"

"Taciturnity, you would say," finished his lordship. "I answer no, but I ask to be plain with you in order that I may avail myself of all means of escaping from this cruel solitude, and seeking the country from which I have been so artfully and treacherously trapped. My first object shall be to get a law passed to place the use of this method of using chloroform, by means of which I was victimized, under legitimate control, and—"

"Excuse, my lord, the schooner is making signal. Is anything wanted previous to departure? Does your lordship wish anthing that I have not at your service?"

This information fell like a death shock upon his lordship's nerves, and overcome by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed out, No.

BREVITY.—Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called to consult him. On exhibiting her hand she said:

"A burn."

"A Poultice," quickly answered the doctor.

The next day she returned and said,

"Better."

"Continue," replied the doctor.

In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words:

"Well—your fee?"

"Nothing," said the gratified physician, "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

O, lay all pride of place aside;
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. II.

Between work and play the time has passed very pleasantly at our camp. Ben has done some responsible hunting, and the time has been so favorable for it that our Charley and I have tried our hands but I confess frankly with but little success.

Charley has made a large charcoal drawing on the last unmarked yard of canvas on our cabin, representing the Goddess of Liberty crowning the successful Presidential candidate, with a wreath. I hardly know what I have done, and yet I have been very happy.

And Saturday night, when we had gathered around the charcoal fire, and it lighted up the smiling faces of Ben and Charley, while without the snow fell fast and silently like blessings from Heaven, we felt such an exquisite sense of happiness as it is rarely our lot to experience. The snow had completely covered the face of nature, there were no dark spots to be seen.

So my charity had clothed my fellow beings; I thought of them, and saw them only in their purer nature—no dark spots marred the view. And Ben and Charley had the same feelings, for after I had read my piece we had such a conversation as during all our acquaintance we have never before had, and I trust we made more firm the bonds of our affection, which can never be undone.

When it was very late and still snowing we lighted a large pine torch and went out bareheaded and gazed on the beautiful scene. The earth was one spotless sheet, the trees bowed under their loads of purity, and out of the unfathomable and mysterious darkness above, millions of feathery flakes came flashing downward; many fell upon our uncovered heads and when they had grown white with these blossoms of the sky, we went into the cabin, feeling, as Ben remarked, at peace with—God and man.

WHERE THE GOLD CAME FROM.—A FAIRY TALE.

You will doubtless, dear reader, smile at the idea of my telling a fairy tale, and perhaps turn past it, regarding it as worthy the perusal only of story-loving children.

Please follow me through, there may be an interest in it for other than childish heads. It is short at least, that is one merit. It's a vision or dream or—I don't know what to say. I'll tell you the circumstances and you can judge for yourselves.

I sat one night before the fire: our claim had paid uncommonly well that day, in short some three ounces to the hand—and naturally I felt very amiable—and was thinking things over, their bright side to me. Gradually I fell into that delicious, dreamy state in which the mind wanders about, without the guiding hand of reason and forms such strange wild fancies; and I may have gone a little beyond that peculiar state and fallen asleep. I cannot say positively. It matters little concering the story, although on that point depends the question of its being a vision or dream.

The first that I was conscious of, after remaining in this state for some time, was the appearance of a bright being before me, that must have sprung out of space for I did not hear her enter the cabin,—she stood directly before me, apparently sometimes so near that I could have laid my hand upon her, and then again she seemed far off. Sometimes she appeared unusually large and then again infinitely small, very much as you have seen objects look just as you were falling asleep.

She is a fairy, I thought, a fairy from the long slim wand which she holds in her hand—the beautifully adjusted robe—the flowing hair, and the sad expression of her face which folks say faries always wear now a days; and with these thoughts I sat attentively regarding her. She made a graceful gesture with her wand, and

spoke to me. Her voice sounded as you have often heard music—now swelling clear and full upon the ear, and then in some sweet cadence receding far away, as if journeying with the wind to its home.

"I perceive mortal," she said "that you recognize the being that I am, and wonder what can have brought me back here after our race has long disappeared from earth.

"Know then that it is an erroneous idea that fairies exist no more, for although we are invisible to man we still linger about our old homes. But no more in happiness–the day your race encroached upon our scenes, passed those days forever. But we are immortals and it is our doom to live sadly among you until the end of time. We seclude ourselves as much as possible, yet still there are times when your intruding footsteps break in upon our fairy gatherings, and even your blind senses sometimes perceive signs of our presence. This very day I saw you pause, and wonder what caused a slight blade of grass to move, that arose from the presence of fairy feet, and sometimes in the night when every thing seemed still, and yet there was an undefined sound, which you could not trace to its source, so faint, so uncertain that you almost doubted whether it was a sound or not; that was fairy music. There is yet another and more tangible trace of us. The gold for which you so disquiet yourselves is a fairy's curse upon your race. It is of this that after waiting long centuries to be avenged, and which at last we are, I came to tell you.

"A great while ago, so long that the tables on which time's flight was marked, were destroyed by his own wasting hands, almost beyond immortals' recollection, the fairies inhabited this sunny land. The origin of the fairies remains in obscurity; in early times there were debates upon that point. Some one had said it did not matter where we sprang from, that we were happy fairies and that was sufficient. But that would not satisfy the crowd, they must still have their discussions. But after all their words, the question was never settled. It was written in the records kept by the sacred people of the race, (for although we were exceedingly fond of pleasure and spent most of our time in mirth, we still had our sacred people,) it was written in the first page of their books. *The fairies came from the land in which the day is born.* But this made the question no clearer; each one had his own construction of the records, and you can have yours. In the early days of Fairydom there was one other subject of great dispute, which almost threatened the existence of our race. The faries, from time immemorial had dwelt in the clover flower. Its numerous and spacious apartments made it a splendid residence, our sacred people lived in the four leaved clover—some faint notion of which has reached you, for with you the finder of a four leaved clover is deemed a lucky person. When the fairies first settled in this land there were two beautiful vallies adjoining each other, in one of which the white clover flourished beautifully and the fairies mostly dwelt in it, on the contrary in the other valley, the red clover was most abundant, the white throve poorly, and after a while wholly died out, some shrewdly thought from its unadabtedness to the soil, but the fairies after they all lived in the red clover, stoutly contended that they had rooted it out from their dislike for it. Be it either way, its delicate perfume had hardly died on the breeze, when by some strange impulse never before heard of in fairyland, the inhabitants wanted the people of the other valley to dwell in the red clover like themselves. They remonstrated, and urged their right to dwell in which they pleased, but in vain the request was repeated, and hard words soon begun to be used on both sides.

In vain the peace loving folks of each valley tried to quell the excitement. In vain the sacred records

were read where it said the fairies should dwell in the clover leaving each one free to choose which particular species. The majority would not listen and they prepared to settle the dispute by arms. It was a glorious sight even when clothed with all the horrors of civil war, to see the chivalry of Fairydom marshalled in mighty hosts each warrior armed with his long thistle lance and rose thorn dagger.

Before however matters had proceeded to the last extremity, the peace loving ones had called in the faries of another large valley near-by, and they arranged matters peaceably between the two parties, on the humiliating condition that both parties should abandon their long loved homes in the clover, and dwell in some other flower, and so the clover was entirely rooted out, and the fairies dwelt in other flowers and mostly in the wild Columbine, which remains very abundant yet.

These two questions were all that disturbed the peace of the fairies during all their reign. Their social life was one continual round of pleasure, nothing but feasting and dancing. Their favorite time was the beautiful hour of moonlight, in which even you poor mortals feel a gleam of better nature struggling within your breasts, striving with the cares, anxieties, longings and strife of your daily life. Then the gay fairies gathered in the grassy dales and joined in the mazy dance, lost in oblivious happiness until the waning moon warned them to return to their homes. But by far the most splendid of all our *fetes* was the monthly celebration in honor of the full moon. I remember now, after so many countless uncelebrated moons have run their changes, how all the beauty of Fairyland assembled on the day of the celebrations. How when the heralding ray of the moon came and lighted up the eastern sky, they formed in a long procession each bearing a tiny bell-flower filled with a crystal dew drop, and how when the moon at last rose over the distant hills and her light flowed upon the myriads of dew drops which the fairies bore, and was reflected by as many happy faces,—the procession moved merrily forward to their fairy ground. It was a glorious sight such as man may never hope to see. But it pains me to recall it. It was on the night of this celebration just as we had formed in a procession waiting for the appearance of the moon, that man first intruded upon our lands. The fairies fled in terror, scattering the flowers and dew drops upon the ground. With all my fright I remember well how sad the moon looked when she gazed on the disordered scene. Pale and watery as if in tears that she should never again look upon the fairies revels.

We gathered together quickly after our affright and all wished revenge, we could not have fled from you if we had wished to, for while we had been wrapped in our pleasures, your race had spread all over the earth. We consulted long upon the best means of afflicting our resentment upon you but could devise no means until at last one of our priests said it had been revealed to him that there was, hidden deep in the bosom of the earth, a metal which when known to man, should become to him the root of all evil.

That he should deem it the source of all happiness, and to acquire it would make himself miserable. For it he would kill his brother, sell his country, betray his friend and sacrifice even the little joy that his life afforded. The fairies had but to scatter it deceitfully over the earth and man would search for it with endless toil, sometimes raised to feverish excitement by hope, and again bowed almost to the ground by disappointment. Thousands should be made wretched in search for it, where one should be made happy by success. I leave it for you to say if you think we are revenged for the cruel wrong to our happy race. You who have felt the weight of our curse who have toiled for years after the deceitfully strown metal, your bosom

racked alternately by joy, sorrow, hope, fear, and all the thousand other emotions which wear the heart of man. But your labor is about to be rewarded. The success of to-day is nothing compared with what will follow. "Toil on;" with these words a mist like cloud in which the fairy stood disappeared, and the fire was burning clear before me, a slight ringing sound from one of the burning logs sounded in my yet sleepy ear,—as a mysterious voice had sounded in it daily for years, like the last words of the fairy—"the success of to-day is nothing compared with what will follow, toil on."

THE NIGHT BREEZE SONG.

I've glided fast o'er the flow'ry plains,
And kissed the petals fair,
And wafted the perfumes, rich and sweet,
From flowers that clustered there.

I've wandered on thro' the forest shade,
And sang for the elfin band— [bright,
And I've seen them dance, in the moon-beams
On the hill where the tall oaks stand.

I've entered the halls of State, and seen
The proud and the noble there— [gay,
And I know that their hearts, tho' seeming
Are filled with sorrow and care.

I've murmured on by the vine-clad cot,
Where the poor man dwells content—
And the happy smiles of loved ones there,
To his heart new radiance lent.

I've borne, from ripe rosy lips, the song
Of joy which lingered there—
And I've caught the sighs of anguish deep,
From souls in dark despair.

I've breathed on many a feverish brow—
I've dried up the mourner's tear—
And to heaven, from many a sinful heart,
I've wafted an earnest prayer.

All scenes of earth have I glided o'er—
The sorrowful, fair and gay—
O'er barren sands, and thro' sylvan groves,
Where the silvery moon-beams play.

I've passed men's hearts, in their pride and power—
I've seen them when humbled low—
When hatred a chill on their spirits cast,
And when warmed by love's deep glow.

Ah! varied the scenes o'er which I pass,
On this beautiful world below—
And notes of thine to heaven I bear—
I'm away on my journey now.

[WILD ROSE.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE MIRACULOUS BAMBINO—CONCEIT CAN CURE, CONCEIT CAN KILL.

"Hey, Pierre, for Italy!" Italy! the word seemed to have some magic influence upon my drowsy cicerone. His sleepy eyes lighted up, and feature after feature assumed imagination.

"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "then your honor will know what the savoir vivre is."

We were off within twenty minutes after I had given the word of command, crossed the Tiber, entered Rome, (in an incredibly short time for our method of traveling,) and took up our quarters in a snug part of the town, near the church of the Ava Cœli. I never was more exhausted in my life, and it would seem that Pierre and I had exchanged awhile our natures. I retired to rest immediately, and slept nearly the whole of the next day. Not so Pierre; the fellow was all activity and wakefulness; the secret soon oozed out. Here dwelt his dulcinea; the thought of seeing her once more, and being near her, roused every energy within him. He had done all that was required of him before I was awake the next morning, and modestly knocked at my door, to crave permission to make a visit.

Not having any immediate occasion for his services, I consented; he flew down the stairs with the speed of the wind; Cupid, I suppose, lending him for the moment his *downy pair* to aid his flight. I slept full eight hours after, and was awoke by his rapping again at my door, and craving admittance.

"What is it?" I said impatiently. "An insurrection or an earthquake?"

"Ah, pardon, Monsieur," he said, "la pauvre enfant, Elle se porte mal, si mal. Elle avait un acces de fievre."

"Why, I never kuew you had a child," I said. "Did n't you tell me you were single?" I purposely misunderstood him, for his annoyance; however, seeing his distress, I sympathized with him, and in return he thanked me

for my kindness, and told me all would soon be well, if he could muster up money enough to have the Bambino. Would I accommodate him with the needful, he asked. He would serve me day and night, to the end of my existence, and even after it, if I should require it.

"And who is this Bambino?" I inquired.

To my utter amazement I learnt that it was no other than a great wooden doll, that had the power of almost raising the dead to life.

"Why Pierre, I always thought you to have more sense than to be imposed upon by a parcel of besotted, or knavish priests."

"Ah Monsieur, pour noir est croire."

Here another knock came to the door; Pierre opened it, without regard to my wishes, and a young harum scarum English doctor presented himself.

"O," said he, without regarding me in bed, "the sooner you get this farce of the doll over, the better. I can do nothing more; her head runs upon it day and night, and there is a probability afterwards of my advantageous assistance."

"What about this doll?" said I, turning to the Englishman; "do enlighten me."

"Ah! a countryman, or an American. I am happy to make your acquaintance, as the only sane man I have seen in this priest ridden place for many a day. This all important humbug," said he, "is a pudding headed looking doll, that has had the repute of curing all sorts of diseases. It represents the Saviour in his infancy, and the honor and reverence that is paid to it by its priests, is enough to make one doubt that there is an atom of sense left in the blind credulity of the people, or of honesty in the religious ceremonies of its priests."

"Softly, softly," said I, "have a care of what you say; recollect you are in the land of fire and faggots, chains and slavery."

"O! no one here understands English," said he; "I should n't care if they did."

"Well, but this Bambino; I have heard of King Bomba, but never of this king."

"Bamboozle!" added he. "Well, then, go with me, and you will see one of the most humiliating sights that ever happened in any tyrant land."

We entered the little chamber of the afflicted one. Pierre admitted us with his fingers on his lips, conjuring strictest silence. It was crowded with priests, all crouched in a kneeling posture before this trumpery doll, dressed in the most gorgeous manner, in gold lace and white satin, sparkling, as the lighted candles flitted upon it, with the most magnificent and costly jewels. With the gravest air imaginable did the oldest of these priests lift it from its perch, for the afflicted one to kiss its ugly, misshapen foot. I could forbear no longer; an indescribable feeling was about to prompt me to knock the king from its throne with my walking stick, whack the fat priests, and kick the attendants down stairs; throw the candles out of the window, and remove poor Pierre and his pauvre enfant from this shocking and impious scene and ceremony.

I lifted up my hands in astonishment. "How, in the name of everything wonderful," said I to my companion, "can Pope Pius Nino countenance so vile an imposture, or allow it to be countenanced by his sect. What would the holy Saviour say, were he to appear on earth again in this place, to see his doctrine so vilely perverted, and his holy person so desecrated. To see the very two first Divine Commandments 'Thou shalt make no graven image, in any likeness, to worship it,' so daringly set at naught. The wonder is, that the very heavens of his throne do not pour down the vials of his wrath upon the place, and consume it in a moment."

High day hoiky toiky, said the Englishman in his turn, echoing my very words, have a care friend, recollect that you are in the land of fire and faggots,

&c., &c. But what would you say were I to tell you that this wooden thing does work such miracles; that I have seen more than once its immediate effects in the most surprising manner, and without believing it to be anything more than a piece of wood, that it is capable of curing many diseases. The rich jewels that cover it are the voltive offerings of the invalids it has cured.

"Are you serious?" said I.

"Quite serious. I verily believe the thing acts as a charm upon the people, and that they and the priests are taken captive against the evidences of their senses by its mysterious influences;—nevertheless, as I said before, the sight is one of the most humiliating in humanity. Have you ever heard of a well attested power that former Kings had of curing the scrofula or king's evil, so called from the circumstance?"

"Well attested fiddlesticks," said I. "If there have been such cures 'tis nothing but the power of superstition upon the nerves of ignorant minds that has produced them. I know a poor woman cured of an enormous wen or goetre, by the head of an executed murderer being passed over it three times. The woman explained to me that she felt the blood curdle in her veins while the act was being performed by the hangman, who received many a fee that day for like assistance, under the scaffold. For weeks, she told me, she felt the head upon the place, and every time she contemplated it, the blood seemed to flee from the parts touched as if in very horror;—she in one month became perfectly cured, and the part once so bloated and charged with blood, had shrivelled up like the puckers of a thread drawn garment.

"The power of superstition with mingled awe and fear, reduces many a mind to a perfect state of abjection. It was at one time doubted that fear could be powerful enough to kill a man. I remember my friend (at that time a coroner) upon an inquest, relating the following circumstance in proof of it.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, the heads of the medical faculty at that time, took it into their heads to set the matter at rest. For this purpose they applied to the King for permission to select, amongst the criminals condemned to capital punishment, a person for their experiment. The King gave his sanction, upon condition no tortues should be used. He was told that the experiment was only to observe the exhaustion attendant upon the loss of blood.

"Several criminals upon the offer being made to them, consented to subject themselves to their experiments in order to avoid the exposure of an ignominious death. The most powerful among them (a butcher by trade) was selected, when every preparation was completed. The subject was then introduced to the room provided for the occasion, and was told to thurst his left arm through an orifice made just large enough to admit it through the partition of the next room, and which was just slight enough to enable any one to hear the remarks made from it. The man of course was not able to see, but only to hear what was passing in the next room. After some time he was made to feel a piercing stroke as of a lancet, and to hear the drops of lukewarm water poured on his arm and that fell into a basin some distance under it. Meanwhile the imposition was kept up amongst the medical experimenters by pertinent technical remarks loud enough for him to hear, interposed with conjectures how long more the subject had to live. These became more and more urgent as the time more and more increased. His ghostly adviser (not in the secret) by his side, urging him to a more ample confession and more fervent prayer.

"Now said the conductor suddenly, look out—in twenty-five seconds he is a dead man.

"Hearing the announcement, the criminal, it is recorded, dropped dead at his father confessor's feet; and not

a particle of life, it appeared, was left in him; for the lancet which was made use of to restore circulation of the blood, produced no result whatever, and one of the most robust of men fell a victim to prove the truth of the maxim that conceit can cure, conceit can kill."

"BESSIE," TO "CARRIE D."

HOWK'S RANCH, Yuba Co.,
Dec. 26, 1857.

DEAREST CARRIE:—You remember the promise you exacted when I bade you good bye, on the morning of your departure from Sacramento.—The "yes, may be," so reluctantly given, was scarcely intended as an assurance of fulfilment, and to confess the truth, I did not much mean to write anybody—but my evil genius has this moment nudged my elbow, and made me think to torture you with a description of the delightful times I am having at "happy cottage," with "Alice" for my companion. Now don't be jealous, Carrie, for you know how dearly we poor teachers pay for the few gleams of sunshine which flit across our toilsome path—"few and far between," like "angel visits," may well be applied to the "hours of idleness" that come to any of us.

But here I have enjoyed whole days of uninterrupted happiness, without a thought of books or black-boards to trouble me. You know I have bent beneath my great responsibilities until my shoulders have become round like a pack peddlar's, or poor Bunyan's, with his weight of grievances strapped to his back; but never mind, it is past now—like the cloud that floats over the moon's disc, leaving it all the brighter for the sea of darkness which swept over it.

My journey hither was delightful notwithstanding the chill December air, which at first made me sensible that I had not muffled myself sufficiently for so long a ride. For an hour we perambulated the quiet streets to pick up our quota of passengers, and I looked in vain to see any tangible evidences that the city purposed to go into mourning on account of my departure. There was no bunting displayed at half mast, and the bells toll'd no signal of sorrow! so I made myself as comfortable as possible—wedged in with sixteen chinamen and a small delegation from Cork and Tiperara, and one as beautiful specimen of feminine loveliness as I have met in California—a little *nun* from the Convent of St. Catharines, who was to spend *her* vacation with friends at Marysville. She entertained me the whole way with an uninterrupted silence. But the male portion of the cargo were not so obliging, a perpetual jargon was kept up, but having never learned the language of the Celestials, I could only give a yankee guess as to what the purport of it might be. I have not a doubt but that the merits and demerits of the presidential candidates were freely descanted upon—the railroad, the dromedary line, the harbor bill, the swindling operations connected with the building of the old and new capitol, and many other topics of a similar nature—which made me think though election is over the turbid waters of the great sea of politics had not altogether ceased their bubbling. Like "Mark Tapley," I took great credit to myself for being jolly under such circumstances. If the day had been manufactured for my especial benefit I could not have bettered it.

Although the seasons are now clothed in their cheapest and humblest dress —nevertheless, they are always attractive and picturesque, and nothing is tame in California. The wild mountain scenery, combined with the almost immortal green with which the woods are clothed, are never without interest. Every gossamer curtain and shadow of cloud, had passed not only from the soft blue sky, but from the heart of your friend. It pleased the good Eolus, for my sake, to breathe gently upon the clean washed face of

nature, and a breeze sprung up, just sufficient to stir the leaves and make them dance merrily upon the pencile boughs. It seemed as if they were trilling a sad yet gleesome requiem, to the old year who is passing over the verge of time.

But I think I hear you impatiently enquiring after "Alice," my amiable hostess whose spiritual self has so often in our "sanctum reveries," held communion with our own hearts. She is all we have pictured her, Carrie, and you have but to look into her face to find an index of a happy heart. A plain, unassuming woman, who affects the *literateur* but little. She says her life thus far has been one of vicissitude, ups and downs, subject to the caprices of fortune like every other son and daughter of Adam. The prow of her life boat has not been decked with thornless flowers—but the strong arm and faithful heart to whom she has entrusted her life's happiness, is still at the helm, and love's guiding star sheds its beacon light o'er all her hopes.—She bade me tell her all about you, and sweet "Katie King," the first time we were alone.

Ah! I know how you would envy me, could you look in upon us when we are by ourselves, and be delighted with the way "Alice" performs her various domestic duties, imparting to the humblest, and least attractive of them, so much grace and dignity. What matters it though for days together Jove's forces have kept us within doors? even now his fitful frown rests heavily upon the snow crested sierras, and the blackened clouds are dropping their treasures upon the thirsty fields. All day long has the rain pattered dreamily against the pane, or in larger effusions drenched the grateful earth. The hours glide unconsciously by, and each one will bear away upon its wizard wings memories never to be forgotten.

Yesterday I was to have ascended the *Buttes*, on horseback, but unfortunately it set in to rain. It seems to me as if I could make the tour before breakfast; but when asked what I supposed was the distance to the base of the mountains, and I said three miles, all my Yankee guessing was put quite into the shade, by being told it was fifteen! So we staid at home.

"And we talked!—O, how we talked! her voice cadenced in the talking—
Made another singing in the soul, a music without bars—
And she spake such good thoughts, natural, as if she always thought them."

In the still seclusion of "Alice's" rural home, is an inviting place of repose for one who has long enjoyed the restraints of school room discipline, and its pernicious influence upon the mind and health. As I approached the home of her who seems endowed with so many of the "fatal gifts," a severe delight filled my whole soul; intensely bright and beautiful had been the anticipations which were now to become realities. They were the spontaneous feelings of a heart filled to excess with a love for the truly good, and intellectually great of our earth. Now I am enjoying all I anticipated, and I fear, after my visit to this favorite haunt of the muses, I shall have little heart for anything else for a long time to come.

But in this land of gold and flowers I have found a Mecca, towards which my thoughts will often wend their way, and pay a rightful tribute at the shrine of genius; and when it has become altogether a thing of memory, then will my heart-harp sing of *thee*, "Alice," and soft and sweet will be the echoing strain, as the far off anthem of Angels.

Music of Words.—Listen to the mother talking music to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.

TO *******.

"There is a worse death than dying. If a wife, in whom a noble heart is garnered, sinks into the grave in her purity, as sinks an unblemished pearl in the fathomless ocean, there are bitter tears for that sorrow; but if a wife become faithless and impure, there are no tears, but a sorrow that burns deeper than the grave."—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Dear is the memory of that sweet time—
Those years of joy, not very long ago—
When I was young—my feelings in their prime,
And thou the inspirer of a love we know
But once on earth—that first, deep, thrilling glow
Of a pure passion, heavenly in its birth;
And heaven no greater boon can e'er bestow
On mortals here, above the bliss of earth,
Than that first dream of love, priceless in all its worth.

Thine eyes were beaming with that light of love—
A light whose radiance glorified the day,
And made, at night, the gentle stars above
Shine with a purer and serener ray;
The smiles that o'er thy genial face would play
Were lovelier than the hues of sunset skies,
When all their gorgeous beauties they display,
All glowing with the twilight's matchless dyes,
And in thy voice I heard celestial strains arise.

Thy thoughts were pure as dew-drops on the lawn;
Thy feelings chaste as Alp's eternal snows;
Thy graces lovelier than the early dawn,
When Nature first awakes from her repose,
With songs of birds and blushings of the rose,
And brilliant flowers, whose fragrance fills the air,
While heaven and earth with radiant beauty glows;
There's naught but virtue can such glories share,
Whose loveliness excels all things beyond compare.

But all is changed. If thou to me wert given,
That I might know the heights of human joy,
And find this earth—what saints may dream of heaven—
A goal of happiness without alloy,
Thou didst, with heartless cruelty, destroy
That heaven of bliss, and bring a hell of wo,
Whence came the accursed impulse to employ
The dearest feelings that the heart can know,
To drive me to despair, and be my deadliest foe.

Was I not faithful to my first, fond vow?
Did I not cherish thee with tenderness,
And at thy shrine of love in rapture bow
My trusting heart, striving but thee to bless?
I lived but to increase thy happiness,
And toiled, to give thee all that toil could bring;
My fond devotion never grew the less,
Till thou, with heartless cruelty, didst fling
My love aside, to be—a fallen, faithless thing.

If death had closed upon thy sinless years,
And called thy loved form to its final rest,
I should have mourned thy loss with bitter tears,
Yet still have known thy sainted spirit blest,
While hopes eternal, springing in my breast,
Had crowned my sorrows with God's peace and joy;
Now, wild despair, the breaking heart's unrest,
Must all my nobler energies destroy,
And shroud my life in gloom—a gloom without alloy.

But I forgive thee; and thou yet shalt feel
How grievous is the wrong that thou hast done;
Justice is slow but sure; and time shall steal
All self-delusion from thy mind; thy sun
Of happiness has set; life's stream shall run
From bitter founts; and from its troubled source
Shall flow the sorrows that thou canst not shun;
Repentant sorrows, with a withering force,
Shall flood thy soul with wo, and naught shall stop their course.

For sins like these, repentance comes too late;
There is no earthly power to restore
That faith and trust; it is thy bitter fate,
Alone to wander on life's barren shore;
Thy faithless love I live but to deplore,
And ne'er can know the joys I once have known;
Those days, forever past, return no more,
And naught on earth can for thy deeds atone,
From which I've felt that grief might break a heart of stone.

* * *

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired Peter. "It's my deliberate conviction that some one has pulled the rope," answered Joe.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.

TO T****.

BY W. H. D.

You dear little elfin,
You sweet little sprite,
As bright as a sunbeam,
And happy as bright,
I am coming to catch you,
And steal you away,
To be queen of the fairies
By night and by day.

You shall dance in the moonlight
As my fairy wife,
And I'll make you so happy
Through all of your life,
For I'm king of the fairies,
And you shall be queen,
And the loveliest creature
That ever was seen.

Your dress shall be spangled
With silver and gold,
And a bright silver wand
In your hand you shall hold;
While on your fair forehead
Shall shine a bright star,
That all of the fairies
May know who you are.

O, dearest, now come,
No longer delay,
For the fairies are waiting
To own you to-day;
And then you'll be queen
Of the fairies so fine—
I'm Oberon, King,
And your true Valentine.

FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels,
Whereby they write on hills and dales mysterious truths."

I wonder who first suggested such an excellent title for our paper, as "The Wreath?" It seems peculiarly appropriate and significant, for the heading of a paper, edited by school girls, in California. In the sweet spring-time, what a variety and profusion of wild flowers adorn our valleys and plains—and experience has taught us, that wild flowers become far more beautiful when transplanted from their native home in the prairie or in the lonely dell, into the rich, warm soil of our gardens. Cultivation seems to change the very nature of many shrubs and plants. Flowers represent the affections, and, could we read their language aright, we should see in each of their varied and lovely forms, the peculiar character of each affection in the human soul, as it were daguerreotyped before us. This is no fanciful analogy, but is grounded, in the very nature, and uses of their sweet and fragrant blossoms. No two flowers, even on the same stem, are *precisely alike;* so it is with the varied affections of the human heart—for they are manifest in their forms and modes of expression. We can see all the rich and beautiful colors, which exist in flowers—the very heat and light of the sun, seems wrought into their substance, by invisible hands. They seem to be almost like the rainbow itself, taken from the sky, and woven by fairy fingers, into these delicate filaments, preserving even the graceful curve, which the arch in the sky possesses.

Let us all endeavor to bring, each week, an offering of sweet and fragrant flowers for "The Wreath." In order to do this, we must be sure to cultivate the soil of our minds with care and attention, and implant therein only the right kinds of seed—those which we feel sure will produce fragrant and beautiful flowers. These mental gardens in our hearts *will* produce plants of *some kind*—either the useful and beautiful, or the noxious and poisonous. Let us be careful then to plant so many good seeds, that there will be no room for the evil weeds to grow; or, if they begin to make their appearance, let us root them up, and cast them out to wither and die.

Flowers are said to derive a great part of their substance from water. Without a plentiful supply of this, they will not grow and blossom. Water corresponds to *truth.* This performs a use in our minds corresponding to the use of water, in refreshing and nourishing our plants and shrubs. Without the great truths of Religion and Science, our minds would be as barren deserts, without one spot of refreshing greenness and verdure. So,

without water, we should not see these material forms of beauty, with which our gardens are filled. We shall hope to see our "Wreath" increased, each week, by the addition of new flowers, such as we have not yet seen entwined among its green leaves.

VERBENA.

TO C****.

BY W. H. D.

My sweet little maiden,
I should like to know
If ever you wish
For a good little beau;
One gentle and loving,
Kind hearted and true,
With all his affections
Bestowed upon you.

I think you would like one,
Perhaps you want two,
But I should not like that
For it never would do;
Two are just one too many,
And sometimes but one
Is found quite sufficient
To spoil all the fun.

I know you are handsome,
And often quite kind,
And sometimes you're good,
When you feel so inclined;
But when you are naughty
You kick up a row,
And then you might tell me
"I don't love you now."

At that I should cry,
And my sorrowing heart
Would feel as if pierced
Quite through with a dart;
But if you will promise
To be truly mine,
Then, now and forever,
I'm thy Valentine.

CONJECTURES ON SEEING AN OLD MAN SEATED ALONE REFLECTING ON THE PAST.

'Twas a calm spring evening. The king of day was just sinking behind the western hills, and as a token of his parting favor, the light fleecy clouds floating in the western sky, were gilded with his delicate and beautiful golden beams. It was an hour when all the weary tasks of the day being completed, each care worn laborer seeks the quiet of his own fireside, then, in the sweet delights of home to lose the sad regrets which cling around his heart.

I too was wending my homeward way through the busy streets of the metropolis of this golden land. Pleasant thoughts filled my heart, and I was reflecting on the possibility of misery existing in human breast at such an hour, when I chanced to see a form prematurely bent with care and grief, seated upon the sidewalk, regardless of all the busy gaiety around him. Presenting as he did such a contrast to the gay world amid which I had of late mingled, I could not but observe him attentively as I passed, and as I noted his care worn, sorrowful expression, my mind soared on fancy's pinions far into the dim, dim past. Why, I asked, is he seated there so down cast and alone? Has he no home? No loved friend to meet him there? Alas no! Life is to him a wearisome road, for no kind hearts to soften the thorny pathway, are around him now.

Fancy pictured to me the scenes of his past life! I saw him a fair child, with all the innocence and freshness of life's glad morn clustering around his heart. Then as years passed on, a merry schoolboy, with heart as light as the butterfly he chased from flower to flower, went dancing before me.

And then again in manhood's opening, I see him pressing with eager steps the threshold of life, and with ambition ever ready to lead him on, started in the race of life.

For awhile friends gathered around him, and success seemed ready to crown his efforts, for *he* was one of fortune's favorites. Wealth, youth and intellect were his. But the golden wings of wealth are ever plumed for flight, and with it oft flies the warmth of friendship, and the favor of the world. So it was with our young aspirant for worldly honors. His wealth vanished and with it all his hopes of honor and glory.

Then with bitterness in his heart he sought this far western land, hoping here to find again the golden magnet which alone could give him favor in the eyes of the world. Nobly he battled with the difficulties surrounding him. Wealth was his once more, and friends crowded around him. But here temptations gathered around his heart, and without one tie of home or love to bind him to duty and guard his wandering feet, he fell, conqucred by the tempter's wiles!

The ruby wine glittered around him, and yielding, he drank of the cup so fraught with misery and death. Again and again he yielded, until his manly frame was bent as though with age; his elastic step changed to a tottering gait, and the powers of his lofty intellect were crushed by its withering influence.

Wealth, friends, and fame, once more were gone; and now destitute of that pride and sense of honor which had previously led him upward, he sank lower and lower in the scale of humanity, until now I see him a sad wreck.

Alas! how weak is man trusting in his own srrength! Gifted with all the powers of intellect and a noble spirit, and yet unless guarded by some stronger arm he cannot resist the tide of temptation, but ruined and lost will be borne on its waves to the dark ocean of despair.

M. A. H.

Editor's Table.

In this our monthly chit-chat with our readers, we really feel much inclined to sociality. The old year passed away, leaving us with but few regrets for the past, and with our hopes for the future buoyant and bright. We might dwell with much earnestness and truth upon one or two subjects of interest to us personally —as the unmistakable evidences of the success of our enterprise, and the kind wishes and tokens of regard bestowed upon us by our numerous friends during the late festal season. But there is no subject of deeper interest to Californians generally, or that will command a larger share of the attention of the great commercial world, than the progress of California in her onward march toward the goal of her destiny.

In reviewing her progress thus far, we find that that which was once deemed a problem in relation to her, has been solved, and the unmistakable deduction drawn from its solution is, that in fixed wealth, general improvement, increase of population, in fact everything that helps to make a country great, California is progressing.

By reference to reliable statistics we find that, during the past year, we have largely increased our population. That through the port of San Francisco alone, there has been 29,630 arrivals, and 22,747 departures, giving us an increase of 6,883 persons. To this number we add the increase by overland immigration, which, at a low estimate, we put at 8,000, and we have an increase, in the aggregate, of about fifteen thousand souls in 1856. Now, in view of the fact that of this increase, a very large portion consisted of families, nearly all of whom are to take rank as permanent settlers, California certainly presents to the older States, and to the world, a picture of progress of which we may well be proud; for it should always be kept in view, when comparing our increase with that of sister States, the greater difficulties, expenses, and even dangers attendant upon immigration here.

With this view of the subject, and data before us, what might not California speedily become, with increased facilities and means for aiding and cheapening immigration hither? California, it is true, to make her vastly richer and more prosperous than now, needs population; but that population she would speedily have if it could get here. The world believes, aye, knows, that California possesses every element of prosperity, opulence, and grandeur as a State of the great Confederacy, in an eminent degree, and a million of people at this hour stand ready to participate in her future glory, but they *cannot get here.* What California wants, then, is the Railroad! Not that she alone wants it, the nation, the world wants it! Give us, then, the Railroad at once, say we. Let us have it by private enterprize, if compatible with its speedy consummation; if not, then with as little government pap and patronage as possible.

Friends around our *table*, what say you?

The Snows.—In no other country upon earth do the falling snows possess the interest they do in California; for nowhere else are they the motive power and fulcrum of a peoples' prosperity. The great mining interest of California, at present pre-eminent over any other, would soon flag but for the waters from her rivers; but her rivers are dependent upon the mountains, and they in turn upon the snows. Rains alone will not suffice, for the mountains may be deluged, and the rivers deluge the valleys below, but this does not keep up that steady and constant supply during the summer months, when it is most needed, as do the melting snows.

Our highest mountains, therefore, covered deep with snow, become our great natural reservoirs. During the last three years there has been an annual decrease of the quantity of snow and rain, until our mountain steams, in many localities, actually failed in yielding the requisite supply. But the present winter has been a cold one; a large quantity of rain has fallen in the valleys, and snow upon the mountains; more indeed of the latter than for the two preceding years. We can, therefore, congratulate the miner upon his prospect of an abundant supply of this indispensable requisite for the successful prosecution of his avocation the coming summer; and not only the miner,

but all classes of our citizens. While to those of our friends who are yet far away, but who hope to reach California in early spring, it is the harbinger of a successful debut.

EARTHQUAKES.—Here is another subject engaging the attention, and to some extent, the interests of the people of the coast cities of California. It is not every country that can get up an earthquake every year, just for the amusement of its people, for it seems to be for no other purpose.

Since the issue of our January number, our coast, coast range of mountains, and country inland, to the great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and from Oregon on the north, to the Gulf of California on the south, has been dancing its annual polka to its silent, quiet partner, the great inland or Sierra Nevada range.

It may be all pleasant enough to those at a distance, to hear of these annual vibrations of our ancient mother, but to us, with our four and six story brick and mortar proclivities, it does seem as though she was getting old enough to keep quiet, and as her children of the cities are annually decking her person with costly jewels, it certainly would be desirable that she should wear them meekly and gracefully, without any further attempt to shake them off.

But as all conjectures in relation to a repetition of her antics are vain, we shall await her future foibles with a mind philosophically disposed.

POISON OAK—TREATMENT.—Numberless communications are lying around us upon the subject of the Poison Oak, the size the shrub or vine will attain, the direful effects of its poison upon some, and its harmlessness to others, and all proposing something as a remedy for the poison. "Coon Creek" would use saleratus and vinegar, or warm water and Castile soap, or neat's foot oil and sulphur, or soap root, and we think he might as well have added—or anything else you choose—as an outward application. C. G. would "take the kinks out" with simply a weak lye; whilst from a source which entitles it to confidence, "sweating" is advised. And as large numbers of our mining and agricultural friends suffer from its effects, we append the remedial portion of an interresting communication in hand:

"As soon as the sensations produced by the Poison Oak, etc., are discovered, take a *profuse* sweat, by any mode known to you, except through the agency of drugs, or the "Russian," or the "Digger Indian," or "Steam Baths."

Only one sweat may be necessary, but if not sufficient repeat daily until relief is obtained. I have never found it necessary to administer more than one, yet in one case the suffering was, and bid fair to be very, excessive. Whilst sweating drink much cold water; finishing the process after sweating by a dash of one or two pails full of *cold* water, and a good "wash down" in the same with coarse towels, then wipe dry. The affected parts may afterwards be frequently bathed in cold water, and cloths wet with cold water may also be applied until entirely relieved.

"I have known a case in California which, under drugging treatment and mismanagement, resulted in total and hopeless blindness, originated by Poison Oak; and as the face and head are most frequently affected it is no trifling thing to be ignorant of the best and surest mode of treatment.

"There is a simple mode of taking a sweat which any one may adopt, and where a proper vapor bath cannot be had is the best for those who do not know how to take the "wet sheet pack." The plan is to thoroughly envelope the person in blankets, "tucking them in" closely, so as to prevent the escape of warmth from the body, and commence to give water to drink in moderate quantities at first, until sweating commences, and then freely, continuing until profusely sweated. This is within the reach of all; rendering drugs and poisons unnecessary, as they also are in all other cases. G. M. BOURNE."

AND now a pleasant, familiar word with our readers and contributors. The extremely low rate at which our Magazine, as an Illustrated California Monthly, is furnished to the world, precludes the possibility of present remuneration for favors that find a place in its columns, beyond our warmest thanks.

To those who have not been as successful in their endeavors to please us, we are equally grateful, believing there is much of merit in trying. Perseverance will accomplish much, even though the fates, at first sight, would seem to be against us.

But there is one peculiar phase in the character of those who use the pen—it is, that those who really possess the ability, are almost always the most chary of its use. We hope, as there are many of this character who are

readers of the Magazine, that they will favor us upon any and all subjects of interest, appertaining to California or the Pacific Coast.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Pedestrian.—We believe you are, for you traveled all over both sides of your paper. When you can show us a way to split a sheet of paper, so that we can lay it before our compositors written only upon one side, then we can make use of such manuscript as yours.

I. T. G.—Is received.

L. Alameda.—Your "Essay" is excellent of its kind, the sentiment profoundly good, the argument unanswerable. But that large class, the most in need of the practice and influence of its valuable precepts, would be the last to read it.

W. D. C.—Is received.

Sierra.—Your "Incident of '49" would make a nice little homily for a "one horse" temperance meeting, in some small town where poor whisky is considered a "great institution."

S.—Dated Jan. 1st, '57, received too late for January number. The first line, "My Mother, on this New Year's morn," is clearly expressive of its nonadaptation to our February number.

F. B.—Your favor speaks of the graves of three of the "forty-niners." But as there is not an incident or reminiscence given, connecting the dead of those graves with life past or present, we must decline its publication.

R. W.—Has certainly given us a beautiful "Glimpse of our Childhood." If it has faults, it is too long, (a fault common to our contributors,) and is not peculiarly Californian in its character.

**Callie Fornia.*—In our columns, is no sooner a Bride, than, California like, she is revolving in her mind the "will nots," and the "my ways!" Now there are those who believe that "a good man can make of his wife almost what he pleases." We hope just such a man is trying his hand on "Callie Fornia," as it will settle the question.

N.—"The Californian's return to his Home,' though not without merit, the writer will see that as one of a "youthful band," having—

> "Sought for gold, the treasure found
> In the mines of California."

Too little time would seem to have elapsed in which to return to his home, and now be enabled to say—

> "* * * * * *
> Though years of sorrow, toil, and care
> Have dimmed my eye and marked my brow,
> And bowed my form, and blanched my hair."

M. N.—We have no doubt she is as you say in your accompanying note, "almost angelic." But would you have us publish what you call "poetry," that the world may say of you—

> "So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
> So fit to prattle at a lady's feet?"

How old are you—out of your teens?

Will S. Green.—On file for next number.

T. S. G.—With sketches, on file.

A Page of the Past.—Next month.

Hen Pecked Husband.—Had you but held the "Klore-form" to your nose till this time, you would not have been troubled with the penning of your communication.

L. S. L.—There is in this city a second-hand sewing machine that, with "black thread and a white ground," will turn out a far more intelligible manuscript than that which you sent us; and when the motive power is a good sensible dog, will get off better poetry. It is surprising that there are so many who cannot write even ten lines of sensible prose, and yet think themselves no mean poets.

O. S.—There can be no harm in sending it. If well written, short, and Californian in character, we will doubtless find room for it.

O. P. Q.—If we had a very large hay press, with which we could condense your manuscript into one fourth its present volume, it might be admissible.

Numerous other favors are received, but too late to obtain a notice this month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

CHINESE—MALE AND FEMALE.

When the magic, and almost uncredited tidings of the discovery of gold, in our newly acquired possessions on the Pacific coast, were heralded throughout the Atlantic cities, and the world, they produced a feeling not unlike the relation of some Eastern tale, upon the romantic imagination of the young.

Old men looked incredulous; young men listened with eagerness, and saw the airy castles of their future wealth arise in glittering magnificence before them. The middle aged received the recital with caution, not omitting to make many inquiries of the respectability and the trustworthiness of the messengers. This paper described the specimens before them; another heard from a reliable source, that on the Rio Sacramento, or the Rio Americano — or some other river in California—scales of the precious metal had been found. All hoped it to be true; while, with surprise, they thought it barely possible.

As letter after letter, and messenger after messenger was received, each and all bore unmistakable testimony to the exhilerating fact. Therefore it *might* be true. Possibility in time was turned to certainty, and *gold was found.*

With the hope of this being the "Philosopher's Stone," the enterprising, the adventurous, and the enthusiastic decided to visit this new El Dorado. Men of every clime, and of every creed, from the icy North to the sunny South; from the East to the West; "of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," forgot their nationalities, and their differences, in the all-absorbing thought for gold—who should be first was the one idea, and the great consideration. Like one Richard Whittington, of juvenile remembrance, whose imagination had paved the streets of "great London city" with gold, and whose only thought was to "get a hat full of it," and leave. (We regret, too, to see others, with no better intentions than his, towards California.)

This commingling of men of all creeds, and conditions, from all quarters of the world, with one common object—that of improving their condition—and who, more or less, have been dependent upon each other in its accomplishment, has given a commendable and cosmopolitan spirit of liberality towards each other—more perhaps than in any other land— and long may we cherish this bond of brotherhood with charity and forbearance, "asking for nothing but what is right, and submitting to nothing that is wrong."

Every continent, every country, every island, bears the foot-prints of the American, and we would have given a cut illustrative of the veritable Yankee, *alias* Jonathan, were it not that almost any one, in any country, can wake up on any morning, and as early as he pleases, on looking out can see him right before his eyes, or just a little ahead of where he's looking for him. So that while we are showing that the whole world has its representatives in California, as part of Yankeedom, so assuredly are the Yankees in all parts of the world.

Jonathan is a restless genius, and a genius he is, too; full of invention, from basswood cucumber seeds, wooden hams and patent clocks, to lightning lines, locomotives, twelve cylinder printing presses, and leviathan steamships. He can, in a given time build and burn up, and build again, more cities, blow up more steamboats, smash more railroad cars, and kill more men, women, and children, *by unavoidable accident*, than any other living man, we don't care what country he comes from. He can eat the fastest, and do it with the poorest teeth, of any other man. He can do the fastest walking, and the most of it, and on the slimest pair of legs. He makes the most money, and loses it the quickest, and if he happens to take it into his head that his country isn't big enough to accommodate his growing family, and the wants of "future destiny," he takes a trip to Mexico, says good morning marm, and if she don't return the compliment, why just takes California to turn his gun carriage round on, and having done this, *guessed* he'd keep it, as it may be convenient sometime to terminate a railroad on.

He has very little time to read, but beats the world in making books and newspapers, and if he would only get into the habit of using whisky and to-

bacco in some shape, would whip out the balance of the world at almost anything but *guessing* and *gassing;* and, if you want to know more about him, just ask your neighbor,—he can tell you the *hull* story, and if he can't it's of no use our trying.

Now, permit us to introduce to your acquaintance Celestial John and his lady, types and shadows of the empire of China. A people that numbers in California, at this moment, over forty thousand, half enough to form a respectable sized State—a large majority of whom are doubtless from the lower orders, or castes; exhibiting a cringing, abject sense of servility, to that degree that it appears a fixed trait of character in all but a few of the more intelligent and wealthy.

John (for they are all Johns) is probably the best abused foreigner we have among us. In the mines, where in many places they make a largely numerous class, though invariably minding their own business, and interfering with no one, except so far as their mere presence does it, he is constantly and almost every where subject to abuse, extortion, and even robbery, and generally with very little hope of redress—against which we unhesitatingly lift our voice, believing that if our laws permit them to come amongst us, our laws should certainly give to them protection, which now, unfortunately they do not.

He is an industrious every day worker, and content with small wages. In the cities and larger towns of the State, numbers are engaged in mercantile pursuits, dealing almost exclusively in commodties used by their countrymen.

In San Francisco they have their Josh temples for worship, and among their amusements, their theatre—the excruciating din of which, during any evening of the week, will direct the sight seer to its locality, on Dupont street.

Unlike other Oriental nations, the Chinese have sent hither swarms of their females, a large part of whom are a depraved class; and though with complexions in some instances approaching to fair, their whole physiognomy indicates but a slight removal from the African race.

CHILIANS.

This type of our population is more generally found in the mines than in the cities; and it is there, with their short iron bar, ox-horn scraper, and wooden bowl, that, considering the means employed, they very successfully prosecute their search for gold.

Their women very frequently accompany the men to the scenes of their labor, and while the men prosecute the work of cayoting, and bringing to the surface the pay dirt, the women not unfrequently do the panning out, separating or washing the dirt from the "oro," in some adjacent pool.

You may look at a score of Chilian women, and in every one of them you will see an expression of countenance, telling this kind of a tale: "I am perfectly satisfied with my condition as a woman, with my cigarita in one hand, and my other hand and arm where it should be, whether the rest of man or woman kind are or not." Whilst the men almost as invariably wear a cast of countenance indicative of a desire that the Yankees would just mind their own business, and let him and *his* mind theirs. The number of Chilians in Calforinia are less numerous than they were three or four years ago, and are annually decreasing, which can hardly be said of any other race of people among us, except the aborigines.

THE HINDOO.

Yes, Hindostan long since sent greeting to California. A type of one caste of her people is before you; but we present him as he appeared after a three years' residence in the mines; and for a Hindoo, in possession of a fair competence, earned by his industry, and saved by his economy and prudence. And yet, as if almost doubting the fact of its being securely his own' keeps his hand upon his purse, as he calmly surveys our artist in the act of sketching him. Divested of all that apparent sense of cringing servility to superiors, so distinctly exhibited as to

THE HINDOO.

become a mark of character in most of the Chinese and other Asiatics, that swarm our cities and our mines, he has learned to stand up in the form and dignity of a man, while he awaits the first opportunity for a passage to his native land.

He came here only as an adventurer in search for gold, but possessing all the religious caprices and superstitions of his people. Nor has he learned any-

thing more of true religion than he knew before. His Brahmin taught him from the sacred Sanscrit, of the great Creator, and he thinks that Christians show no more of religion in their practices than he. And though he once believed in numberless lesser deities, than God, he now abandons all, he says, but the Great Creator.

And thus he returns to his home and to his countrymen, thinking less favorably of Christianity than when he left his native land.

MEXICANS.

Were we to suggest to the Mexican, or native Californian, as he is sometimes termed, the proper indices for his coat-of-arms, we would name the lasso and the spur, and as an appendage thereto the horse. And we have named them just in the order they seem to hold rank in the view of the Mexican himself. His lasso is his living, and his spur the great incentive to his locomotion, for when he moves he rides, believing that his own legs were made solely and purposely for throwing across a horse, and therefore will use them for no other purpose, if he can help it.

Of this world's possessions, the next in importance to his horse is his beautiful senorita, and which should, of the two, command the preference, seems to be the point just now being argued between them. With his fondness for horses and field sports, the resident native Californian combines many traits of a social nature, that would be deemed commendable in any people, and among these, to the fullest extent of his means and ability, are generosity and hospitality. And yet while remarking this of the few, it is equally our positive belief that from the migratory portion, has arisen more of robbery, rapine, and deeds of blood, than from any other class of our population.

THE GERMAN.

Now let us introduce to your acquaintance our social and ever happy friend the German. With a smile of good nature that no one can mistake, with his pipe and his glass, he seems at peace with all the world, as all the world usually is with him, and, to use a homely figure, it just matters to him very little "whether school keeps or not," who is or who is not President.

In our cities they constitute a highly respectable class of our merchants, traders, and artizans; and in the mining

THE GERMAN.

regions, in many places, are more numerous than any other one class of foreigners, and engaged in every possible pursuit connected in any way with money making. As citizens, they are as proverbially law abiding and upright in their dealings as any class among us. Lovers of the "Heavenly maid," they are nearly all musicians, many occupying a high rank.

The Sailor, must not be forgotten in our notice of the World in California, as he has played an important part in our history.

> "The dark blue jacket that enfolds
> The Sailor's manly breast,
> Bears more of real honor than
> The star and ermine vest."

Son of Neptune—thy cradle, the crested billow—thy nursery lullaby the storm shriek—the toys of thy chilhood, the lightning and the breaker—the play ground of thy youth, the maelstrom's verge—and the pride of thy manhood, a grapple with the fiends of the tempest. Thy daring mocks at the hurricane, and the covetous lee shore's surf growls with malicious envy at thy skill.

Thy pinions are the "wings of the wind," and the limits of thy flight the boundaries of the world. With Maury, the great ocean pilot, for thy counselor, and the compass as thy guide, the eccentricities of thy wanderings have become the very guarantees of thy triumphs; and though thy track is lost almost at its very making, the ceaseless murmurings of thy dashing prow are echoed back from every shore; and the splash of thy anchor makes musical every bay and river.

Commerce worships at thy shrine, and civilization proudly acknowledges thee her great ally. The spreading of thy bunting is the joy of the philanthropist, and the hope of Christianity, as is the flapping of thy canvass the knell of superstition and barbarism to the pagan. To thee California is largely debtor, for her present prosperity, and must long continue to be; for until a railroad shall have spanned the continent, will California look to thee for the transmission of the great pulsations of her prosperity, throughout the commercial system of the world.

Honor, then, say we, to the noble sailor, from the "quarter deck" to the "before the mast," for thine is a life full of hazards, dangers, and vicissitudes, not unmixed with cares, anxieties, hopes and disappointments. Thy

season of rest upon the solid land seems ever in the future, till at last, too long deferred, as a crowning feature, yet in perfect keeping with life's scenes, findest thy tomb amid the foundations of the deep.

THE RUSSIAN.

Here we have him who may well claim to be the pioneer of our coast waters and islands, as were the Spaniards of the coast lands, bays and rivers.

At a very early day in the history of the Pacific coast, we hear of the Russian prosecuting his seal catching all along its coast and its islands, as far south as the Gulf of California. Alike with the rest of mankind, he has a passion for gold, or that which gold will bring, and this has brought him from his high northern home, to participate in the eager strife for its possession among the gorges of the sierras of California.

Hardy in his conformation, and indomitable in the prosecution of any enterprise he undertakes, he is almost sure to make his perseverance and industry win a golden return.

He is miner, sailor, hunter, fisherman, or laborer, at anything that will bring him money, and has learned that great secret so difficult to most of mankind—that of minding his own business, an important secret, as many in practicing it, have made fortunes.

LOAFERS.

Here they are, (see the engraving on next page,) beautiful specimens of the genus homo, a variety of the human species as distinct from the mass of mankind, as are the Gipsies of the eastern world; indeed, even more distinct, and a greater phenomenon upon the earth, for the Gipsy race is composed of two genders, the loafer of but one; therefore, their origin and early history, to this day remains in obscurity; it is sufficient, however, to know that they do exist—but how—it is even more of a mystery than that of their origin. And though all countries may possess a fair quota, we are inclined to the belief that California endures rather more than her share, as every part of the world seems to have sent its representatives here.

Their world wide creed is, that "the world owes us a living," and they seem inclined to get it the easiest way possible. Generally fond of pictures, and are great patrons of the fine arts, at the rate of four bits a pack. True republicans,

LOAFERS.

for they annihilate more *kings* and *queens* annually, or come within an *ace* of it, than there are upon all the thrones of earth. They claim to be among our best citizens, as their principal occupation tends directly to the destruction of *knaves*; yet, with the power of *clubs*, or the presentation of *diamonds*, will either destroy, seduce, or mar the purity, by rendering unclean, every *heart* that comes within their influence.

Most of them are sensible fellows; many of them scholars, graduates of the cold lunch institute, and good judges of liquor in the early part of the evening. Thus we leave him, having said more in his favor than we supposed it possi- when we first took him in hand.

THE ITALIAN.

Yes—even the classic lands of Italy and Greece have their representatives in California.

In our cities we find them of every grade, from the street organ grinder, fastened to a string and led by a monkey or an ape, up to the talented musician, and accomplished artist.

In our mines we see them an industrious and frugal class, content with low wages, and taking the world easy as it goes; while on our bays and rivers, as

THE ITALIAN.

fishermen, they constitute a considerable force, prosecuting vigorously an important branch of our Pacific coast commerce; and as a people, are as clearly identified as a distinctive feature of our great babel of races, as almost any other class of our citizens.

Stand up, man! stand!
God made us all!
The wine transcends the froth—
The living skin, the cloth—
Both rich and poor are small,
Stand up, man! stand!
Free heart, free tongue, free hand.
Firm foot upon the sod!
And eyes that fear but God—
Whate'er your state or name,
Let these prefer your claim!
If there be anything you want—
Speak up! we may respect a churl, but we *hate* a sycophant.

THE WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK.

(Buteo Californica.)

"The wood, the mountain, and the barren waste, the craggy rock, the river, and the lake, are never searched in vain; each have their peculiar inhabitants, that enliven the scene, and please the philosophic eye."—MONTAGUE.

How well does the sentiment of the above quotation accord with my own feelings, as I have wandered alone in the wood, the barren waste or mountain heights, alone! no, I was not alone, the landscape so delightful to gaze upon, enlivened by the airy creatures, whose every movement is grace and elegance, the flowers, whose fragrance and delicate tints so pleasing to the senses, with their rich and variagated foliage, the lake, the river, the marsh teeming with life, all proclaim to the lover of nature, that he is not alone. A thousand objects surround him, affording ample subject for contemplation and a deep reverence for the Great Creator of all,—and here in our own California, upon her quiet plains, and hills, with her calm, clear, and serene air, it is a pleasure to wander among them—to study the animated nature that enlivens her solitudes. The day is fine, low over the fields the smaller birds are flitting to and fro, varied with an occasional raven, the graceful sailing turkey vulture, the swift moving and orderly travelling geese and ducks, wending their way to their feeding grounds,—the monotonous plain animated by the frisky ground squirrel, whilst far above them all, may be seen the white breasted hawk, a mere white speck in the blue ether, floating slowly and gracefully as the gossamer, looking with a proud satisfaction upon the moving scene below.

WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK OF CALIFORNIA.

The shades of evening have approached — it is now interesting to watch the different species hurrying to their respective retreats for the night—see that long and disorderly line of crows moving with tired pinions to the dense thicket, where they may rest in safety—now comes a flock of black birds skimming low over the plains with the rapidity of an arrow, and are soon lost to view, as they hasten to the thick and tangled "tule" of the marshes to rest in safety. The laggard raven and vulture may be seen slowly seeking some old oak or sycamore to roost securely,—and if in winter, various fresh water fowls are hurrying in every direction for a suitable place to procure their evening repast—everything seems on the move.

Darkness has prevailed—and all is now quiet! How mysterious the change! how still the silence! when lo! the stealthy bittern, and night heron, quit their sequestered hiding place, and on silent wing they seek the muddy lagoon in quest of frogs and other reptiles. The night is dark, but nature has provided the *American bittern* and *night heron with a dark lantern*, which they carry beneath the plumage of their breast and wings, and as they steal along the silent pool, occasionally flash their phosphorescent light in front of them, in order to distinguish with more certainty, the moving objects upon which they feed. A *fact* just discovered, and therefore not generally known to *Naturalists*.

These and much more display the wonders of Providence, and the systematic economy of Creation!

But to our description of the White Breasted Squirrel Hawk:—

This fine variety of the genus *Buteo*, which in size is not much inferior to the Eagle, is found inhabiting the regions west of the Rocky Mountains

only, as no specimen (to my knowledge) has ever been seen East of that range. It is a constant resident of California, and is always found in the vicinity of the burrowing squirrels of this country, upon which it almost entirely subsists.

This species of hawk seems to have escaped the particular notice of Naturalists who have travelled in this country, which, I can only account for from the fact of its near resemblance to the red tailed hawk *(Buteo Borealis)* which is extensively distributed over all parts of North America, and may also be confounded by the careless observer, with the rough-legged falcon—*(Buteo lagopus)* of Fleming, to which it is more closely allied. But upon close and careful examination and comparison, I am fully satisfied of its being a distinct variety heretofore undescribed, and belonging peculiarly to the *fauna* of the Pacific slope.

I have seen this hawk abundant on the Tulare plains, the San Joaquin Valley, the Great Salt Lake basin, and still more common in the Valley of San Jose, where I made the drawing of the one figured on the opposite page.

The flight of the white breasted hawk is firm and protracted, rising to a great height above the plains in wide circlings, without flapping its wings; at times it seems almost motionless upon the air, looking like a white speck on the blue sky, it is then at this great height, observing distinctly the movements of the burrowing squirrels as they gambol and frisk about the plains, unmindful of the keen eye that is watching them from above, far beyond the extent of their own vision; it is then, the unsuspecting squirrel ventures some distance from its retreat; this, the hawk perceives and fixing his steady eye upon him, draws his wings close to its body, and headlong falls with the velocity of a meteor, upupon its prey, which it soon crushes to death, and either devours it on the spot, or bears it off to a neighboring tree, where it picks the bones and skin clean, before it is satisfied.

In wet weather or damp mornings, it may be seen sitting upon a solitary tree or stake, and even upon the ground, in the neighborhood of the burrows, where it silently and patiently watches for an opportunity to seize upon its prey. After gorging itself to its full satisfaction it retires to some large oak, or sycamore, where among its branches, it sits in stupified listlessness for hours, until the feelings of hunger cause it again to venture forth, upon the mission which Providence has evidently intended it to fill.

I have observed, at times, this hawk whilst devouring a squirrel, so teased and tormented by the ravens and crows, that becoming extremely disgusted by the black begging set, would leave his honestly gotten prey to be quarrelled over by them, and again seek for a fresh squirrel; which would in time be taken away from him by the notorious, overbearing white headed eagle, in the same manner he is known to serve the fish hawk. And thus the white breasted squirrel hawk makes himself a useful resident, in destroying hundreds of these troublesome squirrels, which are a great pest to the farmer

This ground squirrel, as it is called, is a species of marmot, and in some localities are very abundant and a great nuisance. I have seen large fields of

wheat and other grain entirely destroyed by them. The great number of burrows in certain localities where they most congregate, make it exceedingly dangerous to ride among them at a fast gait; a horse sometimes breaks his leg by stumbling into these holes, and not unfrequently causes severe injury to the rider.

The white breasted hawk is a great destroyer of these squirrels, he is their great enemy, and as such I would plead for his life, and request the farmer and gunner to spare him, that he may aid them in eventually exterminating this troublesome little animal.

This hawk never to my knowledge visits the poultry yard; nor have I ever seen him attempt to take any of the feathered race; confining himself to the smaller quadrupeds. Besides the ground squirrel, he preys upon gophers, rats, and rabbits. Before the white breasted hawk arrives at full maturity of plumage (which is about the third year) it might be taken by ordinary observers as a separate species from the old bird; the plumage of the young being much darker and of smaller size, the tarsus of the young, also remains bare of feathers—a peculiar feature which I have noted particularly between the old and young.

Hawks generally differ very much in different stages of life before they become fully develeped in their plumage; so much so indeed, that it puzzles the best observers to place them properly.

I have scen only one nest of this hawk, which was placed in a very tall sycamore, near the top, close to the body of the tree, the nest was large and compactly built of dried branches, exactly like the red tailed hawk, only much larger; it was inaccessible, and I am therefore unable to say anything about the interior of the nest.

DIMENSION AND COLOR (ADULT MALE).

Bill black, blueish towards the base, cere, yellow, as also the margin of the bill at the base, Iris pale yellow, projecting part of the eyebrow pale blue, tarsi and toes yellow, claws black. The general color of the upper parts of the head, neck, wings, and body, is a chocolate color, the under parts pure white, marked upon the breast and neck with a few dark brown longitudinal stripes, feathers upon the tibea marked with a few brownish spots, tail coverts white, some of the upper ones barred with redish brown—tail, ashy grey, margined with rufous tint with dusky bars, white at the base. Body full, plumage compact, feet ordinary length, very robust, tarsus strong, roundish, feathered anteriorly to within an inch of the toes, with short white and brownish feathers, posteriorly covered with broad flat scales, from joint to joint—balance of tarsi and toes scutillated.

Length of bill, 2 in., dorsal line, from the feathers.
Length of gap line, 2¾ in.,—of tibea 6 in.
Length of Tarsus, 3¾ in.,—of middle toe, 1½ in.
Extent of wings, 4 ft. 6¼ in.
From tip of bill to tip of tail, 2 ft., upper side.

Tarsi covered with feathers anteriorly nearly to toes, outer toe connected to the middle at the base, nails long, curved and stout. Tarsi and tibea very stout and muscular—the whole appearance of the foot indicates strength. The feet were much bitten by squirrels.

A. J. G.

A good countenance is the best letter of introduction.

TABLE MOUNTAIN—FROM GREEN SPRINGS, TUOLUMNE CO., CAL.

This beautiful view will be immediately recognized by every one who has journeyed from Stockton to Sonora, by way of the Green Springs, as what is generally (although erroneously) called "The end of Table Mountain" near O'Byrne's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river. Its bold and abrupt appearance as you look down the heavily timbered ravine, might give the impression of its being the end of this rich and remarkable volcanic formed mountain; but the same formation is easily traceable for twelve or fifteen miles below this point. In the foreground of the picture, the fence incloses a fertile and well cultivated garden, and flourishing vineyard; and posesses the advantage of being in the vicinity of a good market for all its surplus produce. This is one of the many pleasant and green spots to be found in California; and as you reach it, will amply repay you by its beauty, for the look you may bestow while riding past it. Try it and see if we are right.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

The sun shone out with redoubled splendor on the morning of the nineteenth of April, as we left Fairfield with eight yoke of red, white, and spotted oxen, and three yoke of *Mrs. Brindles*, these drew quietly along the heavy loaded wagons, chewing their cuds, and lashing their tails with an air of (sang froid) as much as to say they knew the trip before them was one of more than common interest to them, and ourselves in *particular*, as they made the white topped vehicles tremble along the uneven, muddy road, with sundry tin trappings beating a reveille in the rear. So with a dress of dear Mrs. Bloomer's invention, I complacently took my seat among camp kettles, stools, bacon, and beans, waiting for the

FIRST NIGHT'S CAMPING.

carriage to overtake us, then a few miles in the rear. Just as the glowing sun was setting, its bright light became suddenly obscured, and the rain poured upon us in torrents, and night, with its sable mantle, began to spread itself upon surrounding objects, and we poor denizens, life's wanderers, out upon an open prairie, a thousand miles from anywhere, beyond the sight of shrub or habitation, facing the pitiless pelting of the angry storm. Our only guide, as to the direction we should travel, was a few stakes driven at intervals, to mark the road before us. And how the next traveler ever found his way I never stopped to ask, for we pulled those up for fire wood, [oh!] more than likely he scented his way to the land of gold by common instinct. The above engraving fully represents a first night's camping in the open plains, and reader, if you have never been an *over-lander*. I will tell you a little about camp life. The first night's camping, yes, and all the petty annoyances seem heart breaking to think of now, in my moments of meditative reminiscences of the past. Just think how pleasant it was to get the tent pitched, and well pinned down and then have a sweet little hurricane come, and teas up the pins from the moist earth, and lay it again as flat as a flapjack. But the watchword of life is "never give up," so after vigorously tugging against relentless fate for an hour, as luck would have it, we succeeded in erecting our little pavillion of comfort to shelter us; a band of roving Gipseys, which in every way we approximated in exterior resemblance, while seated in front of a smoky fire, listening to the howling of the storm-god as he went whirling and shrieking through the boundless fields of the western wild.

The first night's encampment on the prairie was spent till bed time by the young "hopefuls" singing California gold songs with a glee and hilarity that sounded, as it floated out upon the night air, as though their young and happy hearts intended to grasp every ray of love and sunshine that came within

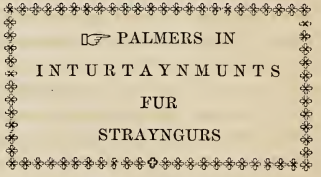
their reach, while drifting out upon life's weary main. They retired at a late hour to the lulling embrace of moss beds, with a boot for a pillow, hugging the cold, wet ground, with a great big "Expectation" for an outside counterpane, soon forgetting the perplexing day dreams, bad roads, and contrary oxen. I began to think by this time that Park Benjamin must have been in sober earnest when he wrote these truthful lines:

Gold, gold, in all ages the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind;
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee, man barters eternity's crown,
Yields honor, affection, and lasting renown.

Come, gentle reader, slip on a long stout pair of one hundred and fifty league boots, and they will take you, if I have not forgotten, over the bad roads, through Dutch towns and open plains, across the Des Moines, then to its tributaries, the Nithany, Botany, and Raccoon rivers, which wander in their serpentine courses to mingle with a sister stream, which eventually goes eddying and winding, to join the Father of waters in his wandering resistlessness, towards the sea.

Then, with a few accidents and repairs, we are at the city of Kanesville, a city of "latter day saints." After hearing a short highfalutin sermon preached in the forest which skirts the banks of the Missouri, we are, on the eleventh of May, landed on the other side, to drift along with the tide of moving population, which is on every hand, all faces bent in the direction of the far-off West.

But before we part company I must take a step or two backward in my narrative, and tell you of a "circular circumstance" that excited my risibilities so much that even now I can scarcely keep my face straight, as it forces itself upon my memory, long enough to write it. On the frontier lives a race of men elevated only a degree or two, in my estimation, above the red man, paying their taxes in hoop poles and coon skins, voting, as they suppose, for Jackson; yet they live a life of stupidity and ignorance. That you may better appreciate their display of education, I place it before you. We stopped in front of a farmer's house, built of shapeless logs, and just before the door swung a sign, upon ponderous hinges, and upon it were emblazoned, in bold letters, painted with lampblack, by a "masterly" hand, these words:



We were now beyond the borders of civilization, where the yell of the savage is heard on the hills, and in the glens. Some of our rogueish boys broke open the grave of an Indian chief, [shame on you,] once belonging to the Pawnee tribe; it was tent shaped, and covered with buffalo skins, poles, and dirt.

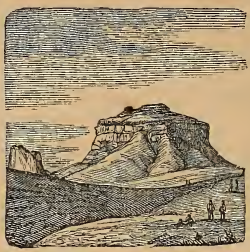
They became so enraged at seeing their brave and valiant chief, Now-a-tah, exposed to the rude gaze of the passers by, that a number of the tribe followed us to Elk Horn river, and some pursued us as far as Loup Fork, where the river separated them from

us. This river was difficult to cross, the moving quicksand making it extremely dangerous to ford. Some, who dashed into the stream regardless of entreaties, paid the penalty of their rashness and folly by being precipitated into deep and miry holes, where the bottom had fallen out! and came near being carried down to Davy Jones' locker by the swift current; horses, men, women, and children, in one grand confusion, and we standing by as helpless spectators, for they were beyond our help and assistance.

We now traveled on the north side of the Platte, whose banks, as far as the bluffs, were covered with a most luxuriant growth of flowers, of every color, including the red, white, and pink cactus. Along the North Platte bottoms are numerous ponds of alkaline waters, and in many places the alkali effervesces upon the surface of the ground for acres together.

We followed up the Platte nearly seven hundred miles. The timber is very scarce for hundreds of miles, except on the islands, which form almost a continuous archipelago for over one hundred miles from its mouth. In some places we saw numerous herds of buffalo at a distance, whilst their numerous skull bones, strewn everywhere around, attest that the animals at no greatly remote period haa been far more numerous than at present.

May 30th we were opposite Court House Rock, a solitary tower, resembling a large public edifice, eight miles from the emigrant road; it is nearly square, and over two hundred feet high. The dome, at the top is vast and quite regular, rounded and fifty feet or more high; it is a magnificent structure of nature, standing out in bold relief, far way from any hill or mountain, covering at its base about twelve acres, which gives it a strange and peculiar interest. This place will long be remembered by me as connected with a



COURT HOUSE ROCK.

scene of real misery and anguish. A man who camped near us went out, in company with another hunter, to catch buffaloes, and took his two little boys to hold the horses, as there was not a tree for miles around. Upon their return they found the horses quietly grazing at a distance, but the boys were gone. The large wolves had found them, and made of them a good supper; but the taste of blood increased their thirst for more, and we could distinctly hear their discordant howlings, mingled with the moanings of the wind, till long after the first gray streaks of morning were seen.

And slowly and sadly that father returned at nightfall, with a little bright tress of clotted hair, a stray shoe or stocking was all that the soul tortured, agonizing mother retained of her fairy-like children, over which the hungry wolves held so dreadful a carnival.

Sad was the circle that sat that night around our camp fire,—usually so light hearted and cheerful.

THE PHANTOM FAWN.

BY PENITENT.

In April, five years ago, we were one of the crew of the top-sail schooner C——— of New York, heavily laden with merchandise, ascending the Sacramento river. The same detention that so frequently attends the navigation of the river at the present day, was ours then, for as we were driving onward before a spanking breeze, we suddenly found ourselves at a dead stand still upon the noted "hog's-back," with an ebbing tide. It was high noon, and as it was evident that only a returning tide would bring us relief, we made all necessary preparation and lowered a boat for the purpose of making a general reconnoisance of the sloughs and tules in the vicinity, in search of such game as might present itself.

With a single companion with us, we had already made a few good shots among the water-fowls, when our attention was arrested by a strange bleating, as if of some animal in deep distress. Hastily making for the shore, we were met by an almost impenetrable thicket, but as the same unusual sounds were continued and evidently increasing in intensity, we resolved upon penetrating the thicket at the cost of any effort, and at all hazards, and if possible satisfy our curiosity as to their origin. We were compelled to creep, and at times to cut a part of our way through the tangled vines and brush-wood—till at length, and when we had apparently almost reached the object of our curiosity, we saw but a few feet in advance of us, a small opening, less than thirty yards in circumference, and destitute of all vegetation and even of grass,—because canopied dark and thick by a net work of over-hanging boughs, tangled in with the wild grape-vines.

We had hardly moved again, ere we discovered the object of our laborious pursuit. Near the middle of the opening, stood a snow-white fawn,—with neck distended, and eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, with mouth open, bleating piteously and trembling in every joint and limb. He seemed the very picture of terror and despair.

Cautiously approaching still nearer, for we had not the heart to shoot the poor animal, we saw two large pilot snakes, slowly making their circuit around him at a distance of three or four yards, but at every round, drawing nearer and nearer their victim. While on the opposite side of the opening, upon a perfect parapet of verdure five or six feet from the ground, lay an enormous rattlesnake, with his head raised high above his own horrid coil, he seemed to be acting as conductor of the attack,—whilst "ever and anon" his whizzing tail seemed to be rattling out the death knell of their victim.

Watching our opportunity for a simultaneous shot, a single discharge from each of our double barrels, and one of the two pilot snakes had left the threatening circuit, to play with himself the game of death. The other, badly wounded, slowly made his way into the tangled thicket,—whilst the fawn, as if conscious of its rescue, with a leap and a bound disappeared through an opening in the thicket on the opposite side till then unnoticed. As the smoke cleared away, the rattler still remained in position, but silent and motionless

Another discharge and his coil was the coil of death.

We now entered upon the vacant ground, but judge of our surprise,—for we here found the unmistakable evidences of a grave. The earth had been thrown out, whilst only a part had been put back, and that portion had settled below the surrounding sides, it was a grave! But this was all we could know about it. We left the mysterious opening and its still more mysterious memento of death's doings, and had proceeded along the slough a distance of less than one eighth of a mile in the direction the fawn had taken, when we discovered a solitary Indian upon the bank,—we turned towards the shore and asked him if he had seen a white deer—a fawn, pass that way, but he seemed not to understand us. On being addressed in Spanish, his eyes sparkled with delight—and he replied—

"'Tis not a fawn! but I know what it is,—it is the spirit of the white-man on its annual visit to his lonely grave! I know it is so, for once every year, and always on the very day I buried him in yonder thicket, I see this spirit-fawn! I know it is—for often have I drawn the bow-string with strong and steady hand upon him, and swiftly let the arrows fly, but either above, below, or through, the arrow goes beyond; and so too, oft have I tried the cruel rifle on him, but the ball drops, for the spirit never dies!"

Caring but little for the superstition he seemed inclined to throw around it, we began to question him in regard to the "white man's grave"—but from that moment he maintained a perfect silence upon the whole subject, as well in reference to the grave as to the spirit-fawn, as he termed it, and any allusion we would make to the subject, was invariably answered by placing his fingers firmly upon his compressed lips. And thus were we compelled to leave him and the whole subject, shrouded in mystery.

CHAPTER II.

"Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Four years had passed away, nearly obliterating from our memory every recollection of the events of the day along the slough. Fickle fortune had sported with us, we had seen her smiles and her frowns, and now fate had brought us to the position of a keeper of a trading post at ——— on the Cosumnes river. For two years we had known Indian chief, John—for there are many such. But this John, was a miserably poor, intemperate, and loathsome specimen of his race. The only redeeming trait he possessed, was his fluency of speech, his command to some extent of both the Spanish and English languages, and his willingness at all times to communicate.

We had no recollection of having anywhere seen him but in that immediate vicinity. We had missed him for ten days,—at length he came again, and bringing with him a set of rudely constructed, old and rusty manacles or gyves. As usual, for these, as with everything else he could get to dispose of—he wanted whiskey. On asking him where he obtained the gyves,—for the first time since we had known him, he hesitated to reply, and placing his fingers upon his lips, maintained a sullen silence.

This occurrence and his whole demeanor, at once brought vividly to our recollection the circumstances of the mysterious grave, nor was it difficult to see, what for two years had escaped our observation, that the lineaments of his face bore a striking resemblance to the Indian of the slough.

Seizing him by the shoulder with one hand, and his ever constant companion, his rifle, with the other, and assuming to know much more upon the subject than we really did, we told him that he must now tell the story and all he knew of the white man's grave on the slough, or we would put these gyves upon him, and he should die as the white man died!

"Well," said he—"I have known you long, but you seemed to have quite forgotten me till now,—you are my friend, I will tell you all, for I no longer fear the vengeance of the white men, even though they live." And with these words, and casting a hasty glance at the manacles, seated himself on the ground and then said:

"Seven times has the sun made his journey to the south and back, since first my home and hunting ground was along the slough.

"One morning, just as the sun was rising, two men in a boat approached the shore where stood my hunting lodge, and asked me 'if I was alone,' yes, I replied,—'then,' says one of them, 'we have something for you to do. In this boat is our sick companion, he will die soon, so we will leave him with you, and when he dies—bury him (pointing to the tules) where no white man can ever find him; and we will give you this rifle, this powder and these bullets —but forever let your lips be sealed.'

"It was a great temptation to a poor Indian like me, and I consented.

"Approaching the boat, I saw prostrate in the bottom, a white man, in whose countenance was depicted so much of unutterable despair, that my heart revolted at the task I had heedlessly consented to perform. But his two comrades seized him, and bore him unresistingly to my lodge and laid him down on my tule mats, while he uttered no other sound than horrid groans. But why, I asked, do you keep these irons on him. 'Oh,' says one of them 'he is crazy sometimes, you must watch him—feed him if he will eat, and give him drink, but only from this flask, which we will leave with you, for it will make him sleep.'

"With these simple directions they left me alone with the poor sick stranger. For two days and nights did he live on in an agony of pain, with no other sustenance than sighs, no relief but in groans. He would often raise his manacled hands and point towards his half open mouth,—believing him hungry, I would offer him food, and drink from the flask, but he would turn his face away from it in disgust, and seemed to loathe the sight of it.

"On the morning of the third day, just as the sun was rising, he was lying for a moment, and for the first time, quiet and calm, his chin having fallen upon his breast and the rising sun shining full in his face, I discovered the reason of his inability to speak. More than half his tongue had been cut away! and the remaining portion so dreadfully swollen, as nearly to fill his mouth. Presently he revived again, and I raised him to a sitting posture, but believing him to be near

dying; asked him if he was an American,—he nodded assent, for he could not say, yes. Have you a wife and children, and if so where are they? Once more giving the same token of assent, and with eyes streaming with tears, he again raised his manacled hands, and pointed toward the rising sun.

"Believing him to be dying, I told him so, and begged he would make one effort and if possible, to tell me his name. Motionless and breathless for a moment, as if permitting nature to recover for a last effort, then raising his eyes imploringly toward the skies, breathed out with his last gasp the name of ——— but with the name, unuttered upon his lips, he died.

"And this is all I know of the poor sick stranger, except that these are the manacles* that were upon him. I buried him, but not in the tules,—you know where he sleeps, for you have seen his spirit on its annual round, you have seen the Phantom Fawn.

*These manacles, rude in their construction, old and eaten by the rust, can be seen in the window of our office, 146 Montgomery street, one door north of Clay, San Francisco.—Ed. Mag.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

We give the following as a specimen of that kind of composition so often sent us, with a desire that we will accept it, make what we can of it, and give it a place in the Magazine, as the author is a *subscriber*. We do sometimes *try* to make something of poetry thus sent us, but if there is any man in this world who can make anything more of the following than there is now, or that can better it, we would like to engage that man on a salary, as we can give him steady employment.—Ed.

Ed. of Magazine:—I have come
To the conclusion to send you as truly
Californian in caracter the tale I made
On the old cat, and it will be nessery
To explain the case of the cat coming
To such an untimley ende. She was
A real old thief, and it wase a harde
Matter to keep eney thing out of her
Way. She was So skilled in her pro-
Fesion, that She could take the lid off
Of a stewpane, and her conduct had
Become unsuferable and my pardener
Wanted to Shoute her, but I thought
This would be murder in the 1st degree.
So we concluded it would be better to
Set a Snear and leve her to be her
Ownexecutioner. So I set the snear
Mearley to convince her that some
Things could be done as well as others!
Thare was 2 cates that prowled about
The Shop, one was a tolerable honest
Cat, and she got into the snare before
We went to bed, and She was releced
From her peales situation, after She
Had got enough to know how good it
Was, but the old cretter Layed Lo, till
We all got to bed and then She tried
It, and I have now dout that it was an
Affal night to here but it was Left to
Her own free will and if She had not
Tutched the ham She might bin liveing
Still but such is the fate of eveil dorers.

THE TALE.

The tale to you I will relate,
Conserning a cat that bit at a bate,
Pleas heare it out, it wont take longe
And the tale is treue as shure as you are born.

The old cat was a midnight rober,
And I could not cetch her for to flog her,
At laste I hite upon a plan,
I set a snear batted with hame.

It hade the desired effect,
And promptley the old rauge it did detect,
For as soon as the baite she bit, the Sneare it
sprung
And in the morning thare she hung.

To her that was an awful night,
When around her neck the String drew tight,
But it was left to her own free will,
And if she had not tuched the hame she might
bin living still.

But her wicked corse She would not alter,
Untill She found her neck faste in a halter,
She hade taken that which was not her own,
And when too Late had cause to mourn.

Juste so it is with wicked men,
They will continue in thare sin,

Untill thare Lives are nearley Spent,
In sadness they do then repente.

I hope the morral may not be missed,
Some necks should not be broke but have a twist.
I do not know that the old cat had a sole to save,
But I know thayrs no repentence in the grave.

Now the old cat is dead and gone,
I think she has Left no friends her lose to mourn.
Where she has gone is not for me to tell,
Whether to heaven or hell.
But she is gone.

My friende fred had promised if I would
To the river he would fetcher [cetcher,
And throw her in—
It mattered not whether She would sink or swim.

But fred backed out and went to sleep,
And Left me to Lanch her to the deep—
I performed the funral servis whithout shedding a teare,
And the goaste of the cat I do not fear.

The old cat is gone she has gone hence,
And has not bin seen sence.

I now trust this to your care, if you Can put this in fite Shape to be worthy Of a place in the Magazine you can Use your one plasur but *if you should, Do not give the name* you may judge That she had not many friends for Thare was onley one at her funral.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

Sacred to the dead of men,
Sacred to the living bird.

Beautiful is it not—that the resting place of our dead, should be the paradise of birds? But so it is! and strange is it not—that the environs of Lone Mountain, in a Christian land, upon the Sabbath day, should be begirt with heartless, unfeeling, thoughtless minds? not birds—*they* are within.

Driven by the murderous gun and cruel lead from the abodes of the living, these beautiful emblems of happy spirits, as if to rebuke us for our heartlessness, and reprove us for our cruelty, make Lone Mountain cemetery vocal with their melodies.

Well might shame point her withering finger at the heartless vandal, who would wantonly pluck these musical blossoms of the air, from life.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

In the starry hush of the midnight,
There cometh a vision fair,
With the summer rose buds wreathing
The folds of her long dark hair;
While the young moon o'er the meadow
Is laying her drifts of snow,
And the dew lies deep in the flowers,
And the winds are breathing low.

When the vesper bells are pealing
Through the fading sunset light,
And the rook is slowly winging
To rest on some lonely height.
There comes a tone on the zephyr,
A song on the scented air,
I turn to greet the maiden—
'Twas only a vision there.

Deep in the cells of my spirit,
Does her radient memory fold,
Like the pearly clasp of a dew drop
'Round the cowslip's leaves of gold;
And oft in my daily dreaming
Will a flower before me rise,
Whose eye hath a brighter seeming
Than the stars that gem the skies.

I go to Sleep's misty portal,
And roam in the land of dreams
She lingers, the young immortal,
With me by those shining streams:
In the starry hush of the midnight
And in daylight's sunny hours,
Holy and precious the memory—
Strewing Life's path with flowers!

Suncook, Jan. 17th, 1857.

"Joe, so you have been out prospecting to-day, eh?"

"Yes"

"Well what luck old fellow—did you raise the 'color'"?

"No—but I raised a tre-men-*jous* big *blister*!"

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive you.

LIZZIE MEDDLESON.

BY W. B. S.

My father died when I was quite young, leaving my mother alone in the world with no near relation except her "dear child," as she called me. We resided at the time of my father's death upon a little farm in the State of Kentucky, near the village of S———.

After his death, Mother bought a little cottage in town where I could attend school. We had two servants which were given to mother by her father at her marriage, and she was so much attached to them that she would not part with them, and we took them to the village with us. Dick and Angeline, (the names of the servants), were favorites wherever they were known and would have brought a high price, but mother could not be induced to part with them unless necessity compelled her so to do.

I was about ten years of age when we moved to town and I commenced attending school. Soon after, a widow lady died, leaving a very interesting girl about seven years of age, and her last request was, that mother should take Lizzie and raise her, which mother consented to do. At first I disliked the idea of having one to share the affections of my kind mother, but so sweet a companion soon dispensed all jealous thoughts from my mind, and I learned to cherish her as my natural sister.

Lizzie was my companion in all my joys, and in all my sorrows; when I was sad she was sad, and when I was gay she was gay. Sweetly passed away eight years of my life, the happiest on record, and during that long period Lizzie and I were scarcely separated a week at a time. Many the play houses we have built together, and many the wild flowers we have gathered together to please the fancy of our youthful minds,—but I must not take up too much space in narrating those happy scenes long since fled on the wings of never tiring time, no more to return.

Such scenes could not last always; I had become old enough to enter college, and mother had determined I should go through a collegiate course.

The day came for my departure, the coach drove up to the door, a kiss from mother and one from Lizzie, and I was off for new scenes and new adventures. The first six months were tedious to me—living deprived of the society of Lizzie, had taken from me my brightest pleasure. Vacation came, and after an absence of twelve months I returned home. I found Lizzie much changed, she had become more beautiful, her dark waving hair hung in clusters about her faultless neck, her light beautiful blue eyes—the mirrors of her soul—and the gracefulness of her movements, all combined, made her a charming girl.

After a short stay at home I returned to college, where I remained another session, when I was sent for to come home, and on my arrival I learned to my sorrow that my mother was going to marry. Had I been going to follow her body to the tomb, my heart could not have been more sorely afflicted, but I said but little, as it could but make the matter worse.

Lizzie and I followed my mother to her new home, where we were offered a home also by my step-father, but which we both declined. I went to reside with a distant relative, for I had determined not to return to college, for all my future hopes of a happy home had been swept from me, and from that day I determined to leave my native hills and seek some distant clime as soon as I became of age, so that I could direct my own ship through the tempestuous waves of time. Lizzie went to reside with an acquaintance for a short time; her uncle, in Savannah, Georgia, had sent word he was coming after her, to reside with him, as they had no children.

The day arrived and Lizzie took her departure for her new home, promising to write regularly to me.

Lizzie gone, and my home broken

up, I determined to leave also. So I took Dick and went to Louisville, where through the influence of some friends I procured a clerkship in a mercantile house, where I remained about eighteen months; and during that time I received many letters from Lizzie, in which she spoke very highly of her new home, and that she had everything the heart could wish, her uncle and aunt having adopted her as their lawful heir to their large fortune. In the last letter which I received from her appeared the following:

"You know, dear Will, I always tell you all the secrets of my heart, for you always appeared to me as my natural brother, so kind have you been to me, there is nothing in the recesses of my heart which I am not willing you should know, or that I do not feel a pleasure in relating to you. I am engaged to a young gentleman by the name of Chas. Manning. Will, I know you will like him so well when you become acquainted with him, he is so kind and unassuming, and then so *very* handsome, but then I shall not portray his character to you in too glowing terms for fear your imagination might picture a perfect man, and when you see him your opinion may not be so good as I would wish.

"My uncle and aunt are very much opposed to his visits, so much so that they have forbid his coming to the house to see me, and I have had many clandestine meetings with him. He urges me to run away with him and get married, but I cannot quite consent to do so, though I love him better than I do my own soul, for I believe him to be as noble a soul as ever walked on earth.

"Dear Will, write me what you think of the matter, for I have none to consult with. Sometimes I am almost ready to leave all and follow him, for I believe he will be my friend through life. He has portrayed to me in such eloquent terms the many happy days we shall spend together in that bright romantic country of California, for he says he has a brother there who is wealthy and will assist him into business. Will, I am almost persuaded to leave home and friends and throw myself under his protection, for what is wealth, or even life, without his society —nothing. Write to me soon and tell me what you think of what I have told you. As ever, Yours,

LIZZIE."

As soon as I received her letter I sat down and answered it, warning her of the impropriety of these clandestine matches, and the danger of such a man who would prevail on her to leave her home, contrary to the wishes of her friends. I presume she did not like the tone of my letter, for she did not answer it before I left home for this country, which was about a month subsequent. I had been in San Francisco, about a year when Dick came to me one day and told me he saw Lizzie. I told him that he must be mistaken, but he insisted that he had seen her. Says he, "I know dat was Lizzie, for you can't fool me in dem blue eyes, or dem curls, den she looked at me agin, and I believe, Massa William, she thought she know'd this darkie." I determined to find out that night whether Dick was mistaken or not, for he had watched her until she went into a house situated on Dupont street. About nine o'clock that night I took a friend with me and we went up to a house that was well known in San Francisco at that time. We went in and had been seated but a few moments in the reception room when two ladies came in, and one of them was Lizzie. I know I must have turned pale for I was nearly blind, and I trembled like an aspen leaf, so great was the shock, notwithstanding I thought it might be possible she was there.

After sitting there sometime, seeing that she did not recognize me, I determined to speak to her. So I went and took a seat by her side and commenced conversation, but I had spoken but few words when she looked me in the face and exclaimed, "My God, 'tis Will!"

and threw her arms around my neck and laid her head upon my shoulders and wept like a child.

We went to her room where she told me her sad tale, of the scenes she had passed through during the last twelve months.

"Soon after I received your last letter I ran off with Maning and went to New Orleans, where we went through the ceremonies of a mock marriage, which I thought at the time genuine, but to my sorrow I learned to the contrary. Maning kept delaying our sailing for California for some purpose I did not know, for about two months, when one night he came home and commenced abusing me, saying I was only his mistress, that he never intended to marry me or take me to California. You can better imagine my feelings at this information than I can describe them to you, and from that moment my love was turned to hatred, and still the flame burns within this bosom, and will continue so to do until the end of life.

"We had been living in splendid style and I supposed Maning had plenty of money until next day we had our orders to leave unless our board bill was paid, and the next day Maning did leave and I have not seen him since, but heard he came to this country. I tried to prevail on the proprietor of the hotel to let me remain a few days until I could make up my mind what to do, telling him I had been deceived and left alone in a strange city, without a friend whom I could call to my assistance, but all to no purpose—I was ordered to leave that day.

"Where to go or what to do I knew not,—to go back to uncle's I could not, so I wandered up and down the streets until night, when for the first time it entered my head to seek a home among the profligate. I could do no better, my character was gone, and my only wish to live was to get revenge. I remained in the house nearly eight months, and during that time I gave to the managers of the Protestant Orphan Asylum my child! I requested them to call it Isadora, but never to let her know who her mother was, or what became of her.

"Soon after I had an opportunity to come to this country, and about six weeks since I landed in San Francisco. Since my arrival here I have learned that Maning is keeping a gambling saloon in one of the interior towns, and it was my intention to start for there to-morrow, disguised in the attire of a male. I will seek the midnight hour to drink his heart's blood to quench the hatred that is burning in my soul—for he has deceived me, he has made me an outcast in the world by taking from me that which earth cannot replace,—now he shall pay the penalty of the crime at my hands."

When she finished her sad tale she arose and walked the room with her hands pressed upon her heart. How changed from the last time I saw her! That kind smile, that gentle look which rested upon her countenance in other days, was gone, her eyes flashed forth the fire of revenge, and the haughty curl of her lip denoted there was a flame within, not easily quenched.

I tried to get her to desist in the course she was pursuing. I told her the wretch would meet his doom soon enough, for if there was one place in the bottomless pit of hell more horrible than another, or if the devil had any spirits he wished to torment more than another, it would be that of the seducer, for I believe the crime too heinous to be on a grade with any other sin that man can commit.

While I was talking she came and threw her arms around me, saying:

"If you will procure me a situation as a servant, I will work for my livelihood and let the wretch meet his fate."

I told her she should not work as a servant, only leave her present course of life—that I would see that she be provided with every necessary of life. Urgent business called me into the interior on a very short notice and I did not get to see her previous to my leav-

ing. On my return from the extreme southern portion of the State, I stopped at a small town to stay over night. After tea, a friend who was accompanying me wished to take a walk down street, for the purpose of wileing away the time for retiring.

While down there we saw a rush made for a gambling saloon, and suspecting something of importance was occurring, we went over there. The room being so full we could not get in for some time, but heard that a young man had stabbed one of the gamblers while dealing cards, and then immediately stabbed himself. I was told the young man went up to the table and drew his knife, and exclaimed so as to be heard all over the room, "*Do you remember Lizzie whom you seduced and left in the streets of New Orleans? This is my revenge!*" and immediately stabbed him—and before any one could arrest the knife, he plunged it into his own bosom, and expired in a few moments.

When this was related to me the thought came to my mind that it was Lizzie dressed in male attire, and I found it as I suspected. Maning recovered, but only to die a drunkard.

Thus, reader, ended the life of my childhood's companion, who was as fair a flower as ever bloomed on earth, and whose heart was as pure as the snow flakes that fall upon the mountain tops, until she was seduced from the path of virtue by a wretch in human form—and that kind gentle disposition turned to one of hatred and revenge. When I returned to San Francisco I found the following note:

"San Francisco, June 20, '5–.

DEAR WILL:—I start on the four o'clock boat for the interior. I have no idea I shall ever see you again. I am determined to carry out my sworn vow. Should you return to the States, tell them not of my fate. Forget and forgive the errors of an unworthy friend, the companion of your childhood.

"Yours Affectionately,

"LIZZIE."

Since the scenes of this narrative occurred, I have been to the Atlantic States, and saw her uncle and told him all concerning her fate, and he started immediately for New Orleans after the child, and nothing would do but I must remain at his house until he returned. He returned bringing Isadora, the most beautiful child, I thought, I ever beheld. She will fall heir to their immense fortune, and God grant her life may be more fortunate than that of her poor mother.

Pine Grove, Sierra Co., Feb. 12, 1857.

CALIFORNIA.

"Land of the West—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovlier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime."

And yet with this great truth before us, there are those who are ever speaking of her immoralities, her vices, her improvidences, her recklessness, as without parallel in the history of the world. They would magnify her faults and her blemishes, but are careful never to speak of her comeliness, or her rapid progress along the pathway of prosperous nations; for California is a nation within herself. Nearly eight hundred miles in length, and an average breadth of two hundred and fifty miles, containing an area of nearly 187,500 square miles or nearly twice as large as the whole of Great Britain, and embracing within her limits a greater babel of races, languages, manners, customs and pursuits than any other country of the same extent on earth, is it surprising that much of evil should exist with the good? Let wrong or outrage be heard of on the Gila, or on the summits of the Sierras or along the nearly eight hundred miles of ocean shore, or on the confines of Oregon and

it is charged to the account of California.

And yet with all her faults, and with now and then a retrograde movement, she is still mighty in her efforts and the aggregate of these efforts is her own and the world's advancement. All ponderous engines are susceptible of a turn backwards, and though this movement may seem at times a positive necessity for the well being and management of the great hulk that bears it, it does not become the established rule of its working.

California is a mighty engine, or rather she is our country's great Pacific wheel, and is compelled from her very position to work and keep her side of the continent along single handed and alone, as fast as all the older States united, do the other. To do this isolated as she is, she must run her own engine, a high pressure one at that, and under a heavy head of steam; it is not surprising therefore that now and then some part of her machinery should become overstrained and a little deranged. But if Captain Buchanan and a majority of the passengers are not satisfied with the excentricities of her working, just run an iron shaft across the continent, and we'll couple our wheel to yours.

But until the world can appreciate the true condition of California, the multiplied difficulties she has to contend against and surmount, in bringing so much of barbarism to the light of civillization, and in so short a period, no one can consistently say that California is not at this hour, all that could reasonably have been expected of her.

Never be afraid to do right.

LINES TO * * *

A few short weeks have passed, since last
I gazed upon thy manly form,
But now my love for thee has passed,
And I but think of thee with scorn.

I *did* love fondly! and alas! too well,
I deemed thee *noble, steadfast, true;*
Thy baseness has unbound that spell,
And proved thee a *deceiver,* too.

Ah! would to Heaven the last few years
I could recall! and live them o'er;
But vain are all my bitter tears,
For they are gone forevermore.

Thy heart I *fondly deemed* mine own,
My heart long years was *wholly thine;*
But now thy treachery is shown,
Another's love's preferred to mine.

Whilst thou,—with miserable deceit,
And vows of constancy and love,
Still lured me by thy wiles, albeit
No feeling did thy cold heart move.

Another form thy arms have clasped,
Another's lips thine own have pressed;
While *I,* in *trusting* innocence
Was by thee, *Judas-like* caressed.

Now, *false one, go!* thy reign is o'er,
No more thine image haunts my brain;
My heart is free! and nevermore
Subjected to a tyrant's reign.

NELLIE.

San Francisco, Feb. 13, 1857.

FLOWERS NOTE THE HOURS.

Flowers are the dials of the plain, the hill, the mountain and the glen. They tell the hour of the day, by the unfolding or the closing of their petals or their corols.

The "*morning glory*"—unwinding at the dawn of day, and then a flower for every hour, till the lazy "*dissipation flower*" — from its rock-bound mossy couch, looks out upon the sun first, at feverish noonday.

Again—a flower for every hour, till the "*four o'clock*"—a sleepy fellow, from his pillow, snuffs the evening air, —then awakes—but his toilet never makes, till cooling off his temples by bathing in the dew.

So too, at night—the sheen of hourly opening flowers, could they be seen, would point the passing hour—till the "*night-blooming cereus*"—and its near of kin, ushered in the gray of morn.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

"Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more I tread my own free hills!"

The noble Tell, who thus exclaimed as o'er
His ransomed Switzerland, from Alpine heights
In rapture gazed once more upon his own
Free land, felt no less proud than we who dwell
Amid the scenes of this, our mountain home.
Immortal minds instructive bow to Him
Who thus in grandeur reared the giant pine,
That waves its coronal of fadeless green
O'er proud Sierra's rockgirt sides.

The pure
And sparkling mountain stream, that rushes on [seek
With deafening roar and rainbow spray, to
"Old ocean's heaving breast," finds here its source; [dreams,
Where Hope, the goddess of our fondest
Points out the golden harvest sown o'er all
Its rocky bed by Nature's lavish hand.
Eternal snows and winter gales that crown
With wildest grandeur Table Rock, which seems
To stand a guardian angel, watching o'er
Those lofty peaks that range along the east,
And to imagination's eye appear
Like pillars vast, from marble wrought, to prop
The broad blue vault of heaven up. Surrounded thus
By Nature's works, so wildly grand, the mind
In contemplation seeks to learn the cause
That first upheaved this mighty mass, and left
Its ragged form for Time to smoothe,—to crown
With evergreen the mountain's brow, and fit
For man a home.

The "First Great Cause," who spoke
Creation's birth, whose mandate brought and hung [gems,
Along those glowing orbs which stud, like
"The upper deep," to Him alone the praise
Belongs; His mighty hand has wrought the change
Which Science tells, and made the scenes our home.
As health and plenty crown our labors here,
What more do we require? 'tis all we wish
To know that friends surround to cheer us on.
Yes, even this would make our mountain home
A paradise, had it no other joys
In store.

P. H.

THE TIMBER WORM.

This destructive animal, the *Teredo* of Linnæus, appears to be above all human control. Notwithstanding the advance of science, providing abundant remedies for almost every insect annoyance under the sun, it has yet to combat with the wholesale ravages of this timber pest.

About fifty years ago, Sir Everard Home, an eminent English naturalist, turned his attention to the Teredines navales, or Timber Sea Worms; some specimens were sent to him at London, from the Sheerness Dock Yard, in England alive; and they lived in salt water three days after being brought to his hand. During this time he had a good opportunity to watch their habits, and has left a most interesting paper in the Royal Society's transactions respecting them.

He observed that when the surface of the wood, which they had riddled, was examined in a good light, while only an inch in the water, the animal threw out sometimes one, sometimes two small tubes. When one only was protruded, the other immediately followed it. One was about three quarters of an inch long, the other only half that size. When the longest was exposed to its full extent, there was a fringe on the inside of its external orifice, of about twenty small tentacula, or feelers, scarcely visible to the naked eye; these were never seen except in that state, for when this tube was retracted, or drawn back, the end was first gathered in, and so on, until the whole was completely inverted, and therefore in a half protruded state its termination appeared to be quite blunt, with a rounded edge.

These tubes, he says, while playing about in the water, appeared at different times to vary in their direction, but were always conveniently distant from each other. The largest was always most erect, and its orifice the widest, the smaller was sometimes bent in or on itself, with the point touching the wood. In one instance, where a small insect came across the larger, the point of the smaller turned round and pushed it off, and then returned to its original situation. It was remarkable, whenever they were both retracted, they always were moved together. When the worm was confined within its tubercule, the orifice was not distinguished from the wood. The worm appeared commonly to bore in the direction of the grain of the wood, but sometimes it would bore across the grain to avoid the track of others in the same community. In some instances there was only a half transparent, skin-like partition left as a division from its neighbor.

There are two species of this worm The *Teredo navalis* abounding for the most part on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, and the *Teredo gigantea* found on both shores of the Pacific, and in tropic latitudes of the western Atlantic. The latter pest favors our shores with its visits, and while we are writing we read of more than one house falling a prey to its ravages on our wharves.

Sir Everard Home observed, with reference to this animal's food, that, "as the Teredo gigantea bores in mud, on which it cannot be supposed to subsist, or even to receive any part of its nutriment from it, it becomes a question whether the smaller species, the navallis, derives support from the wood it destroys, or whether it is supplied from the sea." He supposed the latter, because having red blood, and perfect organs, they would require better nourishment than the wood could afford. The aggregate of its shell and substance taken together, he found in bulk, and greater in specific gravity than the wood displaced from the hole, and therefore his conclusion must have been correct. He found, also, that the animal could be supported when detached from the wood; but sufficient time was not given to this experiment to furnish another argument for his supposition. The ravages of this creature, so apparently insignificant, are most terrible. Almost all wooden structures, subjected to the surface of sea water, are ruined by it. The amazing rapidity of its growth, especially in temperate and hot climates, and the wonderful celerity of its work, are hardly credible. The master of one of H. B. M. dockyards, exhibited a piece of deal, forty feet long and eighteen inches thick, that in twenty days was capable of compression, almost by the thumb, in any part of it; and it was so light as to be capable of being lifted out of the water by two men. All kinds of wood, it is said, fall a prey to it, but the hickory; and that, perhaps, has not sufficiently been tested to prove its exemption from its ravages. In England, the only method of preserving timber immersed in sea water is to cover all the part immersed with short broad headed nails. The action of the sea water oxydizes the iron, forming a thick coat, and this is said to be superior to copper sheeting. A Mr. Kyon, in 1832, patented in London his remedy, which is performed by impregnating timber, by means of forcing pumps, with a solution of bi-chloride of

mercury; but the expense of the process, every timber being obliged to be enclosed in shut up tanks, hinders its introduction on a large scale. There is no doubt of its effectually preventing the animal's progress, for the corrosive sublimate combining with the albumen of the wood, resists the ordinary chemical changes of all vegetable matter. Cloride of zinc, creosote, and pyroligníte of iron, have been tried, and in some cases appear to have been eminently successful. Coal tar, not vegetable tar, has been found also a preservative for many years; but as coal is with difficulty separated from its ammonia, which has the effect of producing an immediate decay, its indiscriminate use is not to be recommended.

Some of these, or other remedies must soon arrest the attention of the city holders of house property lying contiguous to our wharves, or they will some day find their property vanishing before their eyes as dexterously as the pantomime lots before the magic touch of the harlequin's wand.

A Mr. Felton, in New York, we hear is trying various experiments with a lime process, which he hopes will prove successful. He bores the timber the whole length with an inch auger, and inserts unslacked lime, which is hermetically sealed, leaving the fusion to commence on the first approach of the animal to its deposit. We confess we are doubtful as to its effects, but hope our anticipations may be deceived. In the meantime we deem it our duty prophetically to caution all poor chosers of this property in the neighborhood of our wharves; for in less than two years from the time we write, these invaders will constitute their only inhabitants.

In concluding this article we earnestly invite a correspondence from our scientific friends on this interesting subject, with the view of eliciting some method to effectually stop the progress of this pest. The rats, thanks to the talented inventor of the phosphoric honey, have had their quietus; they have been industriously sapping the foundations of our houses with their teeth, for a long period, (our own domicil underwent new soleing and heeling not many days ago;) surely there is to be found also some sweets for these sweet creatures, to charm away these nefarious holders of property, so that we may rest secure in our beds, and our wares in our stores, without the hazard of a tumble into the sea, unforewarned by an earthquake.

[In our Magazine for April we shall have an interesting article on the TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA, with an engraving.—ED.]

WRITE SOON.

Long parting from the hearts we love,
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
And both less earnest than the boon,
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh,
Begs in the hopeful words "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched our leaving home.

We part, but carry on our way,
Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune,
That as we wander seems to say,
"Affection lives on faith; write soon?"

Eliza Cook.

RISE EARLY.

He who would thrifty be,
Would do well, to rise at three.
Who would have a thrifty store,
Should ever rise at healthy four.
He who would aim always to thrive,
Should stirring be at early five.
Who would his daily business fix,
Should never later rise than six.
But he who has already thriv'n,
May his sloth indulge till sev'n.
Who live for splendor, and for state,
Self-authorized, may lie till eight.
The drunken sot with yester's wine,
Can never rise before 'tis nine.
But only sickness and old men
Are privileged to lie till ten.
He who is later than this call,
'Twere better not to rise at all;

are favorite old Runic adages, which recall the rhymes in use, as we have seen them, in the old English print of Queen Elizabeth's time. That queen, it is recorded of her, till the day of her death, in health or sickness, never indulged herself in bed till seven o'clock; at that hour, she and her maids of honor had breakfasted, (a quart of good ale forming one of the components,) and were parading *ye royale grounde at our Hampton Court.* Judging from the regal slippers that we have seen in the Fitzwilliam museum in the English Cambridge University, she must have been almost gigantic in size, like unto her royal father, of queen killing memory. His javelin, we have also seen in the Tower of London, as well as his sword, and the armor he wore, when a prince. We will venture to say, that few men of the present day could shoulder the first, wield the second, or bear long the weight of the third article. How far the degeneracy of the Saxon race may be owing to the substitution of tea, coffee, &c., &c., and the practice of smoking and emasticating the Indian weed, —luxuries unknown in those times,— we leave to every one's reason to determine for himself. The effect of the former beverages on the human constitution may be seen in that shrivelled-up, puny, sallow cheeked race, the Chinese; and the latter practice, to the dwarfish and stunted appearance of those nations where the latter predominates to any excess.

AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

Reader, it mattered not how I gained access to that room; suffice it to say, that I was there on an afternoon as bright and glorious as ever smiled upon our earth.

I was there alone, with no sound to disturb my meditations, save the quiet ticking of the little French clock upon the mantlé, or the occasional movement of a great shaggy dog, that lay stretched lazily upon the hearth, as he opened his keen eyes for a moment, to gaze wonderingly at the new occupant of the huge arm chair by the fire.

Probably the animal had never before beheld a feminine face resting against the crimson cushions, where a manly head was wont to recline; and it might have been a mystery to his dogship, why the familiar dressing gown and cap of his master, was replaced by the full flow of a lady's dress; but as I said before, it matters not how it all came about—there I was, comfortably ensconced in the sheltering arms of that great chair, with my feet resting upon a little embroidered ottoman, one hand upon a table covered with books, papers, etc., which was drawn up before the fire, and the other holding a little box of exquisite workmanship, the contents of which were as yet unrevealed.

But my thoughts were not upon this; my eyes were wandering from one object to another, within that cozy room, from the pictures on the walls to the pattern of the carpet upon the floor.

Every article came in for a share of observation.

For a moment, the thought that I was actually in this room, devoted exclusively to the reading, writing, cigar smoking habits of a fastidious old bachelor, startled me; and I half arose from the chair as an intruder—that chair so sacred to "reveries" and—dozing! I certainly felt that it was a piece of great presumption in thus appropriating the apartment to myself; but a glance at the opposing expression of a pair of dark eyes looking down upon me from the canvas directly opposite, quite reassured me; and I nestled down again among the yielding cushions.

Now, after a few moments of quiet thought, I venture to turn the key of the little box in my hand, stealing another glance at the dark eyes before me, to gather courage to raise the cover. They still smile encouragingly, and I take up a package of tiny notes, which is the first thing that meets my eye upon raising the lid. I remove the silken thread that confines them, and open the first that my hand touches. It is addressed in a lady's delicate chirography, to a name very familiar. It is merely an acknowledgment of the reception of a volume of poems, and a delicately expressed wish that the acquaintance thus pleasantly begun may be continued. Then follows several more from the same hand. Gradually the tone grows more warm and tender, until the whole soul of the writer seems to flow with the outgushing of love, strong and earnest. A pure, confiding spirit breathes throughout the whole—perfect trust, joyful anticipation.

Now I open the rest of this package, dated some weeks later:

"Well, E——, you have spoken it! so echoes back my heart—farewell! and farewell! May God bless you, E——, though I feel that you have quenched from my life every ray of hope and happiness.

"I know not what the cause may be, but I feel it, oh! so fully and bitterly—you love me no longer!

"A thought comes up that you *never* loved me—but what matters it? I can live on as many have lived before me, passively receiving what life may have to give; even though the bright sunlight is forever extinguished—I can still live!

"Again, E——, may Heaven bless you. This is my prayer, even to the end.

SARAH T."

I lean back in my seat, still holding the note open before me. Thoughts, strange and bewildering, are rushing through my mind. A new light, or rather a darkness made visible, is stealing into my brain—but I pause not to think, and soon another note, sealed, and directed to the same name, is in my hand. As I remove the envelope, a ring falls into my lap from a folded paper, upon which is traced in a bold, free, and almost masculine hand—

"A perjured gift is valueless.

IDA NORTON."

Now, a soft silken ringlet meets my eye. This has nothing explanatory attached. Imagination fills out the story of its original resting place, above a fair, white brow, from whence it was severed to whisper young love's timid confession to one who soon forgot the gift—but this is only fancy.

A miniature is in my hand. I pause many moments e'er I open it. Strange, wild thoughts are rushing tumultuously through my soul. A tide of indignant feeling flushes my brow, and crimsons my cheek. Shall I explore yet further, and learn still more of his fickleness, his heartless perjury? Do I not know enough, aye, too much already? Will not the knowledge gained embitter the whole current of life? Is it not, even now, turning the sweet waters of trusting, happy love, into scorn, contempt, and hate?

But I will search still further! I will know the whole! I will drain the cup, even to the very dregs, though I drink to misery and despair!

My hands tremble, my breath comes quick and gaspingly, as I open the miniature.

Oh! the bewildering beauty of those eyes—dark, deep, love-lit eyes! There is a strange fascination in their gaze. I close my own to shut out the penetrating glance, but I see it still.

Upon that clear, white forehead, Intellect has set her signet; around those beautiful lips, a smile, full of passionate love, is lingering,—and the rich glow upon the full, round cheek, rivals the tint of earth's fairest flowers.

Yet there is a strange expression about the eyes, that startles, while it fascinates me. What does it mean? Oh! here is a little folded paper—I know that hand writing; many a time has it caused my heart to thrill with rapture. I read—"Revenge! oh! there is music in the sound! let me again repeat it—revenge! And have I not had mine? Let this picture tell how fully and perfectly. His wife!—his idol! into whose fair hands he placed his every hope of earthly happiness, loves him no longer! Upon *me*, the wronged of other days, is that love bestowed. *My* hand has struck the blow which deprives him of peace and happiness, forever; and now the relentless spirit of revenge can rest! Retribution has at last overtaken, one at least, of those who made me what I am.

"True, the game was long, and difficult, but it has been played out, and—*I have won!*

"Did he think I would forget? Never!

"I knew where his happiness rested; I marked where every hope was staked. But enough—he knows all! Let him suffer on; let him grope about in the thick darkness, vainly trying to catch one gleam of light! I exult in his misery!"

A cold shudder runs through my veins, and my heart seems turning to stone.

Oh, man! oh, evil human nature!—wilt thou ever spread desolation and ruin over the fair world? Will the reign of sin never cease?

My head is bowed in an agony of grief, and shame. Blinding tears are falling from my eyes upon the picture of the beautiful, erring wife. Who was she? and where is she now? I cannot know—this is all!

A dark shadow seems to pervade the room—dense and oppressive. I rise and go to the window; the sun is still shining brilliantly, but to my heart, comes not a ray. I throw up the sash, push back the hair from my forehead—its weight seems crushing my very brain. The cool air fans my cheek refreshingly, and cools my burning brow. I look at the clear blue sky; at the joyously dancing little stream beneath; at the brilliant hues of autumn foliage; at the troops of children, just escaped from the restraints of the school-room; they are shouting in glee—happy, happy childhood! revel, as in the bright morning of existence; the sweet roses of life's happy morn, while yet the thorns lie hidden. Once, ah! it seems now so long ago, I too was a child—but *now* the weight of years of sorrow seems pressing upon my heart.

I cannot bear the bright glare of the sunlight, and folding the heavy curtains half over the window, to soften the light, I again take my place at the table, for my task is not yet accomplished.

I shudder as I look at the little casket. A deadly serpent seems coiling there. With averted eyes, and cold, trembling fingers, I push it from me, concealing it beneath some papers.

For a long time I sit thinking—oh! so bitterly thinking of the revelations of the last hour. But I arouse myself, and take from the table a manuscript, which bears the marks of time and use.

It is written in the same familiar, manly hand, that has so often brought joy and happiness to me—will it ever again? I feel that to me, this manuscript will prove the book of fate! Will it lift me from this darkness, to light and hope once more, or will it sink me yet deeper in despair? Let me hasten to know:—

"June, 18—. This day I bid fare-

well to home, and friends! I go, but where? I know not, I care not. Reckless, aimless, what care I where the tide of life may take me?

"Here I cast myself upon its swelling current. Bear me on, on, I reck not where; upon rocks, beneath the boiling surges at their base, or let me be tossed upon the heaving waves—it matters not. My bark is upon the deep sea, without sail, chart, or compass, wholly at the mercy of wind and wave! But I am free! free as air! and reckless as free! I care not what circumstances may arise, or what may befall me. Welcome excitement! Welcome danger! Welcome the giddy whirl of life's gayest scenes! Welcome anything that will drive away thought! I will *not* think! The future—what care I what it brings?"

This is the beginning of the strange journal. Then follows a long succession of wanderings in different parts of the earth. Upon the burning deserts of Arabia; amid the snow-clad hills of the frozen North; through the orange groves of the "sunny south;" in the sweet vales of Switzerland, and luxurious Italy, the restless foot of the wanderer trod; reckless, aimless and wretched. Sometimes, long intervals of weeks and months occur, without a word in the journal; again the events of each day are carefully noted down:—

"I have seen the weak, silly, but beautiful creature, once more, and for the last time. Were it possible for such as I to regret, I might perhaps grieve that one so lovely should so foolishly throw away her heart—heart? pshaw! a word for sentimentalists and fools! What has this cold world to do with warm hearts? Ah! too much! it crushes from them every high and holy impulse; chills every gushing affection; turns the sweet fountains of love into gall and wormwood. Love! a fable of the false enchantress Hope, to lure her victims on to despair; the stern hand of Reality soon tears aside the illusive veil—the dream past, forever gone! Yet it is a sweet, sweet, dream. Long years ago *I* felt the power of that delusive dream. Did I really love? Ah! Lenette! you can best answer that question; you best know whether this icy block of marble ever contained a pure fountain of affection; you best know why the blight fell so early upon my soul; you best know why the bright sunlight was so suddenly shut off from my life path—pshaw! why do I yield to this influence—away! I will not so far forget what I am! The memories of the past shall not arise now to thwart me in my purpose. I *will* carry out what I have planned! No weak softening of the marble heart; no girlish tears—no relenting! Why should not I be like the rest of this false world? *I will!* I will test to the utmost extent the power I possess, and amuse myself while I may. 'Irresistibly attracted'—yes, that was what she said—does she then acknowledge the influence? Let her take the consequences! Let the silly moth flutter on while its wings are unburned, and then let it fall and die! the flame will burn on as brightly as ever, unheeding the death throes of the self-sacrificed victim.

"Beautiful I know she is; beautiful as an houri. I love to look upon the fair cheek; marvelously lovely is the glow that heightens there as I whisper praises of its beauty; gloriously light are those eyes, growing darker, deeper, brighter, as I gaze into their liquid depths. I love to listen to the soft tones of her voice as she breathes my name, or when the gentle sigh comes trembling through the full rosy lips—it is for me that sigh is breathed.

"The timid clasp of that little hand on mine is pleasant, but I have lingered here too long—let me see, two months have passed—can it be possible? Well, so much more of life is gone; another hour in its fitful day is past; but even this luxurious dream is getting stale like all of life's pleasures—to-morrow I go again. 'Tis better not to see the fair creature before leaving; doubtless tears will dim the brightness of her eyes for a while, and then some new love

will sparkle there again—but do I really believe this? Well, what matters it, I have no heart to give, and the sooner she awakes from the dream the better. The lesson must be learned, and why may I not be the teacher?"

I clutch the manuscript convulsively in my hand, while words of bitter reproach rise to my lips. Oh! man! man! created in the glorious image of God; endowed with intellect but little lower than the angels; heir to an immortal inheritance; capable of such high and holy aspirations and attainments, yet fallen, oh! how low! Grovelling in the dust of earth; marring with the dark stains of sinful passions, the spirit's purity; perverting thy lofty God-given powers; trampling beneath thy relentless foot the fairest gift heaven has bestowed upon thee, when, oh! when shall thy evil reign cease?—but I forbear.

Now comes a gleam of sunshine to the dark picture. There is a glimmer of that heaven lighted lamp which is never entirely quenched within the breast of any man; it still burns though dimly, and the feeble rays seem almost extinguished by the weight of surrounding evil, yet the vital spark remains, to lighten occasionally the darkness of sin's night. Tears of joy fill my eyes as I read this paragraph. It is written at sea:

"What means this strange influence? this unusual melting of the heart, this awakening of feelings long buried? As I sit here in the hush of night, looking into the deep blue sky, or the broad expanse of waters beneath, where the glittering stars are so faithfully mirrored, with no sound to break the deep silence, holy influences seem to be around me; pure spirits are hovering over me, shedding from their radiant wings a light, so heavenly and clear that it penetrates my very soul, and oh! how I shudder and turn sick at the scene there revealed. I cannot bid this strange feeling depart—what does it mean? 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Oh! Lord all-merciful, keep my darling boy from falling into temptation. Keep him, oh! keep him 'unspotted from the world!' Oh! that voice! that gently breathing prayer! Mother, Mother! thy sainted presence is with me at this hour. Oh! bless this wretched, miserable heart again. Mother! long months have passed since that hallowed name fell from my lips, but to-night it lingers there like heavenly music; again those loving eyes are bending over me; that gentle hand is pressed once more in blessing upon my head. I start to clasp the loved form to my breast, but the vision flies, and—I am alone! Alone! chill and cold in all its bitterness that word now falls upon my heart, more desolate, more lonely than ever. Alone! in all God's universe, there lives not a single friend for me. Oh! for the love of one true, constant heart! I know I do not deserve such a boon. I am more false than those I most condemn. Yet, methinks, had there been one to extend the true, honest hand of friendship, and encouragement, I might have been—but I will not look at what '*might have been.*'

"I am weary, weary of this earthly wandering! Oh! life, cease thy false dream! Let me rest in eternal sleep! let me die now, before another day shall dawn; to me it will bring not a ray of light. Existence has become a burden,—why should I still bear it? One plunge—a struggle or two,—and then the aching heart will be at rest; the blue waves will flow gently over the silent form, so sweetly sleeping within their embrace. Some irresistible power holds me back—well be it so! the burden of life must be borne a while longer—look again to the cold world, where there is no truth, no peace, no happiness! Human friendship is but an idle tale, often told, but never realized. Yet there must be *some* faithful ones—but not for me! not for me!—alone! alone!"

Hours pass unheeded by, as page after page of this strange history is eagerly devoured.

Many conflicting emotions are awak-

ened within my mind as I read. Now, scorn and indignation at the treachery revealed; now, tears of pity for the wretched, suffering, though deeply sinning heart, thus laid exposed to my view, and a yearning desire to speak words of peace and comfort to the tempest tossed soul; now a feeling of utter hopelessnes, takes possession of me. Where now is that glorious ideal, before which my soul has so long bowed in adoration? Where now is that being, endowed with more than mortal excellence, so long worshipped by me? Oh! it is a bitter, bitter thing, to learn that "the shrine which had our soul's devotion, is that of a false deity." A broken idol, a crumbling ruin, where late stood a fair temple, perfect in all its parts, is all that now remains to me.

But I have wept until the tears refuse to flow. The tempest has spent its fury, and now I can look more calmly at the still heaving billows.

The deepening twilight is throwing dark shadows into the room, shrouding in deep gloom every object; the fire burns faintly in the grate, and the clock continues its measured ticking, but seems to have become more loud and startling in its tone. The dog is walking uneasily about the room, keeping up a low whining, as if he, too, felt the oppressive influence of the hour. Occasionally he stops to gaze with a sort of mute inquiry at my troubled face. I lay my hand gently upon his head, and receive his caress in return. The fading light from the curtained window, falls upon the portrait, which, in the dim, indistinct rays, seem to assume a softened, melancholy expression; the eyes look mournfully down upon me, and a sadness seems resting upon the lips. As I gaze at the picture, thoughts, gentle, and forgiving are crowding my mind. My good angel is at my side, pleading earnestly for the erring one.

I listen to that heavenly voice, I heed the plea. I feel that into my hands have been committed a high, and holy trust. I feel that my mission is to lead that unhappy, penitent wanderer, back to the path of truth, and peace. God grant that I may not betray the trust! I kneel, with heart and soul ascending in prayer to Heaven, that I may indeed be the means of bringing the prodigal back to his Father's house. As I pray, my soul is lifted from earth, and I seem to stand in the presence of the Infinite; a heavenly brightness is all around me, and in that light, I feel for the first time, that I have been rendering to the creature the homage due to the Creator alone, and that this lesson has been sent to raise my affections to the only object worthy of supreme love. And from my inmost soul, I render thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," for the lesson.

I am conscious of a door opening; I hear a footstep approaching, and in another moment a manly form is kneeling, beside me, a proud head is bowed low, and burning tears are falling upon my forehead, and a voice tremulous with emotion, asks, "Myra, am I forgiven?"

In a moment, my arms are around his neck—words are useless from me.

The "God bless you, my own guardian angel!" And that solemn oath, taken there, "before high heaven, and before the God, who in mercy has suffered me to live to see this hour, I will devote, from this time henceforth, and forever, life, time, talents, all, everything, to His service,"—was more than enough to repay me for all the anguish I had suffered. And if tears of heartfelt repentance, and years of striving for a better purpose, with a humble reliance upon the blood of our Great Redeemer, can atone for years of crime and sin, I know that vow will be faithfully kept.

An hour later, and I was his wife.

A WRONG—a selfish, personal wrong, inflicted upon any human being, will sooner or later meet with its merited punishment—even though that wrong may be deeply repented of.

THE STORM.

In gathering fury,
The raging storm swells,
The winds shriek in madness,
With demon-like yells;
But the storm-driven sky,
And the element din,
Are peace to the conflict
That rages within.

The storm-king that reigns
In cold Northern lands,
Hath summoned to battle
His thundering bands,—
Wild spirits that fight
At their leader's behest:—
A type of the tumult
That reigns in the breast.

Ay! exult in your power!
Lash ocean's dark wave;
Mock man's puny strength,—
Fling him down to his grave:
Dash the shivering ships,
Aloft to the sky,
With howls of delight,
Drown the marriner's cry.

Ye furious winds!
In merciless bands,
Ye are sweeping away,
To fair southern lands;
To play with the palm-trees,
In beautiful bowers,
And breathe in soft zephyrs,
O'er tropical flowers.

S * * * *

San Francisco, February.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. V.

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labor, and long lasting pain
As if life's days forever should remain."

The night was past, that had begun to me as a doubting, desperate one, in hope—and the black clouds, the dull, smoky, misty atmosphere, the sighing wind, and the hushed wail of nature in her sleep were gone. God's sun was up; God's glorious sun with bright rays flashing over the world—leaping over continent and ocean, land and sea, mountain, plain and glen; and over our beautiful bay, it poured a flood of golden light, which peered beneath the curtains of my tent, and waked me from a dream, of a great battle-field, on which the hot sun was pouring down with a fierce light, and I was leader of a charge to victory.

And so the morn was up again, and it was MORNING now with me, for the strong impulse of last night's adventure had given me an aim, which made the day-sun welcome, as he ushered in the morn.

Old friend, I tell thee, I was re-youthed, and as I dashed my boot home upon my foot, and threw my arms out to brace the muscles, I felt as I did of old, when a mad young student, I pulled the stroke oar in our gig, the Firefly, and heard the steersman's loud whisper—*give way boys for your life*, we are first, another swing and we are home.

Look back, comrade, to some hour of your life, for we all have these hours, when the chalice we drink from, hath no bright flash in the wine, for 'tis the bitter cup of death—death to our hopes, death to all our glorious aspirations,—no matter who has filled the cup—it may have been a friend, for whom you, in your loyalty, would have *pawned your soul*—it may have been a lover, whose truth you would have wagered against the brightest angel in the spheres—it may have been the failure of a darling scheme, thought sure as human calculation could assure—but they were all false—false as the earth's living daily lies, *friendship, love and truth*, as man reads them in his intercourse with man.

And the dark hour would be with you, and you looking out, away over the ocean of the future, a wanderer upon its shores; sinking knee-deep in the quicksands of misfortune, and no friendly boat on all the long and dreary beach; no beckoning hand, no voice to say, come, I will take thee quickly to your glorious coast, away over the dark sea, to a land of hope and joy. You must recollect this, and if in these black hours to you, a light ahead appeared, you will then understand, the elasticity of frame and spirit which I felt, on that eventful morn, to me,—as with a half musing, yet brisk step, I made my way to the quarter of the city where Harold's office was situated.

He was there before me, and received me, with a kind gentleness of manner, which won my esteem at once. For some hours he sat beside me and explained my duties. *Well, months rolled on* and I was engaged, day after day, and often, night after night, in copying and making duplicates of a correspondence in cipher, which extended to many a land; and I was engaged in a scheme so glorious, that even now, years past, it makes my blood boil exultant.

And Harold was the master spirit, and worked with a giant energy, in the new mission of his life. I watched him often then, and in my admiration for his genius, and the height of his aspiring, I felt my soul knit to his with a tie which death alone could sunder.

The "Galtschut," was returned and he was with me reading letter after letter, of some hundreds he received. I could see the smile of triumph on his face, as he threw one he had opened to me, in which was a sealed parchment deed. I looked at it, and my brow flushed with heat, for I saw my own name. I read on, breathless and started to my feet, exclaiming, Harold, I thank thee.

I was appointed a Colonel of Cavalry, by the Council of Twelve, who managed the government of the work we had engaged in.

"Oh! now I am happy," exclaimed Harold, "my hour of triumph is approaching, and you, my friend, will see me in another field than this; and we will both write our names on the pages of the future, as the founders of an enlightened, free, and glorious Republic; the builders of a great State, from the broken fragments and ruins of an old and fallen one.

"Meet me here to-night," he continued, "and I will give you further insight into our matters and introduce you to six of our companions, who have come up in the schooner, to make the final arrangements—for we leave in four days from this. In the mean time you can read these letters and study those charts."

And as he left he pointed to a pile of them, which were unloosed from their fastenings and lay upon the table. I sat down to study, and now for the first time I understood the gigantic scheme we were to be the actors in. Mexico was to be revolutionized and wrested from the indolent race who, sunk in ignorance and slavish superstition, had forfeited their title to a nation's rights; and I felt as if God had made us instruments to work out his high behests. As I quickly glanced over the well laid plans, the deep reasons, and the evident close weighing of every contingency, I could see that master minds were at work as our assistants.

Harold's chief mission in California had been to procure arms and ammunition, of which he had procured many cargoes and, as yet, had not attracted the attention of the authorities, here or in Mexico.

Some fifty gentlemen, in the old States and Europe, well versed in the strategy of war, had pledged themselves to land each a hundred men, well drilled and trained, at a given point, within a certain time, and Harold was to be their chief—the rest was with the future and the gods of war.

You know me, old friend, how excitable I am, and you can well imagine how I was carried away with enthusiastic ardor as I read on, for I beheld fame, fortune, honor, before me, and the joy of returning home crowned with the laurels of our triumph. And in my dear home I would be surrounded by old friends to welcome back the wealthy soldier, around whose brow were twined the proud wreath of true nobility, won on the battle-field, amid the rolling war-cloud, the path of blood, the cry of death, the charge, the fight, the glorious shout of victory.

Did I forget Lavinia, the idolized—in that hour of fervid hope? True, the trumpet call, the cannon's peal, the rush of the bursting shell, the high toned word of command, and the proud neigh of the war-steed, were ringing in my mental ear, shutting out the memory of

my love. *It was not long*, for she, the adored, was with me once again, living in my heart and imagination. Her fair arms were circling round my neck and she was whispering sweet welcome to the wanderer, returned to claim her as his own, never more to be parted on this side the grave—to be his pride, his hope, his joy, his morning star; glancing bright beams and granting all their light to him in token of sweet love. For this had he crossed the boisterous ocean, for this had he toiled in unknown lands beneath the fiery sun, for this had he braved death in a hundred forms—and back again—back again—soul was knit to soul.

The night was with us once again—the sun was gone and all his glad light which had given youth and fresh heat to the earth, which had kissed the flower into life and beauty, and from his warm and wanton glances blushed their bright tints with the hues of his glowing light. For it was darkness now, all covered with the black canopy and mystery of the night.

So with the life of man—it is sunshine, shade, and night—joy and sorrow in their turns—though some have joy which hath *no night*, and some have sorrow which hath *no day*.

The Conspirators were met. Eight of us in Harold's room, and he looked in his office as President, well worthy of the post; and from his lucid explanations and clear instructions, we were filled with a certainty of success which gave us confidence and hope.

He finished, and then he placed before us, the articles of our compact, and read them with his deep toned voice, which fell upon our ear like the solemn words of a priest, before the altar.

And then came the *oath*, and we all stood upon our feet, and extending both arms above our heads, we, looking at each other, heard the words:—

"To this I swear and pledge my honor, and bind myself to hold sacred by my hopes here and hereafter. And particularly I swear that until this work is completed, that every angry feeling, that any cause for quarrel, that any feeling of revenge, no matter what the occasion, towards any member of this confederation, *will be overlooked*—and no account be required;—to this I pledge my sacred honor."

So ended our meeting, and we separated.

And when in the silent hours of night, I thought over our instructions and our *oath*, I felt I was pledged to the work—come weal or woe, and it was now either the night or the morning of my life. I tossed in my bed, fevered for hours,—I could not sleep that night, for my brain was full of strange fantasies,—and again and again there came, half waking dreams of horror, which chilled me to the heart. Once I thought that my own hand, was held up before me, and it was white as marble, with the blue veins traced distinctly in every branch — suddenly there came upon its palm, a spot, a round dark spot of blood, which grew broader in its circle till the whole hand was covered, and, oh God! drops of the deep crimson fell from it. I tried to stop the flow—I tried to wash the stain away, in vain, for each drop as it fell, flew into Harold's face, and his eye was turned upon me with a look of powerful melancholy, so intense, so searching, that I awoke to find myself trembling with the very ague of fear. Right gladly I left the house—and soon I was standing on a rugged, rocky point which juts into the Bay, with the sea-breeze fanning my brow, amid the silvered halo of the bright, the beautiful, the glorious full orbed moon.

I cannot tell how long I stood, watching the little waves, leaping to embrace the bright beams in their arms—and to kiss the reflected stars, that seemed to leap away and dally with their love. I think it must have been for a long time, for my heart was communing with itself, and hurrying over the past with strides which took in days and months, and years upon years. And as my eyes in their waking dreaming, wan-

dered over the heavens, they looked into the west, and I knew that my heart was looking up with them at one star which ruled my destiny. I was thinking then of one I loved, and waiting a glorious future for us—when suddenly there broke upon my ear, a voice in words of terrible agony: "Lavinia, Lavinia, forgive me, forgive me, oh Lavinia."

I started as if a bullet had struck me in a vital part, and I reeled with the blow. It was but an instant, for I saw a man hurrying down the steep cliff. Madly I followed with a speed which hurled me from my feet, down over the bank, and I fell and rolled, bruised and bleeding, for some distance, stunned and insensible. When I came to my senses, I was in Harold's arms. He was leaning over me with the fond affection of a brother, and bathing my brow and face with water, and beseeching me to come to myself again. Sick and helpless I arose, with a dreamy, misty, indistinct idea that something had happened which needed explanation. Gladly I leaned upon his strong arm, and was soon in my couch, and ere long I was asleep, and I knew that my friend kept watch—that his hand had smoothed my pillow, and his kind words soothed my fevered brain.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

No. III.

It is Spring again. Bright rays come and linger on the scene all the day long; the gentle breeze, laden with its gifts of balm, goes sighing among the fresh green leaves; the wild flowers are springing forth on every plain and hill side; and the birds make the air resound, all day long, with their cheerful strains. Even after our slight winter, this season comes like the most welcome of old friends, and its vital gush of gladness seems even to influence ourselves, for the sluggish blood, that winter has nearly congealed, goes rushing through our veins, reanimating the sleeping spirit of joy within us. As we lie listlessly upon the ground, and look upon the fresh and blooming scene, and it recalls Spring past, as we live through all the events again that have become hallowed by the cherishing care of memory, what a feeling of tender sadness awakens in our breasts, a regret so pure and sweet that we love to dwell upon it. And as our thoughts glide back on the lovely distance of years, to the Springs of our youthful days, to what an exquisite grief does this feeling deepen. The holy maze of youth, that memory clothes perpetually with Spring. Time has leveled down, or tinted with charming hues, all the little asperities we knew when we dwelt in it; and as we gaze back on its flowers, its birds, its fields which never fade, never change, never feel the chilling blasts that sweep all other times of life, we look upon it as upon a beautiful Eden, from which we have been cruelly driven.

Such have been some of my thoughts during the bright Spring days, and I have ranged the hills with them for my companions, until, in the overflow of my buoyant spirits, I have forgotten the world, except as it was in my careless boyhood. There has been one great drawback on my joyousness. It has become perceptible that Ben is failing very fast. He only walks within a short distance of the house; but even that wearies him a great deal. He grows, if it be possible for one so gentle already as he is, to do so, more thoughtful, patient, and mild, every day; and in his kind care for Charley and me, appears the most cheerful person in our cabin.

DESERTED CABINS.

What is the feeling with which we always regard the heroic deeds of the great demi-gods of story?

Is it not one in which awe and cold admiration, emotions almost foreign to our natures, are mixed? It certainly is with me. On the contrary, when we hear of the noble action of some ob-

scure persons like ourselves; whose station and sentiments are similar to our own, it elicits for him the gush of sympathy, the earnest gratitude and warm affection of our hearts. It is the same when we gaze on ruins. When we behold the remains of great cities and mighty nations, the same vague feeling of awe and cold sorrow presses us. But when we look upon the desolate hearth of some humble dwelling, the scene of homely life, the tenderest emotions of heartfelt interest and sadness are awakened.

The life of the California Miner, makes this last description of ruins very numerous. Almost as restless in their mode of life as the Arabs, to-day you see their tented roofs forming a part of some scene, and to-morrow they are gone; but, unlike the habitations of the desert dwellers, the traces of the miners' cabin remain visible for years.

How near are these cabins a type of our knowledge of their owners. They spring up suddenly as scenes in the drama of existence—teeming with all the active bustle of life; and their owners, as characters, help to carry out the plot of our little tale of life—known for a time in all the warmth of reality; and then they are gone. The cabins stand plain and life-like, like the fresh memory of those departed from them. Time hurries on and the freshness of the memory fades; the moss covered logs of the cabin fall to the ground, vegetation springs up and clothes the wasting heap, and in a few short years the ruins become as indistinct as our memory of their owners.

I love to linger about deserted cabins, and try to discover among their ruins some traces of the nature and tastes of their departed dwellers. The tokens are few enough, indeed, generally consisting of a host of empty bottles. Yet even they are not wholly uninteresting, unless seen with the contracted vision of some prejudiced temperance votary, they speak of good cheer and jovialty; for the miner rarely enjoys his luxuries without the assistance of his neighbors. It is easy, while standing beside the remains of some old cabin, to vividly recall, without any other assistance than these few scattered bottles, the time when the old cabin stood in its glory—the picturesque company around the huge fire—the freely circulating bottle—and all the boisterous mirth and unreserved, unrestrained good fellowship of the early miners.

This, perhaps, is the most common thought that connects itself with the ruins of strange cabins. Yet I always believe that there are deeper secrets of strong affection, and parting grief linked with all of them. There is with many, I know, and they so much resemble the others, that there certainly must be with all. Would a stranger observe anything different from the remains of other cabins, in that old pile of ruins across the creek, those moss covered logs, and fallen chimney? Yet they have had their part in the events of my life. I remember, as if but yesterday, how one morning I heard the strokes of an axe among the pine trees, and I knew a miner had begun to build his cabin. In course of time it was finished, and I came to number Jones, its occupant, among my intimate friends; and he and his cabin became as much a reality in my little world as if I had known them from the hour of my birth. Time passed on, and I could have almost believed Jones to be an alchemist, for all he touched seemed to turn to gold. He amassed a fortune, and prepared to return to his home in the east. Before he went he gave a great feast to all his friends. In the course of some valedictory remarks, delivered under the genial influence of the dinner, he said:

"One of the greatest regrets which I feel on leaving this place, is the parting with this old cabin; I have formed such a strong attachment for it, during our long companionship, that I look upon it with almost the same feelings of affection that I should upon an old human companion. When I think of the fierce storms that have raged around

me, and the faithful roof and walls that have shielded me from their fury, I almost regard them as conscious friendly protectors. Every inch of it has grown so familiar, every cosy place for the reception of some article, every spot of elegance and comfort, that I sigh to think that I shall never find one so familiar again. And, though doubtless my destiny leads me to a more elegant, grand, and luxurious home, I feel certain I shall never again experience such perfectly unrestrained and unalloyed happiness as I have felt in the society of my friends, in this old cabin."

Jones disappeared from my little world, and the floods of time closed over his departure. The circling waves of memory, so distinct at first, grew fainter and fainter, as they spread away over the distance of years, until now I sometimes doubt whether it was a waif sunk in life's sea, that caused these faint vibrations, or not. And when these spells of doubt come over me, I go and sit down among the ruins of Jones' cabin. It is like striking the key note of a forgotten tune. All the old, cheerful recollections come rushing back upon me. I sit again at the parting dinner, and hear Jones' words of strong attachment for his cabin, sounding again in my eyes. I start, and these visions fade; I sit amid the wasting ruins of the object of his attachment, and then my wonder tries to pierce the veil which hides the world's secrets, and see where upon the human sea floats Jones, the waif that disappeared from my sight long ago. It is a vain attempt. But the ruins of the cabin, for which he had so strong an affection, stand, like a sad memory of the departed cheerful times, and speak as eloquently in their desolation, as if they possessed tongues, and were not the inanimate things that they are.

Such are the feelings that stir within me as I sit among the ruins of the cabin of the wealthy Jones. God knows there is but little sympathy between the rich and poor—not half so much as there ought to be; yet when I stand by those wasting fragments, and recall the sincerity of Jones' grief at parting, I cannot say but what it affects me as much as if I stood by the remains of the cabin of Brown, and recalled *his* parting. I feel in common with both of them, although my sympathies naturally incline to Brown, as being a poor man, like myself.

Brown came on the creek at nearly the same time as Jones; for years he worked hard, early and late, and was strictly temperate; yet he barely managed to make a living; and when he went away he had not a dollar in the world. He could not give a feast, like Jones, but he invited me over to spend the evening, before he departed. In the course of our conversation, when speaking about going away, he said:

"I should have left this place long before, but I could not break the attachment I have formed for this cabin. Of all the partings of my life, and they have been by no means few, I have never had one come so heavily upon me as this; and I shall turn from this place as I would turn from the grave where I had buried all I loved of earth. If I knew that life were long to be that which it has been, the forming of affections but to have them broken, I should be fain to never see the morrow.

"During the years of adverse fortune in which I have remained here, I have formed a love for this place so deep, that I now leave the dearest thing on earth in leaving it. When without everything has gone wrong, and friends have proved faithless, I have come into this cabin, and left the world and its cares at the door, and the silent logs have spoken so frankly, as it were, of my reliance on them as things that could be implicitly depended upon, that I have given them my confidence and affection, for want of any other object to bestow it upon. And they have borne their trust well. It may appear weak to you, but I doubt not but that I shall shed tears when I take the last look of it; and for a long, long time,

whatever my fortune may be, I shall yearn for its beloved hearth."

Strange words to read in connection with a log cabin. More strange to hear them uttered with all the vehemence of passionate speech. And yet I think that Brown was less sensitive than Jones. But in the adversity of fortune in which some of the brightest and purest love that earth has ever known, has been nursed, and had formed bonds of feeling stronger than even his own passionate words expressed.

I saw him next morning, as he turned from its beloved hearth, with all he possessed in the world upon his back, to go again among strange scenes, and strange faces; I saw him as he paused on the last elevation from which he could see his cabin, turn and look long and fondly on its cherished form; and then dashing the tears away with his coarse sleeve, move onward with such a swelling heart, as only those who have parted from dearly loved homes can know.

Smith, died in his cabin. As we gathered around his bed, where he was dying, he feebly said:

"When I am dead, boys, bury me near the cabin. It softens the thought of dying away from all the dear friends who should gather around us in this trying hour, to think that I shall rest close to the spot which, of all on earth, but one, I love the best."

As his voice failed him, his eyes wandered around the familiar room, and a smile lighted up his features, which remained on them when they were fixed and cold.

With such recollections of the partings I have witnessed, can I fail to be interested in these fireside ruins? They were all occupied by Joneses, Browns, or Smiths. It may be that it was only the condescension of a rich man, to his less fortunate fellows—it may be that it was only the solicitation for sympathy, of a poor man—it may be that it was only the peevish request of a dying man—it may be that selfishness lies at the bottom of all of our affections—it may be that the sophisms of philosophers, who have not the capacity for feeling deep emotions, are truths. I leave such belief to others. I believe in the spontaneous flow of affection that extends even to inanimate things, the love with which the heart invests every object that comes within our sphere of life. And for this belief, and the recollection of the pain with which I have always parted from former homes. And in memory that some day this old cabin, where we now gather so cheerful and happy, will one day be numbered among them, while we are scattered widely over the earth. I shall always look with sad interest upon deserted cabins.

YES, WE MISS THEE.

[Many, doubtless, there are in California, who have sent home to friends, cut from the newspapers of the day, the beautiful lines beginning with

"Do they miss me at home?"

And many are the heart-throbs that have beat a response to those thrilling lines. But here we give the warm gushings of a sister's love in answer to C. A. K.—ED.]

Dear wanderer from home, yes we miss thee,
And the tear will unbidden come,
As we think of the time when we met thee,
And gave thee a fond welcome home;
For once to the bright El Dorado,
O'er the desert's far reaching track,
You hastened for gold, while forgetting
Home voices were calling thee back.

But far, by the bright blue Pacific,
Our spirits once whispered to thee,
And you longed for the home of your childhood,
For the shade of the old homestead tree;
We miss thee at morn and at even,
And waft thee a love-laden sigh,
For a shadow that seems like our loved one's
In fancy we see gliding by.

Come back! 't is a sister that calls thee;
Come back, to thy home and her love;
Come back, say the loved ones in chorus,
We sigh, till no longer you rove:
For sorrow and care may be tracing
Deep lines on each fair open brow;
Though time glides on, and we're changing,
We will love thee even as now.

MARY.

Juvenile Department.

WASTE NOT.

"Why do you waste that biscuit?" said a gentleman to a young lad who was busily employed in breaking up a fresh roll, and molding the pieces between his thumb and finger, into different shapes. The boy hung his head, and was about to leave the table, when the gentleman, taking him kindly by the arm, said, "See here, I want to tell you a circumstance which occurred on board of my whaling ship, a few years ago; and which made such an impression on my mind that I can never again endure to see a crumb of food wasted.

"A few years ago, when I was in New Bedford, preparing for my last whaling cruise, my Aunt came to me, requesting that I would take her son, a very interesting boy of about fourteen years, to sea with me.

"'It will be very hard for me to part with Willie,' said the mother, 'for he is all I have; but his health is so poor, and he is so delicate, that I fear to keep him at home, lest I lose him by death. Had his father lived he would have taken him to sea long before this time.'

"I readily consented to the mother's request, and Willie sailed with me. It took but a short time to prove how wise, apparently, had been the course of the mother, for Willie's health improved daily; and his amiable disposition made him a favorite with all on board.

"We had been out nearly three years, and would, with two or three more whales, have completed our cargo. Willie was now able to engage in the exciting and dangerous sport of whaling. One day it had been unusually dull; towards night the man on the lookout cried—

"'A whale! a whale!"

"I went, and looking in the direction indicated, discovered a large whale making right towards us. It was too late in the day for us to entertain the hope of capturing her, so I ordered our ship to be 'put-a-about," well knowing that a whale will not attack a vessel, under ordinary circumstances. Having seen my orders obeyed, I went below deck, where Willie and some more of my companions, were whiling away the time by song and jest; when, suddenly, something struck our ship with such force that every timber quivered. A loud cry from the men on deck; and ere we had time to think, we received another shock, and the water came rushing in upon us.

"'To the boats, to the boats,' I cried.

"In less time than I can tell it to you, the boats were lowered; and, snatching such articles of provison as were in our way, we embarked in them.

"Scarcely had the last man left the wreck, ere our gallant ship went down. The whale, I think, must have been maddened by other pursuers, and wreaked her vengeance upon us. The boat in which it was my lot to be cast, contained some ten persons, among whom was my young friend, Willie. Our hope was that we might fall in with some whaling vessel, and by it be rescued. Our stock of provisions was very small, and from the first was dealt out in rations, with great care, that one should not have a crumb more than another. When the fifth day dawned we had not one particle of food, and the little that we had eaten for the few days previous, had been far from sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, to say nothing of keeping up the strength of men who were toiling at the oars day and night. The small jug of water that we had with us was nearly exhausted, and yet no friendly sail hove in sight. As far as our eyes could reach there was nothing to be seen save the sky above, and the sea beneath; and yet we toiled on, hoping that each succeeding morn would reveal to us a sail.

"But no! the tenth morn dawned, yet no sail had been discovered; hope

had nearly deserted us. The men were frantic and clamorous for food. One had suddenly thrown himself overboard, preferring drowning to the lingering death of starvation; and the sea, like some huge monster, opened her insatiate jaws, and swallowed him. Now the men whispered to one another, and their eyes glared like maniacs. At last, one, bolder than the rest, spoke out.

"'There is no denying the fact, starvation stares us in the face. To go longer without food is impossible. I propose that we shall cast lots to see who shall die first, and by the sacrifice of one perhaps save many.'

"For a moment a death-like stillness hung over our little boat; and nothing but the convulsive tremor of the oars in the water betrayed that those fearful words had been heard. At length the oars resumed their usual beat, and the proposal was seconded by another, and assented to by all. The lots were soon cast—alas, that I should live to tell! the lot fell upon Willie. And now the question arose, Who shall slay him? No one was willing to do the dreadful deed, and yet they were dying for food.

"'We can cast lots to see who shall do it,' at last spoke out one of the most ferocious of our crew.

"No sooner proposed than done; and the lot fell upon *me*.

"'I will not do it,' I cried; 'I will give myself in his stead. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow.'

"'The lot fell upon *him*,' was the reply, 'and if you won't kill him, some one else must. We will cast lots again.'

"'T was done, and this time the lot fell upon a burly sailor.

"'How shall I do it?' said he.

"As a pistol was produced by one of the men, it was agreed to shoot him. All this time Willie had been pulling at the oar; he now asked for some one to take his place, which being done, he moved along to the stern of the boat; when, turning his back to us, and lifting his tarpaulin from his head, he knelt in prayer for a few moments. Then rising, he approached me, and taking my hand, said—

"'Captain, if ever you reach home, remember my poor mother. Say to her, Willie was ready to die, but never let her know the *real circumstances* of my death.'

"Then turning to his comrades, he said—

"'Comrades, I am ready.'

"A neckerchief of one of the men served to tie his hands. He took his place in the bow of the boat. I turned my back, and leaned far over the boat side. The sharp report of a pistol, and Willie was no more. Thank God, he did not linger.

"The men seemed fearful at first to eat that which they had so coveted; but hunger soon compelled them to partake. They ate, sparingly at first, then ravenously. I did not partake; *I could not*.

"Four days after this, near sunset, we thought we discovered a dark spot upon the water. It might be a vessel; every nerve was strained to reach it. It proved to be an English whaler, and the Captain most humanely took us on board, and did everything he could for our relief and comfort.

"When the little boat which had been our home for fourteen days, was hoisted along side, some of Willie's remains were yet to be seen; and the good Captain gave orders to have them gathered, and prepared for burial. It did not take long to fold them in a sheet, nor long to sew them in the canvass—which is the sailor's coffin. His comrades, with such of the whaler's crew as could be spared from duty, gathered round his remains, and the Captain, reading that most impressive service from the book of 'Common Prayer,' 'committed his body to the deep.'

"Never, since that time," said the gentleman, "do I see a well spread table, but I think of those poor famishing men. Never do I see a *crumb* wasted but the sweet, pale face of Willie rises before me.

"Many months afterwards, when I

reached my home, Willie's mother hastened to me, to inquire, with anxious heart, after her dear boy. I could *not* tell her all, and left her with the impression that he was lost on the wreck."

CARRIE D.

San Francisco, Feb., 1857.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

BY BESSIE.

A blissful dreaminess had rested upon my heart all day. Oh! how could I help but be happy in this sweet spring-time, when the skies are so blue, and the earth so fair; when little dimpled hands have placed the early violets in my hair, and gentle voices, and soft bright eyes have spoken so pleasantly and encouragingly to me. Unhappy I could not be, gazing forth into the glad world, where every thing I see is a type of heaven, and heaven scarcely hid by the blue between! I had stood by the window two hours, though it seemed to me not as many minutes. A gay procession of the good, the true, the beautiful, of days long-gone, passed in review before me, and a gush of olden melodies thronged every avenue of my heart—filling it with gladness. In my selfishness, I prayed that I might ever thus enjoy the beautiful sun-light, and star-light, and love-light, which made my heart the dwelling-place of such angelic guests; forgetting for the moment, though Marah's bitter waters may have circled above us, it has been that we might rise with the pure pearls we have gathered beneath their dark waves.

A gentle tap at the door, and my reveries are dispelled by the familiar voice of one of my pupils, exclaiming, "She is dying! Oh! Mrs. W——, Lizzie is dying! Come quick, she is almost gone!"

Dying? dying? My little blue-eyed pet Lizzie? who but yesterday was the light of our charmed little circle! * *

I am by her bed-side, and a glance at the little sufferer tells me it is even so. * * Hist! the pure spirit approaches nearer and nearer the shore, where to such as are of the kingdom of heaven, every footstep is upon flowers; and clear and low murmur the limpid, amber-colored waves, that we call the Jordan of death. See! they are dashing over her, and the cool spray falls in pearls upon her forehead. Another struggle, and the frail dwelling that enthralled her pure spirit, is without an occupant.

Oh, there are so few who love us,—and surely there was room enough in this great world of ours! But death is like "the flower-girl, who, going forth to gather the first-born of the spring-time, the lily, bending with the purest distillations of night, is gathered first." Oh, be not distrustful ye stricken mother—be silent. Is not yon heaven your daughter's home? dwells not your *Father* there?

They brought me the little shroud, and asked me to put it on, and the ribbon to tie her hands, those hands which had so often clasped my own with such loving confidence, and smoothed my hair.

They took from her *finger* a ring, and placed it upon mine, and told me to keep it, for her sake; and rose-buds, and geranium leaves, were nestling over the little guileless heart, that for two years had beat lovingly for me.

And now, there are five little graves up there in the church-yard, which in that time have been made for those who have passed out from under the school-room roof, to "a house not made with hands." Five times has the music which echoed from heart to heart, been muffled by the shroud-folds, and the funeral pall. Five times have I gone with my little flock, and folded back the winding-sheet, to show them all that remained of their playfellow, or classmate,—and to-day we all knelt around little Lizzie's grave; and I prayed, not for long life to any of us, but that when we shall go hence, we may die as only the pure in heart can die.

This will be a hallowed spot, years hence; and loving hands will part the boughs of the lupine, and read on a plain little head-stone,—"Elizabeth Merker, aged 6 years and 4 months."

Editor's Table.

The following epistle explains and introduces itself.—

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 13, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—When we feel grateful to a person for anything, it doubles the pleasure of that gratitude to let him know it. That is all the apology I have to offer for intruding thus upon you, and I shall feel still more grateful, if I do not have to apologize for such an apology. I had read and digested all of the sentimental, the grave, and the witty, of Harpers' latest monthly; had pored over some of the rather weighty articles of Putnam; had delighted myself to sat etv by the perusal of that glorious and venerable Knickerbocker; and had, as I thought, absorbed the best, the brightest, and the sweetest of the light literature which America could afford, when, behold! fresh and unfatigued from its long journey, bearing its treasure of literary gems, came your magazine. Yea, verily! had I forgotten that California contained anything of importance, except the dear brother who sent me your book, and who I have most heartily wished out of her dominions. I had forgotten, that within a few years, a people powerful in their magical and upward progression, have already displaced the stigma of barbarism in California, and instituted in its stead, the fame of brilliant enterprise; not only as regards the attainment of gold from the mines, or by commerce—but that which is more important, the dissemination of education, by means of the school, the newspaper, and that last of all, which combines in itself both instruction and entertainment, the monthly California Magazine. All this I had forgotten, but your welcome visitor brought it back to my recollection; and, when I had devoured its pages with delight, I felt really ashamed of my memory.

Its faithful portraitnres of California life and scenes are indeed both novel and rich, and doubly so, when they step in to relieve the monotony of this dull portion of our country. Then why should I not be grateful? Then why should I not make these few lines travel such an immense distance to inform you of my gratitude? Why not? Perhaps after all, it may gratify you to know that your distant readers appreciate and enjoy the benefit of your labors. Be that as it may, I shall henceforth look forward with pleasure, to the perusal of your magazine.

Yours Respectfully, B. C. D.

We regret that distance prevents our taking you by the hand, and thanking you for your kind words of approval; but, you will please consider our palm in yours, and by the friendly grip, feel that (in imagination at least) we are shaking you by the hand, although several thousand miles away.

REPUDIATION.—Everybody knows that, by a decision of the Supreme Court of this State, over two millions of dollars of our State indebtedness, is declared to be "illegal."

We are sorry to see, that, because of this decision, there are some who raise the cry of "repudiation" of the debt.

We grant that we have been cursed with official corruption, to an almost unprecedented degree—with betrayals of trust, by men in high places—with swindling, in every conceivable shape—with office holders, who have, for a per centage, disposed of contracts at a fearful and unjust price. But rather than see that word, "repudiation," endorsed by California, we would prefer that she should be sold, "stock, lock, and barrel," to pay her debt.

What! shall a country like ours, which, from almost nothing, has, within eight short years, amassed a taxable property of over *one hundred millions of dollars*, besides sending away, annually, not less than *fifty millions* more, "repudiate" the paltry sum of a couple of millions of dollars, more or less? The amount carried away on a single steamer? Shall her fair name, and glorious destiny be ever dimmed, or tarnished, for *any* consideration? much less for the insignificant amount declared to be "illegal?"

We answer NEVER. Yet we are glad of the decision, for the lesson of economy it may teach. But when it is submitted to a vote of the people, as it donbtless will be, we hope one emphatic and unanimous voice will resound, in tones of thunder, from Utah to the Paeific, and from the Gila to the Siskiyou mountains, shouting and voting, NO, NEVER.

We believe that the miner, with his wearying and heart sickening disappointments—his untold patience, while waiting for water—his toiling beneath a burning sun, or in a drenching rain—with hopes and longings treasured up for dear ones far away—surrounded by every drawback, would prefer to give his day or two of labor, however hard it might prove to him, if need be, than dishonor should ever rest upon our glorious California. And when that amount can be paid, by over three hundred

thousand men, and the vast wealth of our mountains is backing us up, shall we ever, even for a moment, encourage the thought? We know the answer will echo from the east to the west, from the north to the south, NO REPUDIATION. Never—NEVER.

Our Homes.—Among the real wants of California, such as are to give prosperity and permanency, particularly to her agricultural interests, is a guarantee to her people of their homes and their firesides.

From all parts of the State comes up the soul-withering exclamation, "I have no heart to improve my lands, or beautify my home—for I know not that it is mine!"

And the effect of this state of things will remain a crying evil, retarding our advancement until a policy is pursued, or plan devised, for a more immediate survey of the public domain, and a defining of the boundaries of the "private grants," that cover so large an area of the finest lands in the State.

And though we have no sympathy with the land stealer, or any desire to interfere with the lawful owners of these large grants, yet justice to that large portion of our citizens who constitute the actual settlers, and who, with their families around them, are the pride and glory of our country, requires that something more than the present tardy system of surveys should be adopted by the government; while we wonder at the prolonged remissness of the Department to which this great interest more especially belongs.

Please stir your stumps, gentlemen; heaven knows the farmer has waited long enough, and patiently enough, for some plot of land where he and his can sit "under his own vine and fig-tree, (and upon *his* own land too,) none daring to make him afraid;" or brand him as a "squatter" on other men's land.

Wake up gentlemen, and rub your eyes open, that you may see the interests of others, and in those interests, indirectly it may be, your own.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Will the author of "The Phantom Fawn," in the present number, favor us with his address?

Doct. Dot-it-down's.—Deferred for one month.

Our Neighbor on the right.—With all his excentricities and peculiarities, will appear next month.

Wake the Heart's Echoes.—On file for next month.

*F***.*—We refer you to a "tale with a moral," in the present number, that you may judge how your article would look in print; but with this difference, that while our hero's tale had some little point, being founded on fact—yours can hardly be said to possess even that merit.

A Landscape.—We would have preferred a California landscape, with the "old chestnut" (we don't know whether horse or tree) left out of it, as the *tree* is not found in Calfornia. The other article, from the marks of quotations, seems to have been borrowed. We usually like to make our own selections.

Realization of my conceptions.—Number 4 is received.

L. S. L.—There is nothing like trying, and as this is your second attempt, you are entitled to much credit; but unfortunately, we are wholly unacquainted with Digger Hieroglyphics!

A Sketch.—Is received and placed upon file. Communications should reach us by the tenth of the month in which they are expected to appear.

My Teachers.—Received, and on file.

Doings.—Your article is a little too much on the "Bug"-gy order, for one not engaged in the livery business. We hope you will take another subject, and let us hear from you.

D. K.—The earthquake, or something else, has played the very "Dickens" with your "Poetry;" here is the first line, in which the letter A, owing to its peculiar shape, stood up good and strong, but look at the rest—"A ⊐ ? o i⊐ m~ x f > ⊐ ⊐ ⊥ ig.⊣ ⊖ ɘ ʍ:ʌ ⊖ ⊲ u ⊖ y ⊼? o o ɘ'„—Badly mixed up we think, and as the most of your manuscript is harder to make use of than this, can you blame us for not giving it, in full?

The City of our God.—Reserved for next number.

Niantic.—Three *hundred!* men, have been employed for as many days, in transcribing your manuscript and fitting it for the compositors—(and if that is not a fib, we will tell you one that is) but as no two of them have made the same story out of it, we don't know which to give, consequently! we *must* decline it.

Springfield.—We give in this place, four lines of what you call verse:

> "Read and pause with delight o'er the verse,
> Read it, to thy friends, or rehearse—
> It, to a world, and sound the Fame,
> Ever let thy name be sung, in living flame."

We have heard of names being *written* in lines or characters of fire, or "living flame," if you choose to have it so. But to *sing* it, or get it *sung* in "living flame," would make a warm business for somebody. If you will let us use *singed* for "sung," we can make capital sense of it.—We also give two lines from your Poem—

> "I am far away from those,I love,
> Far away from those that's true"—

Now there is a terrible responsibility resting upon that little 's, after the word "that"—for let us convert the 's into is, as it would be in sober grammatical prose—and we have:—

> "Far away from those that is true."

Rather ambiguous we think!

Common-place Notes.—We regret that the author did not bestow the same amount of labor, upon some subject possessing a Pacific coast interest.

M. Cherokee.—That promised Dag. has not reached us. Please send it immediately—if not sooner.

George P.—You are right; and we wish you distinctly to understand that *we* do not endorse the sentiment contained in the three characters you mention of the "World in California," in our last number. A friend requested that he might write those three, and we complied; and, being on a little cruise in the interior, we did not see them until after the number was issued, or they would never have appeared.

Joe.—We unhesitatingly and unrepentingly, pronounce you a very wicked sinner! First for supposing it possible even that we *could* belong to any of the "crabbed" species. Next for your presuming on the bare probability of our being anything but "human!" And more, that (did we ever do such things) we would wager you one of the oldest of our very old boots, that before we had been in your cabin half an hour, that you would acknowledge yourself wrong in every "count" of your "calculations!" The fact is, "our family" intend visiting the Yo-Ham-i-te Valley sometime in May next, and (but for your being such a sinner against us!) we thought that you might like to be one of the number. That's all.

T., Diamond Springs.—Certainly. If you will give us a *drawing* of a *sigh*, we can certainly get it engraved; but it would be about as interesting to our readers as the subject you mention: nevertheless, we thank you for the suggestion.

Scipio, Sacramento.—Any loathsome reptile, in human shape, that would bite or strike his own parent, we shun with natural contempt and abhorence—and any one who *rails* against *his native land*—especially for "bunkum"—*is that reptile*, in our estimation, whatever may be her failings. We feel polluted by the very touch of your viperous paper, and instinctively wash our hands of its poisonous influence, as we commit it to the flames. We had rather that our hand should wither at our side (and your's too) and that our tongue should cleave to the roof of its mouth (and your's too) than either should be instrumental in sowing the seeds of discord among brethren. Go, *Scipio*, to the tomb of the venerated Clay, and there repent thee of thy evil words, in sackcloth and ashes, that, peradventure, the spirit of *his* sentiments may teach thee that the true patriot "knows no north, no south, no east, no west,—nothing but the Union." We believe that it is such men as you, who have sold and betrayed our own California for the traitor's sum of "*thirty pieces of silver*," and who would to-day barter away their conscience and their country for "a mess of potage," or a drink of whiskey. Once and for all, both you and your class, may rest assured, that never, by our knowledge and consent, shall these pages be desecrated by such unholy sentiments. Are you answered?

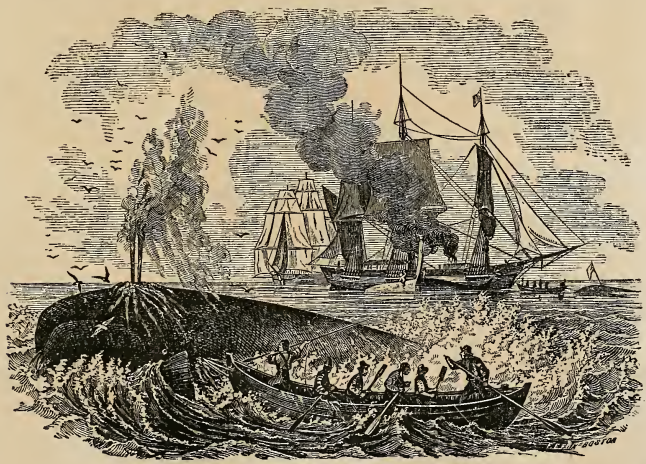
Kitty Cloud—Is at hand, but just a little too late for this number.

John S.—Yours is a glorious good article, but it must lie over for next month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1857. NO. X.



PACIFIC WHALE FISHERY.

The great ocean embraced by the northern, middle and southern Pacific, is peculiarly the home and play-ground of the sperm Whale. We have our antecedent in calling the ocean a play-*ground;* for in the first authenticated notices of a fishing for whales, which was in the time of Alfred the Great, a still stronger landsman's term was used. It is found in the account of the voyage of Ohthere, a Norwegian.

This voyage was in 890, sometime after the discovery of Greenland. He stated to the King, that the best whales

were "hunted on his own lands, and that their length was 40 and 50 ells."

The whale *(balœna)* is a mammalia but so much resembling a fish in external appearance, as to be generally considered such; thus we speak of the whale-*fishery*. But they differ from other animals only in their external structure and organs of motion. They breathe atmospheric air only, have lungs, and suckle their young, and though destitute of hind feet, their position is marked in one or more species, by two rudimentary bones under the skin; their fore feet have the form of fins or flippers, but they have the same bones as quadrupeds. Head enormously large, neck exceedingly short, and externally is not apparent. Their nostrils are their blow-holes, through which the air passes to their lungs.

The common or Greenland whale, (B. *mysticetus*) has no teeth; when fully grown, it is from forty to sixty feet in length, seldom reaching seventy feet —their greatest circumference from thirty to forty feet; ordinary weight supposed about seventy tons: mouth large enough to take in a boat full of men, being six or eight feet wide, eight or ten feet high in front when open, and fifteen or sixteen feet long.

The razor-back (B. *Phys-alus*) is probably the largest of its tribe, or of the whole animal creation. It is readily distinguished from the common or right whale, by its dorsal fin; length of the animal, about one hundred feet. Its great speed and activity render it a difficult, and often dangerous object of attack, and from the small quantity of oil it affords, is very little sought after by whalers.

The cachalot whale, (*physeter macrocephalus*) differs from the common or the fin-back, in many particulars. The mouth has no whalebone, and the lower jaw is armed with a row of strong conical teeth; they have but one blow hole; head enormously large, terminating abruptly in front, the lower jaw very long and narrow. This whale is found in all seas, but most abundantly in the Pacific. It is gregarious, and herds have been seen numbering from fifty to a hundred individuals.

As far back as the twelfth century, the whale fishery was carried on by the Biscayans, as a regular commercial business; but the whales were small and afforded but little oil, but as their flesh was used for food, and the whalebone a valuable article of commerce, the taking of whales was prosecuted with great vigor; but the final departure of the whales from the bay of Biscay, ended the fishing there.

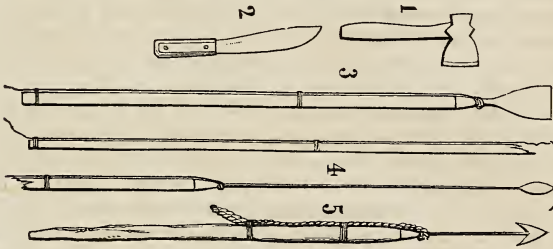
The attempts of the English and Dutch to find a passage to India, by the northern ocean, discovered and opened out the great natural haunts of the whale. They were exceedingly numerous in those northern seas, and more were often killed than the ships sent in pursuit of them could possibly bring home, as at that time the oil was conveyed in the blubber.

Afterwards, the Dutch, who were the great whale fishers of the time, adopted the plan of boiling the blubber at the North, on shore, and established a considerable village called Smeerenberg, (from *smeeren*, grease, and *berg*) and which during the fishing season, was one of shops and inns, &c. The wars however, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, nearly annihilated the

Dutch whale fisheries; so that in 1828, only one whale ship sailed from Holland.

The English were the next to engage to any considerable extent in the whale fishery. In 1821, they had 142 ships engaged in the northern fisheries, employing 6074 men. In 1824, only 120 ships and 4867 men. Immediately after the repeal of the bounty on oil, the number rapidly fell off, so that in 1829 there were but 89 ships.

hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of the polar world, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We learn that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil."



WHALING IMPLEMENTS.

(1) Boat Hatchet; (2) Boat Knife; (3) Boat Spade; (4) Whale-lance; (5) Harpoon.

The whale fishery has been carried on with greater vigor by the United States, than by any other country. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts alone employed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons, in the northern seas, and 121 vessels, of 14,026 tons, in the southern. They were the first to prosecute the business in the South Atlantic, and first led the way into the Pacific seas.

"Look at the manner," says Burke, (1774) "in which the New England people carry on the whale fishery. While we follow them through the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straights, while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we

From that day to the present, has the whale fishing been among the more important of commercial pursuits, engaging the attention of New Englanders. The Sandwich Islands have long been the winter recruiting ground and rendezvous of the whaling fleet of the Pacific. The *Polynesian* of November 22d, says: "From the first of November to the present date, twenty-two days, sixty-four ships and one brig, engaged in the whaling business, have entered the port of Honolulu, having on board an aggregate of 68,230 bbls. whale oil, and 782,500 lbs. bone, worth in the United States, $1,700,000. The Sandwich Islands *Commercial Advertiser*, of Jan 22d, gives a tabular statement of the amount of oil and bone

which has cleared from the Sandwich Islands for the United States, during the fall season, 1856, since September last. The total, including original cargoes and amounts taken on freight, is 8789 bbls. sperm, 176,232 bbls. whale, and 2,130,712 lbs. bone. The table is from the Custom House records. The actual amount is at least ten per cent. more than the table shows. The number of whale ships bound home, by this table, is seventy-one. Besides the above, there may be some fifteen others, which will make a ten months' cruise homeward, and not return to the North Pacific.

By the last census, it appears that there are 36,000 seamen engaged in the fisheries from the United States. Of this great number, 16,000 are engaged in the whaling business, in six hundred ships.

San Francisco ought to be made the rendezvous of the American whalers, and California from her geographical position, ought to rival the rest of the world in the whale fishery. She claims by right, the Pacific, or a good share of it, as her own, or ought to, and which, with the north seas, are the best whaling grounds on the globe; and nothing but the proper enterprise is wanting, to enable her with a fleet of whalers, to plow her own grounds, and reap an ocean's annual whale harvest. And with this introductory, we will now start out on

A CRUISE AMONG THE WHALES.

In the month of October, 184–, I found myself on board the good ship *Atalanta*, bound on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean for sperm oil.

The ship was new; of about 400 tons register, carrying four boats and a crew of twenty-eight men. This was my first experience of the sea, except a most uncomfortable passage from Boston to Nantucket, in a new whale ship—"Flying Light."

Our provisions and stores for a four years' voyage, being all on board; the shipping-master having seen all his convoy safe over the side with their chests etc., we weighed anchor and stood out to sea from the Vineyard Sound. The wind falling light however, and the tide being against us, we came to anchor again, opposite Falmouth on Cape Cod.

My first experience in seamanship was while lying at anchor off Falmouth. I was ordered by the second mate to "slush" the mizzen top-mast. No particular directions being given, and as a green hand on board a whale ship does not ship to know *anything*, I proceeded to give the top-mast a bountiful supply of the unctious mixture all around—when the captain, casting his eye aloft, hailed me to slush only the after part of the mast.

I may as well observe that the mast is greased, or "slushed," in seamen's parlance, in order that the topsail yard may be hoisted more easily, and that the after part only is slushed, as if all round, the sail in flapping against the mast, would get the larger portion of it.

Towards sundown, the breeze freshened and the tide being now in our favor, we hove up our anchor for the last time and now stood down the Sound once more.

"There!" said a boatsteerer, pointing to the spire of a church at Falmouth, which was gilded by the rays

of the setting sun,—"that is the last church you will see in America, for four years at least; take a good look at it, for you may never see another."

This was rather cold comfort for a crew of green hands, about starting on a *two* years' voyage, as we supposed. However, we were kept busy stowing the anchor and clearing up the decks, and just at sundown, discharged our pilot, and one of the owners, who had come down with us, into a coasting vessel; and stood out to sea, past the headland known as "No-man's land."

I watched the land amid the gathering gloom of night, until lost in the distance, and we were fairly started on our long, long voyage. This was literally "bidding good night" to my native land.

While the good ship is standing out to sea under reefed topsails, and all the green hands—myself among the number—are paying tribute to old Neptune, I will give the reader some idea of the fitting out of a whale ship, bound on a three or four years' voyage.

The ship being launched, and as in case of our own ship, towed round to Nantucket, she there receives her masts, spars, etc.,—everything is fitted up by the riggers; the davits, by which the boats are hoisted, fitted and secured; three on the larboard, and one on the starboard side; the skids, (spars abaft the main-mast, and crossing the deck about seven feet high,) are properly secured; then the mason comes on board and builds the try-works. These try-works are two large cauldrons, or huge iron pots, called "try-pots," set in brick work on the upper deck, between the fore and main-mast, and held securely in their place by planks on the side, and strong iron knees bolted into the timbers of the deck.

Between the brick work of the fire place and the deck, is a hollow space, in which, when the fires are up, water is poured, to protect the deck from the great heat of the fires.

These try-pots receive the blubber, or fat of the whale after being "minced," and is tryed out by the heat from the furnace beneath. The "scraps" after the oil is extracted, being used as fuel, and is usually more than enough for the purpose.

While these arrangements are going forward, huge casks, containing water, provisions, "shooks," (casks taken to pieces after making the staves, and hooped together for the sake of gaining room in storage,) are struck down into the hold, and carefully stowed.

A shallow bar makes across the mouth of the harbor of Nantucket, and ships fully laden cannot pass, so after taking in sufficient to ballast her, the ship was taken in tow of a steamboat, and towed to Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and then the balance of the stores, etc., were brought in sloops and schooners. Harpoons, lances, and the various implements with which a whale is caught and cut up, were sent on board and stowed in the steerage. Coils of whale line, spare rope and small stuff, were stowed away between decks, forward. Spare oars, boards and ribs for repairing the boats; three or four dray loads of hickory rods, for "iron poles," &c., came on board and were also stowed away between decks. Spare sails and bolts of duck and canvas were stored in the steerage, and a hundred other articles used in making

and repairing the various implements used in whaling.

The crew consists of the captain, and three mates—third mate acting as carpenter, one as cooper—twenty men and boys before the mast, one acting as blacksmith, and cook, and steward—twenty-eight in all.

We have now fairly fitted out the ship, allow me to show how the "slop-shop" men fit out the aspiring whaleman.

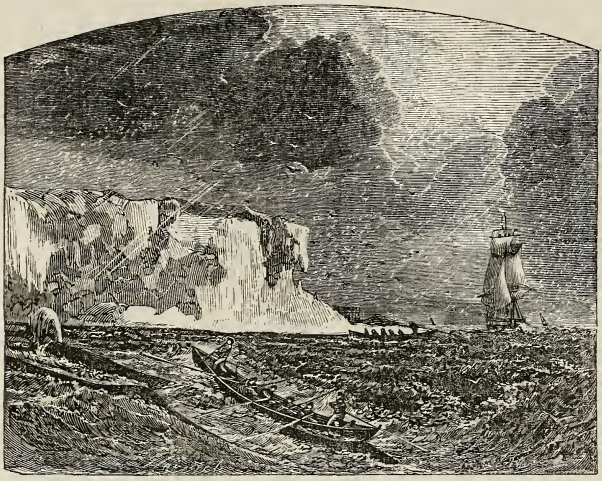
Having procured a sea-chest, the slop-shop man shows you long rows of shelves containing flannel shirts, trowsers, hickory and striped shirts, drawers, tarpaulin hats, pea jackets &c, while the beams overhead are ornamented with tin pots, leather belts, shoes, &c. He very obligingly tells you how many you will require of this and of that—rigs you out in a pair of blue drilling trowsers, "a mile too big," but says you will grow to them,—a red flannel shirt, a sheath knife and belt, and a cheap tarpaulin hat, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging down your back, and a pongee handkerchief tied round your neck with a "slippery hitch," and you are pronounced, very much to your delight, as like a sailor as *any* "salt."

Your shirts, drawers, trowsers, &c., not forgetting a tin pan, pot and iron spoon, are packed away in the sea-chest and locked up; while the key goes into the slop-man's pocket, with a score of others, key and chest to be given to you when the pilot is discharged. They are somewhat suspicious, having been often "victimized" by New York B'hoys, who run away with their "fit-out"—and it is not until after being out three weeks, that one is conscious of having been swindled by substituting moth-eaten woollen shirts and drawers, for the fine flannel selected, and other swindles "too numerous to mention"—all too late to remedy.

These "slop-shop" men are the especial aversion of the experienced whaleman. A story is told of a green hand, who had been swindled by one of these slop-shop men, who, on returning from a three years' voyage, pounded the rascal to within an inch of his life. Whether the story be true or not, the application would be deserved in five cases out of six.

The good ship is now fairly on her way,—the decks are cleared up, the boats and spare spars secured, and everything made snug for the night.

The first thing after stowing the anchor, and clearing the decks, is to divide the crew into watches—larboard and starboard—the chief mate (called *par excellence, the* mate) and the second mate head the respective watches; the third mate and one boatsteerer being in the mate's watch, and the other two boatsteerers being in the second mate's watch; then the men are chosen alternately by each officer, until the whole crew are chosen. The master, cook and steward stand no watch. I was chosen in the second mate's watch and mustered with the "starbowlines," as the starboard watch is called. As soon as we had fairly got through the Gulf Stream, harpoons, boat-hatchets, knives, lances, spades, etc., were routed out from the steerage, and we poor "pilgarlics," set to work *turning the grindstone*, while a boatsteerer was grinding his harpoons, or "irons," as they are usually called by the whalemen. This was grinding work, but as we had plenty of hands and enough to eat, the grind-



THE CHASE.

ing was mostly over in three or four weeks.

After grinding, the irons, lances and spades were to be fitted with handles, or poles, ready for use.

Each boat usually carries four to six harpoons, two lances, one boat spade, one boat hatchet, a large butcher-knife at each end of the boat, for use in case of the line getting foul, a water keg holding about six gallons, a boat bucket and pipkin for baling, a lantern keg, water tight, containing a lantern and candle, matches, steel and flint, compasses, &c., under the stern sheets, with a bag containing sea biscuits, etc.

The boat is also provided with a large tub containing one hundred and fifty fathoms of whale line, a light mast and sprit sail: these, with the complement of four men, the boat-steerer, who pulls the harpooner oar, and the officer who "heads" the boat, make the whale-boat complete, and ready for the chase.

The Nantucket boys messed in the steerage, while we "outside barbarians" cast our common lot in the forecastle. We found this arrangement much more to our tastes, as the steerage boys could make no noise; as that would disturb the magnates in the cabin, while we jolly fellows in the forecastle could sing and make as much noise as the occasion called for.

During the calm weather in the tropics, the boats were lowered and the crews exercised, to use them to the oars and manner of pulling.

I was stationed in the mate's boat and pulled the "after," or stroke oar, and although a stout lad for my age, I found the oar rather "too many" for me, and induced the mate to plane it down.

What with lowering for blackfish, and exercise, we were in fair condition for a bout with a whale. Lookouts were constantly at the mastheads—the boat-steerers at the main, and the men and boys at the fore and mizzen top-gallant cross trees, on the watch for whales.

We had spoken two or three small whaling vessels on the Brazil Banks, and had seen some hump-backs, fin-backs, &c., but did not care to "grease our virgin irons" in anything short of sperm.

While running through the straits of Le Maire, near Cape Horn, the man at the main cried out "There she b-l-o-w-s! There she blows!—blows!—blows!" "Where away?" shouted the captain. "Right ahead, sir!" was the reply. "What are they, and how far off?" "Sperm whales—two miles off!" was answered. Although running through a narrow strait, and with very uncertain weather, the captain decided to lower away two of the boats, and run the risk. Accordingly, the mate's and second mate's boats were lowered away and pulled in the direction of the whales. There were only three whales—one large bull whale and two cows. Pulling away with all our might through the strong current and ripple which runs through this strait, we soon came in sight of our quarry—the bull, and one cow whale. As we neared them, we could hear them surging their immense bodies through the water, and the f-o-o-h of their spout as it was forced through the spoutholes. Nearer and nearer we came, and we could see the oily surface of the water, left by their greasy skins. "Stand up, Reuben!" said the mate in a hoarse whisper, to the boat-steerer, whereupon the man "peaked" his oar and stood ready for the dart with harpoon pointed in air. "Don't dart until I tell you! one more pull like that boys! one more!—*Now* Rube—NOW give it to him?"—"Stern all!" shouted the mate, "Stern all for your lives!" and stern all it was, for Rube "*had* given it to him" with a vengeance, for he had planted both "irons" into the monster to the socket, and the whale was now thrashing the water not half a dozen yards from us with its immense flukes, while the water thrown from his spouthole was tinged with blood. "Hurrah!" shouted the excited mate—"*Well* done, Rube! the first whale!—sixty barrels if he makes a gill!" The boat being now beyond the sweep of the flukes of the whale, the mate and Reuben changed places, Rube taking the steering oar, while the mate went into the bows of the boat and prepared the lance for killing the whale. This lance is a sharp, steel head of an oval shape, with a shank five or six feet in length, to which is attached an ash pole about an inch and a-half in diameter, and eight or ten feet long; secured to the boat by a small line a few fathoms in length. With this formidable weapon, we now pulled cautiously towards the whale, who was yet thrashing the sea with its flukes. Watching his opportunity, the mate threw the lance with fatal aim: the whale now threw his flukes high in the air and sounded out about fifty fathoms of line, when he came up, fortunately, near the ship, spouting blood in thick clots. Three cheers were given on board the ship, as she lay drifting with her main topsail to the mast. The whale now commenced circling slowly round

CUTTING IN.

the boat from right to left, occasionally shooting ahead with increased velocity, as though he would rid himself of his enemies, but it was too late; the life of the monster was ebbing fast, and he gradually approached the centre of the circle, we being careful to keep outside of his track. Nearer and nearer he came to the centre, and when near it, he made one last, strong effort for life, lashing the sea into foam around him in the last agony and then turned quietly over on his side, "*fin out*,"—DEAD. Jumping up in the bows of the boat, with a foot on either gunwale, the mate pulled off the old felt hat he usually wore, and swinging it round and round with a "Hurrah for the first whale!" he shied the old hat at the dead whale, exclaiming "There, old feller! there's my hat for't!—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Three cheers were given with a will by the boats and on board the ship, which was now filling away to take the whale alongside.

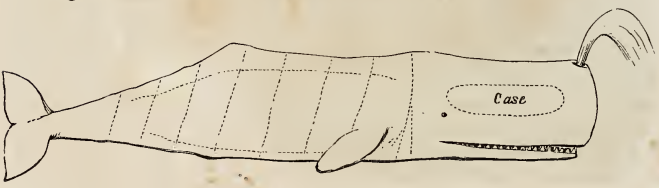
To say that I had *no* fear when going alongside the first whale, would be saying too much,—but I was not so much frightened as not to know and do as I was told. Nearly every man in the boat was white as death with the excitement, including the mate and "Rube," but every one did his duty bravely and the result was a fine sixty barrel whale, two months from home, and our boat the fortunate one to take the first of the voyage. Whether our mate was the better whaleman or not, I do not know, but our boat took nearly two-fifths of the oil caught in a voyage of twenty-eight months.

The ship now hove-to near the whale, and we carried a whale line made fast to its flukes, to the chocks, on the starboard bow, when clapping on all hands, the whale was hauled slowly up alongside, when two heavy fluke chains were passed around the flukes and in through the hawse-hole forward of the fore rigging, and brought to the windlass-bitts, the boats were then hoisted in, the yards

braced forward, and the ship ran for a small bay on the coast of *Terra del Fuego*, as the weather was threatening, and occasional squalls of snow and sleet from the Southwest warned us of approaching gales. Although the strain was great on the fluke chains, and fears were entertained of their parting, yet we held on, though the third mate who had always been in English ships, said he never had heard of such a thing as towing a whale alongside—always astern, or not at all. The skipper was heard to say he would tow the whale into the bay, or sink the ship in trying.

In an hour after bracing forward, we gained the protection of the highland on the south side of the bay, and into comparatively smooth water, and with a leading wind we stood into the anchorage, where we came to, in six fathoms water, with high bluffs on either hand, and a smooth *sandy* beach in the bight of the small cove in which we were anchored. As soon as the anchor was down and the sails furled, a stream anchor was carried out astern with a ten inch manila hawser and we were moored head and stern. It was now dark, but the skipper was determined to run no risk of losing the whale; so after supper the "blubber room," (the space between decks immediately round the main hatch) was cleared out; the casks, etc., hoisted on deck and stowed away aft. The "cutting in" tackles—immense four-fold tackles—were got up and secured to the mainmast head by the pennants; the gangway board unshipped, and stagings got over the side for the mate and second mate to stand upon; lanterns lighted and hung by the main rigging and over the side, to see to cut the whale in by. Before cutting him in, I will give a brief description of the sperm whale, the *cachelot* of the naturalist.

The sperm whale belongs to the family of the Cetacea, is warm blooded and covered between the skin, and bones and muscle, with a thick coating of fat, known to the whalemen by the name of "blubber." This fat varies from six inches on small animals, to eighteen inches, on the largest; the average being from eight to fourteen inches; it is quite coarse, something like fat pork but somewhat harder. The skin, or cuticle is of a dark bluish black color, sometimes spots of a dirty white are found on the belly and sides. The general appearance of the sperm whale is shown in the engraving. The head is about one third the whole length of the animal and is armed with a most formidable jaw, and in this specimen named, was seventeen feet long, containing a row of teeth varying from six



SPERM WHALE.

The dotted lines represent the blubber as taken off, the head is cut off at the dotted line.

to fourteen inches in length, only about one fifth being above the gums or sockets. The eye is near the neck, and is very small in proportion to the immense bulk of the animal, varying from one and a half to two inches in diameter, as shown from the outside. The "flukes" or tail, is placed horizontally and works up and down in propelling the animal through the water. The highest speed I ever heard claimed for the sperm whale is twenty miles an hour. I should judge that fifteen miles was the maximum.

Inside the head of the sperm whale is a singular cavity, or "case," as called by the whalemen; this is a cavity extending from near the junction of the head and neck to near the end of the head, and was in the specimen just killed, about twelve feet long, by a diameter of about fifteen inches. This cavity is filled with a soft, spongy matter, full of fat, and nearly a barrel and a half of clear oil was baled out with a "case bucket," while the balance would probably make as much more. This oil is the pure spermaceti, and with the "head matter," is always stowed in separate casks and marked with an "H."

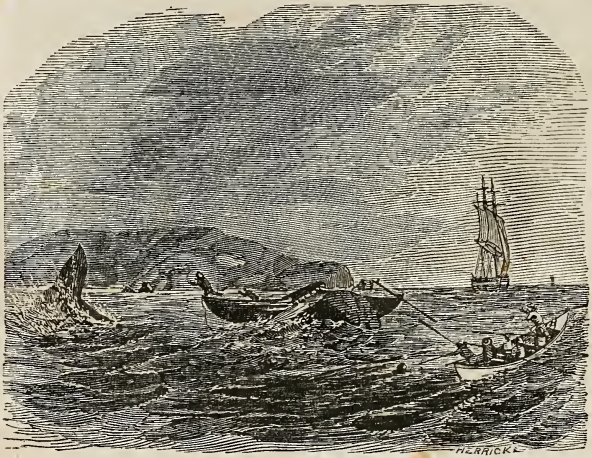
The whale was now to be cut in. The cutting in tackles were overhauled and the "blubber hook" shackled to the lower block; a hole about a foot in diameter was then cut in the whale's side, quite through the blubber, and the blubber hook inserted, the tackle hove taut by the windlass, and the blubber gradually rolled off; the whale turning over in the water as his greasy cover-

ing was torn and cut off. When the tackle was "two blocks," the other tackle was brought forward, a hole cut in the "blanket piece," or the strips of blubber about three feet wide and ten feet long, and the thimble of the strap passed through and toggled with a large piece of oak or hickory, and the blanket piece cut off above it and lowered away into the "blubber room," until all of the whale was thus "peeled," except the flukes, which were hoisted in whole. These measured twenty feet across from point to point.

The head was next to be hoisted in. After hoisting the end out of water with both tackle-falls brought to the windlass, the "case" was baled out, and the jaw dislocated and cut from the head, after which, with a great deal of hoisting and "y-e-o h-oing," the head was at last landed on deck—an immense mass—twenty feet long and six feet through.

After the tackles were sent down and the decks cleared, the hands were allowed to turn in and sleep until day-dawn. Many of them, however, sat up talking over the exploits of the day until a late hour, fighting the battle over again.

At day-dawn the hands were turned to. The "blubber room" hands went down the main hatchway with sharp spades and knives to cut the "blanket pieces" into "horse pieces," about eighteen inches by six inches, which were thrown on deck with a pike, and thence transferred to the "mincing tub"—a large tub, or half a hogshead. A wooden plank about two feet long is secured at right angles with the bulwarks and a wooden pin secured in each outer corner, looking not unlike an inverted stool. In front of this stands the "mincer," usually one of the old hands, with his "mincing knife," a crescent shaped knife with the concave edge sharp, and



DANGERS OF WHALING.

a round handle at each end; one of the youngsters, armed with a large steel gaff, supplies the mincer with the "horse pieces," on the mincing board, when they are minced or sliced, as a housewife would mince a piece of fat pork, and this falls into the "mincing tub" beneath; from thence the pieces are pitched into the try pots by the boat-steerers, and undergo the process of being "tryed out," or fried until the oil is all extracted; when the scraps are thrown out into a "scrap tub," and after draining, are used for fuel.

The oil is then baled out with a long handled copper "baler," into the "cooler," a square, or oblong copper receiver, and after cooling off, is again baled out into casks, which after coopering, &c, are struck down into the hold,—and this is the process of "catching," "cutting in," and "trying out," a sperm whale, and putting it into casks, ready for market, on the arrival of the ship at home.

The process of trying out is carried on night and day, until finished. In good weather, a ship with the ordinary sized try-pots, will try out about forty barrels in twenty-four hours.

After lying in this bay for four days, we hove up our anchor and again stood out to sea, through the straits of Le Maire, and with a leading wind from the northeast, we ran out into the open sea with Staten Land nearly astern; and top-mast studding-sail, and royals set, we doubled Cape Horn with a fine fresh breeze from the northeast.

We had heard so much said about the terrors of Cape Horn, that we were prepared for the worst kind of weather—and were most happily disappointed, as we had no heavy weather until after we were fairly round Cape Horn and pointed northward.

In a few weeks, we were again among the whales on the coast of Peru, with fine balmy weather and the steady trade winds. These trade winds are the delight of the navigators on the west coast of South America; they

HOMEWARD BOUND.

blow for eleven out of the twelve months, from the south and southeast, and for nearly eighteen months that we were on the coast of Peru and round the Galapagos Islands, we never reefed our top-sails but once, and that was off Cape Blanco, the western-most cape of South America.

We caught several whales on the coast of Peru, and when seven months from home we made the port of Tumbes in the northern port of Peru, for wood, water, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and to give the men "liberty." During our fortunate cruise, we had taken three hundred barrels of oil without an accident to any of our boats or men, and as may be supposed, we were in high feather, more especially as there were some six or eight other whalers lying near us.

For the following notes on the whale and its habits, we are indebted to Capt. C. J. W. Russel, of this city, or rather of the Pacific coast, for he is as familiar with the coast from the Northern ocean to the tropics as he ever was with the play-ground of his childhood. Capt. Russel's family were the first to commence the whaling business of New Bedford, and though many years ago, some of the old blood seems to be coursing in the Captain's veins, as he bids fair to make himself as useful on the Pacific side as did his forefathers on the other.

Previous to the discovery of the Northwest whaling-grounds, many were disposed to doubt the stories of the old Dutch and English whalers, concerning the gigantic proportions of the Greenland or Right whale, simply because the whales captured by the Americans on the commencement of their whaling business, seldom yielded over one hundred barrels of oil; but since the discovery of the Northwest whaling-ground it has been no uncommon circumstance for these whales to yield two hundred and fifty and even three hundred barrels of oil; and experience has shown them to be precisely the same kind of whale, and the same experience and observation also prove without a doubt, that the long sought for Northwest passage does exist; for several instances have occurred of whales being captured with harpoons in them, that had been fastened into them on the opposite side of the continent; and as all the harpoons are marked with the name of the ship, it was a very easy matter to identify them and thus establish the fact.

On referring to the log-books, they have been able to ascertain the day and date and the latitude and longitude of the place where the whales were first harpooned. Now the Right whale is never found within the tropics, as its food or "brit," as the whalers call it, is not found there, and moreover, is otherwise unfitted for the warm latitudes; therefore it is evident that the Greenland whales never pass to the South, around Cape Horn, to arrive at the Northwest coast of America, as they would necessarily have to pass through the tropics twice.

Thus we have conclusive evidence that the passage from the one sea to the other, must have been made through some unknown sea, or passage, at the Northern end of the Continent.

The killing of a whale on the one side that had been previously harpooned on the other, proves the existence of the Northwest passage beyond a doubt; for on comparing dates, even admitting it possible for them to pass through the tropics, there had not been sufficient time for the whale to have reached the place of capture, by the Southern or Cape Horn route.

Only three years ago, a ship's crew in the Greenland sea, killed a whale, and found harpoons in its back marked with the name of a vessel, that was known to be then on the Northwest coast of America or Kamscatka. On the return of that ship, by referring to the log-book, it was ascertained that but about eight days had elapsed from the time he was first fastened to, until he was killed by the other ship on the opposite side of the Continent.

There is a bird called the Right whale bird—from the fact that wherever the whale is seen, large flocks of these birds, about the size of a swallow, of a light lead-color, can be seen hovering over, and when the whale comes to the surface, they al ght upon him and pick off

a kind of vermin, of a bright yellow color, and the whale will frequently lie quietly in the water, while these birds pick off the lice, and which are around the bonnet, spout-holes and bunches on the lips.

Sometimes the old whales are almost covered with lice and barnacles, and before heaving in the blubber the men frequently have to scrape them off, to prevent their dulling the "mincing-knife."

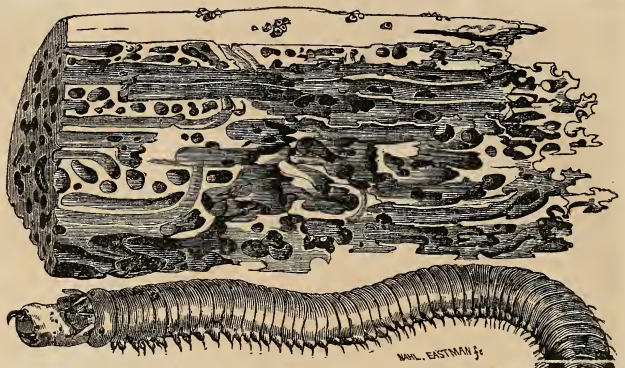
A Right whale of the largest size is generally from fifteen to eighteen feet in diameter at the thickest part of the body, and from seventy-five to eighty feet in length, and as many as fifteen barrels of oil are sometimes taken from the tongue alone. This whale has an enemy known as the "killer," which goes in schools and attacks the whale for his tongue.

THE TEREDO GIGANTEA,
THE TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA.

This animal differs very little, if any, from that which engaged the attention of European naturalists in 1810.

On close examination of a fair specimen of their labors exhibited at our office, it will be found that all their external incisions are very small, not much larger than the lead tube of an even pointed pencil; some about 1-24th of an inch. The channel or chamber in the wood at its termination, that is, as far as it has eaten, is not lined with shell, but is spread over with a green colored gum-like substance, which adheres to this last formed part of its shell. This shell has been found to be composed of 97 parts of carbonate of lime and 3 of animal matter. When the animal is alive and at work in its chambers, if the head suddenly be laid bare, it will draw itself down, for an inch or more into its shell. The body then completely fills the shell cavity, but when withdrawn it will be found to be scarcely one-half the circumference of its crustaceous covering.

Through a good microscope, the heart may be seen to palpitate, and its blood, in the upper part of it, is red; but when dead it loses this color. Its head appears to be enclosed between two boring plates, so as scarcely to expose any part of its face. On the opposite sides of the head, are two small tooth-like instruments, one from the narrowest edge of each plate. From the middle of the most exposed part of the head, projects a proboscis, which is thrust out with somewhat of a screw-like motion; progressively unfolding itself in its development, similar to a narrow bag when being turned inside out. As this proboscis appears to have an orifice, it has been conjectured by the first discoverer, Mr. Home, that it adheres to the wood; acting as a centre-bit, but more probably, by its capability of exhausting the air, causing thereby a strict adhesion to the wood, while it is in the act of boring. But this instrument is perfect, however used; for the canal, which it makes, is wonderfully smooth and cylindrical before its shell is formed; indeed, no polishing tool is required after it has performed its work, for when placed under the microscope, the fibre of this wood exhibits a surface as smooth as the nature of the wood will admit. While at work, its mouth appears to be concealed by its proboscidal auger, but when withdrawn, the mouth seems quite circular, and incapable of being increased or decreased in circumference; its body is sometimes 14 inches in length, but when taken from its element, contracts to one-half that measure. It appears to enter a little below the imbedded mud, and works perpendicularly upward continually within two feet of the surface of the water, until it meets a fellow laborer; it will then curve downward, or transversely, until it meet another impediment. But almost all the canals appear to be separate; when they are not so, the shell has often a double thickness to serve as a wall, although, as we have said before, it may be otherwise. The laws of *meum* and *teum*, seem to be distinctly observed in their community, for no one interferes with the labor of another.



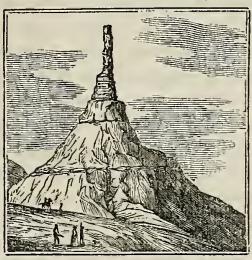
TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA.

That its sustenance is not derived from the wood that it eats, is a very remarkable fact; as the naturalist above quoted ascertained that the saw-dust it expelled, had been totally undigested. It is supposed by some, that it derives its nutriment from some particles contained in the sea water. The creature, having all its organs and viscera perfect, as in all red blood animals, would induce the supposition that such is the fact. On the coast of Sumatra, from whence specimens were first taken for examination, it was found, in favorable circumstances, to bore 1-8th of an inch every minute, and we do not doubt the assertion from accounts we have received, from many owners, of timber thus exposed. If logs of lumber could be turned every day, we do not doubt the progress of their ravages would receive a sensible check, for where the moisture of the sea water appears not to penetrate, the creature takes the hint to retire. Its legs are very prehensile and uncertain in number. It has the appearance of the common centipede when dead, but is much more loathsome to some observers. Almost all fishes devour them greedily, and they are sold by the pint on our wharves, for this purpose by watermen, who can, at low water, obtain them in any quantity. The smaller are drawn out from the timber alive, by taking a handful of the small muscles that adhere to the foot of the pile, where they have prepared to take up their abode. We have been informed that a warm climate favors their propagation, and that cold greatly retards it. In seasons of severe frosts it is asserted that many have been found dead and stiff in their cells, upon the timber being sawed; and that none of affecting so apparently hardy an animal made any effort to escape. This, if true, is singular, as the temperature of the water would seem hardly capable other animals of the class, and cast a jelly like substance, when spawning.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

It was upon a beautiful morning, the 31st of May; the banks of the muddy Platte all astir, and swarming with a mass of moving population, and all pressing on with looks of eager interest toward the West. The morning air, how bracing, and freighted with the balmy odors of myriads of wild flowers that grew near the margin of the river's banks, and as countless as the stars that deck the brow of evening.



CHIMNEY ROCK.

A few hour's ride and we are opposite "Chimney Rock," another singular formation of nature, standing in the open plain, apart from any hill or mountain.

Fording the river on horseback, for the purpose of examining this strange structure, and approaching it from the north, (distant three miles from the river,) we find it situated upon an immense pyramid, also of rock, but differing somewhat in its texture from the shaft, or column, it supports, which is a kind of earthy marl, or soft stone, easily cut with a knife.

Ascending on foot, with some difficulty, but with little or no danger, the rough pyramid on its eastern side, one hundred and ten feet from the surface of the plain, and we are at the foot of the great shaft, or chimney, as it is called, from its resemblance to an immense chimney, or shot tower. From this point, which is the highest ever trod by man, a rough, perpendicular shaft of rock, nearly square, and from twenty-five to thirty feet on each side, rises to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, retaining its full size quite to the top. It has a lonely appearance, and is a noted landmark to the weary emigrant, as he trudges along by the side of his team of leisurely plodding "whoa haws."

Already had some of the company began to feel the effects of constant daily toil, and hourly exposure; a slender lad fell ill, which cast the first dark cloud over our little band of pilgrims; and some were heard to complain of the Syren that had lured them by her song of gold, to tread the rugged path of the overland adventurer. Some would look back, half regrettingly, toward home, yet hailing with pleasure the sunlight, as it broke over the eastern hills, well knowing it had already warmed the cottage of their childhood. The minds of some would seem to roam in the gardens of contemplation, and secret longings for all they had left behind, now began to spring up, and ever faithful memory was fulfilling its sad office, busy with the heart-strings, and causing a sorry look of despondency to settle upon the countenances of such, as they sat at nightfall around the blazing camp-fire, occupied with their own thoughts and conjectures regarding the future, and which now, for the first time, seemed veiled by vague shadows and dread uncertainties; and as if to add to our gloomy forebodings, a burial scene

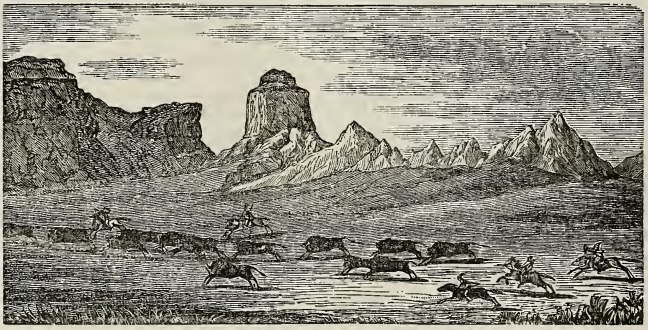
at some camp hard by was no unfrequent occurrence, making us all tremble, lest in an hour we least expected, the Angel of Death might settle himself in our pathway. And yet, in our eagerness to push forward, the last resting place, the grave, and the winding sheet, were all alike soon forgotten, or crowded aside by the daily cares devolving upon each and every one of us.

But other troubles also awaited us; we were obliged to travel hundreds of miles without wood, save a few sticks obtained from some deserted wagon by the road-side; and failing to obtain a supply from this source, we resorted to "buffalo-chips," for fuel; and as these were frequently half saturated by the rains, added not a little to our afflictions. It would make a novice upon the plains laugh outright, to see them gather and make a fire of this no way combustible material, when wet, but when dry, an excellent fuel. Approaching the camping-ground, all hands but the teamsters, would scatter over the plain, gathering up and bringing in the "chips," by the arm, sack, and apron full; then a portion were lighted, and when just about blazing finely, old Aquarius would add his portion to the pile, when neither puffing nor blowing would revive it; and this was often the plight we were in as we attempted to prepare our food. A few frightful thunder storms overtook us on the Platte, and usually accompanied with a reasonable share of sleet and hail. In these gales we had to chain our carriage between two loaded wagons, to prevent it from taking an aerial excursion at midnight, with its sleepy occupants, as it was always, after sundown, used for a bedroom, and in the morning converted into a ladies' toilet chamber. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and so we took advantage of unpleasant circumstances, and jogged cosily along by day, in our comfortable carriage, and no doubt felt quite as pompous and happy, as Queen Victoria, with her royal cortege.

Of one thing we are sure, our Yankee wit came in play in the dairy line upon the plains. We made our butter very simply, and in this way: milking the cows in the morning, we put the milk into a tin churn, set it in the big top wagon; when stopping at night, lo, and behold! we could feast our eyes and empty stomachs on a large roll of self-churned, sweet, yellow butter. We made no wry faces at our shining tin plates, that we ate our hurried meals from. The coffee was none the less delicious, by quaffing it from a tin cup; supper and breakfast were quite as savory eaten upon a grass plat, as though served up in some feudal castle, upon marble topped tables.

In short, there was both truth and poetry in this mode of living, and we congratulated ourselves upon the certainty of having enough of all the essential edibles necessary to keep soul and body from parting company.

A drive of twenty-three miles brought us to a point on the Platte river again, opposite "Scott's Bluffs." Here a range of rocky bluffs, possessing singular beauty and magnificence, traverse the plains on the south side of the river, in a southeasterly direction. On either side of this range of castellated and embattled towers, for such it closely resembles in many places, are the favorite haunts of the buffalo. It was here that an incident occurred which I



SCOTT'S BLUFFS.

shall never forget, and will here relate. Singular as it may appear to many, there are those who will undertake this long journey, with only little more than money enough to pay for a single meal, and who, before the trip is half completed, find themselves dependent upon the mercy and charity of their more fortunate fellow travelers.

A poor old man, whose frosty head and tottering footsteps, gave truthful evidence of but a short stay on earth, made his appearance at camp, almost in a state of nudity, and apparently in a starving condition; his feet, which were sore and bleeding, from constant travel over bad roads and alkali dust, were tied up with rags; his garments hung in tatters around his gaunt and emaciated form; upon his back was slung an old, greasy sack, which contained scraps of cast-away bacon and bread, which he had begged from train to train, with the hope of getting through to the land of gold. He briefly told the story of his wrongs and blasted hopes, which ran as follows: he started with his son for California, with only a few pounds of provisions, and a scanty supply of blankets, upon a handcart, which answered very well for the first part of the trip, having no toll to pay at ferries or bridges, as he forded the streams at his leisure. When, one fine morning, he found, upon awakening, his very dutiful son had "vamosed the ranch," with the family gig, and taking all the comforts their little store afforded, leaving the old man single handed to battle with the ills and dangers of the long journey before him. We gave him a seat at our breakfast, to which he did ample justice before his ravenous appetite was thoroughly appeased. Upon his departure we gave him a quantity of hard-bread, fruit, meat, and a small portion of such other articles in the way of food, as we chanced to have. But the old man of the plains never lived to reach the land he so much desired to see. He died upon the Humboldt, weeks afterward, in abject want and misery; and we were told that a hole was dug by the wayside, that he was tumbled in uncoffined, and covered with dirt, stones, and sage brush, to keep the wolves from his body, as they howled around nightly for their prey.

A drive of fifty-two miles, still along the north bank of the Platte, and we arrived at the ferry; two miles further and we were at Fort Laramie, and only five hundred and twenty-two miles from Council Bluffs. The Fort contained at that time a few two story framed houses, built in shed shape, for the convenience of the United States troops stationed there; a long line of barracks for soldiers, a post office, an acre or more of beautiful parade ground, and you have all there was of Fort Laramie.

THE BEREAVED WIFE.

I did not think that thou could'st die,
And leave me here alone;
I did not think that o'er thine eye
Could come that look of stone;
That thou could'st lie thus in thy shroud,
And I should sit by thee,
Telling to thee my griefs aloud,
And thou not list to me.

I did not think that o'er thy face
Could come that chill of death—
So cold—so icy cold—I shrink,
And shuddering hold my breath:
I did not think thy form would lay
So fearful by my side—
So straight and rigid, since the hour
They told me thou hadst died.

I sit within our room—no more
Thou sittest here with me;
I go and take thy books—thy lines
On every page I see;
I look towards thy empty chair—
My gushing tears find way;
O can it be that thou art gone,
And is this form thy clay?

I 'll go to thee—thou wilt not come
To meet me here again;
I 'll go to thee, and we will sleep
Beyond the reach of pain:
Oh! 't will be sweet, since not on earth
Thy form again I trace,
To lie down with thee in the grave,
And share thy resting place.

G. T. S.

San Francisco, March 15, 1857.

Only weak minds allow their judgments to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

Chapter XV.

SHOWS UP THE INGENUITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW—MORE RASCALITY.

The affairs of Messrs. Suit, Nabb & Smith, had been of late in a very declining condition. Money had been so plentiful that it was a difficult matter to find any poor tradesman willing to pay ten per cent. for the loan of a hundred, with the addition of some forty pounds odd, for the ingenious verbiage contained in the parchment security. Of all the idle mockeries of which this sinful world is capable, we know of none that is comparable to the silly parade of exmors admors assigns and assets, the single, each, and every diction of these vile instruments. They appear written only to mock the poverty of the poor laborer, who, perhaps, never had a shilling to spare in his life, nor any of his forefathers, and with as much probability would his successors after him. Honor to that eccentric, noble peer, who first broke the rankling fester, and probed the cancer that had been eating up, for ages, the constitution of English labor and industry! May Providence spare his life to finish the mighty work he has begun. Like quack doctors, these harpies of extortionate money lenders, make man's necessity their opportunity, and when once their account has begun, like that of the leech, it never ends but with the life.

"Smith is unusually late this morning," said Nabb to Suit. "Don't you think 'tis high time to stir in that matter of the Proclamation Rewards of the Earl's?"

"Yes," replied Suit. "'Tis now made, by government, six thousand pounds; but I am of the opinion that's not the price of an English lord yet."

"What do you mean? That it will still be increased?"

"Just so; in the mean time 'twill do no harm to sound Smith about it, to give us time to muster our forces before we open the campaign. Six thousand,

between three of us, will enable each of us to hold up his head for a time; but I wonder what he's driving at. He is so confoundedly close and uncommunicative, that we know very little more of the matter than at our first interview. I am resolved to break the ice with him this morning; he has been drawing all this time his three pound a week, from our funds, without being the means of adding anything to our exchequer. I wish you to be present to strengthen my arguments; for I confess he is more than a match for us, single handed."

"Yes, he is a shrewd, artful dodger, and looks all around you before you can take a full measure of him; he appears always to know beforehand what your answers are, and is ready with his rejoinder before you give them."

"Some proof of an able lawyer—there he comes—ahem—Mr. Nabb, what suit have we on hand of importance?"

"None of any note."

"Then 'tis a good opportunity to entertain the matter of Earl Elmore's reward. What say you, Mr. Smith, don't you think—

"No, I don't think; I never allow myself to think—in doubt. I always have proofs, grounds for thinking; or else my thoughts are thrown away. I know what you would ask; I have bad news for you. We have lost all trace of his lordship, since the period of the commencement of his voyage for the benefit of his health. In spite of my researches, and those of my friends, and they are not to be baffled while there's life and hope, I have obtained no news of him whatever."

"Why then we have no more chance of obtaining this reward—"

"Than the merest stranger," interrupted Smith; "nevertheless, I have not given up the chase, nor do I mean to drop it, until I find the thread of the labyrinth that will lead to his hiding place. But listen to another project respecting this family, which I am morally sure, if my advice and directions be but implicitly followed, will lead to an ample fortune for each of us."

Messrs. Suit and Nabb turned their chairs toward the mysterious Smith; and after the bolt of the lock was duly turned in the door, by that worthy, he continued—

"I have ascertained, by reliable authority, that old Earl Elmore has not long to live. Lady Lovel, too, is in a most critical state of health; her husband's disappearance has worked its destruction upon her. She is now attended daily by two physicians, and her dissolution may be hourly expected. The apparent heir to the Earl's estate, which has a rent roll of three hundred thousand pounds a year, is the second child of Lady Lovel. She has had three children; the eldest is now alive, and was, at its birth, entrusted to a young woman who clandestinely married the master of some workhouse, in London, which I shall be able easily to trace out. This man was a defaulter in his accounts, and was obliged to quit England, taking with him his wife and this child, of whose parentage he was entirely ignorant. The third child left its mother's bed an hour after its birth, and all trace of that I believe is lost."

"This is a grave narrative," said Suit. "Of course you have proofs of all these matters?"

"Undisputable ones."

"Where was the necessity for this to be kept from Lord Elmore's knowledge?"

"I will tell you. Lord Lovel, his son, married without his consent; she was the daughter of a very worthy, but needy, dissenting minister. He kept the marriage a secret for a long time from his father, but at last, obtaining his consent, they were married again, publicly, and the little one, his second son, was at the same time received into the house as the heir. Now the third child, a daughter, was born since that reconciliation; but Lady Lovel, ascertaining Earl Elmore's distate for children, and fearful of its coming to his knowledge that any part of his proud

domicil should be converted into a nursery, kept the birth of this child also as a secret from the pompous old Earl, and has never enjoyed a moment's happiness since. Now her confidiente, her lady's maid, is my informant; she has also the honor of being my inamorata, and I hope to make her, bye and bye, an honest woman, as soon as ever matters have come to an issue."

"Then you purpose to set up another heir to the estate; and that our firm only shall move in the promotion of the suit."

"Exactly; and if you don't see what an immensity of business, and mine of wealth, this prosecution will bring to it, why then I confess you are more obtuse than I gave you credit for."

"My dear Smith, no more need be said on that point. Nabb and I will be entirely guided by your directions. Our funds, small as they are, shall be at your service. Is it not so, Mr. Nabb?"

Nabb nodded a cheerful assent; and with this the precious trio closed their first iniquitous council.

Chapter XVI.

SHOWS GENUINE MERIT UNDER A HOMELY GARB—STRANGE ENCOUNTER—STRANGER STRATAGEM—HIS LORDSHIP PARTLY RECONCILED.

The island of the Seven Stars lies in 30 deg. 20 min., N., and 160 deg. 27 min., E. It is not laid down in any chart, and no snugger piece of land could have been selected all over the globe for the pirates' purpose. It lies so low, and is so surrounded always by such a mist, that few ships would ever care to experiment upon the spot, and if sighted, they would not fail to note it but as some huge, treacherous sand bank. Nevertheless, it has one of the most delightful little harbors in the world; a fairy port, formed in one of Nature's most smiling moments. Its soil is the most productive on earth. With a heaven of a sky above, and a carpet of ever abiding verdure below, it would seem a sin to leave such a place to "*waste its sweetness on the desert air.*" But this character only applies to the interior, for its girt, except its entrance into the harbor, bears the most unpromising appearance, and would seem unfit for any other inhabitant than the wild fowl of the ocean, and the slimy seal of the sea.

The first week of his lordship's sojourn here was most miserable. He rose always early, in silence ate his breakfast, and took his morning's walk to his solitary flag staff, still silent.

Farmer Robert felt himself so secure from discovery. that he could afford to favor his lordship's views to escape; and had actually erected a more permanent flagstaff, and a better signal of distress than his bungling art could produce. His lordship knew not what to make of the coolness of the fellow, for he never addressed him but when he wished to oblige him. His helplessness seemed only to excite the honest farmer's sympathy. His little comforts were always first cared for; his was the first meal, his was the best chair. Such persevering and untiring arts, to cheat him, as it were, of his sorrows, at last had its due effect upon him; and if he could but ascertain the well-being of his family, from whom he had been so summarily snatched, he felt that his exile could have been borne with patience and fortitude. There were times, indeed, when he would appear to forget all that past, and talk freely with his fellow prisoner; but often, too often, they unhappily would end in mutual reproach; nevertheless, at such seasons the farmer never failed to regret the untoward events, that had thrown them thus together.

They had lived in this anomalous state upwards of three months, and his lordship had given up all hope of again seeing his native land, when one evening, returning laden with some delicious fruit from their little garden, his lordship was suddenly seized upon by some savages that had landed clandestinely on the island, and had kept in ambush until a fitting opportunity had offered

itself for their capture. He had just presence of mind to fire off a pistol in the air, at random, as a signal, which he always kept about his person for this purpose, when Farmer George came to his rescue. Some dozen huge, wild fellows were pinioning his hands, and fastening his legs, quite regardless of his approach. Seeing his opportunity, he crept behind a thick shrub, and let fly his double rifle, and his correct aim brought down two of the strongest savages. Changing his position as quick as thought, and unperceived, a second rifle did the same execution, when the rest took to flight, and left his lordship a great deal more frightened than hurt.

"Now said the farmer," after they had found the coast clear, and were able to take a cool breath, "we must look out and provide for sharp work."

"What do you mean George," timidly asked his lordship.

"We shall have every man, perhaps some hundreds of the tribe, among us before the night closes. So let us betake ourselves to our encampment, and prepare for the attack."

"Mercy upon us, we can never escape with our lives."

"Never fear, my lord; be cool; I have had many a fiercer encounter with your game keepers. I have made every disposition for the attack; be guided by my directions, and you will find we are more than a match for a host of them"

The little enclosure in which their little hut was built was of corrugated iron, which the Captain had, at no little expense, and at the request of Farmer George, brought out with him from England. This was proof against the usual method of attack by savages—burning out—and it was placed at such a distance as to command a full view of any one approaching it. To the surprise of the nobleman, George drew from his stores twenty double barreled rifles, in the best condition, placed them in connexion with each other, by means of a galvanic wire, at convenient distances, all round the house, showing only the muzzles in the fence, at judicious intervals of a few feet. Then he charged his powerful little galvanic battery, and awaited with but little or no anxiety the issue.

As he had prognosticated he saw, at a distance, with his telescope, in front of his cottage, at the beach, the savages landing from several canoes. Nothing daunted he proposed to go down to them alone, to hold a parley, instructing his lordship what to do when he failed to give the signal.

He took with him several strings of beads, and a Chinese gong, which he suspended from the bough of a tree at hand. Beckoning to one that appeared their chief, he presented them to him, laying them upon the ground, half way between his position and that of the enemy. To his great surprise and delight he saw no fire-arms amongst them, and concluded that they had never been made acquainted with their use. The chief came forward, and approached to accept the gift. Alive to their treachery, Farmer Robert now took several logs of wood, that he had cut for firewood, placed them upon end in the sand, and motioned the men to retire. As if in doubt what was to be done, the savages, one and all, obeyed; and when they had fallen back, out of harm's way, a sound from the gong was followed by an instantaneous volley from their dwelling, which struck down every log that had been placed upright to their view. The savages, amazed at the sight of the smoke, and the unearthly sound of the gong, and the explosion of the fire-arms, looked on with wonder and alarm. Taking up the logs one by one, and placing them on the sand, he beckoned them to examine them. The chief, and the savages who had seen them fall, took the hint, and appeared no way inclined for hostilities, and after they had examined the cause of their fall, came forward with the palm of peace. After a few exchanges of rude civilities, which Farmer George appeared to be, by some extraordinary conception of natural instinct, aware of,

they retired with the few presents he had left them, apparently well pleased with the day's wonders.

"I owe my life to your extraordinary intelligence," said Lord Lovel, shaking the hand of the farmer. "I never was in such a fright in my life. I thought at one time you or I might have the pleasure of seeing each other roasted, or served up as a fricasee, or some other dainty dish. Why, how on earth did you hit upon this contrivance? How admirably it acted; the whole twenty off as if by magic. Each killing his man—his log—I am happy to substitute; there is nothing like a little stratagem. These logs may have taught these savages a lesson that may induce them to desire our friendship, rather than risk our enmity. Nevertheless, let us keep our castle in good order, we may have another surprise, although I think I know too well to expect it."

His lordship cheerfully set about the preparation. The cool courage of the farmer had excited his admiration, and his generous hazarding of his own life to save his, had obliterated almost every vestige of former wrong. "O, how madly has our class disregarded the merits of these brave fellows!" thought his lordship. "When I next visit England, my whole life shall be spent in working out a reformation to ameliorate the condition of this most useful class of society."

Chapter XVII.

MRS. HICKLEBERRY MOUNTS THE YELLOW IN HER CAP—MR. HICKLEBERRY RUNS AGAINST THE SKY-BLUE BONNET AGAIN—MRS. HICKLEBERRY DREAMS OF A PEERAGE.

"Now I knows, Mr. Hickleberry, why you disliked me having that duck of a sky-blue bunnit, that I set my 'art on at Liverpool," said Mrs. H., her lip quivering with anger.

Hick had never seen anything like the ugly passion in his wife before, and stared with astonishment, and knew not what reply to make.

"I thought what would come of it; this fine fortin that's left ye. You'll be a keeping some fine marm, like the money gents at west end, and be a drivin on her out in your own carbunele, and neglecting your own legal, lawful wife, merely to be thought great and grand. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, you old, good for nothing, grey headed old sinner."

"Mrs. Hickleberry! Mrs. Hickleberry! you're a going on it, you are, and no mistake. Let a poor fellow plead guilty, or not guilty, afore you hang him widout judge or jury like."

"Mr. Hickleberry, I have no patience with you, a father of a family, and husband to as virtuous a wife as ever scrubbed her own floor, to go to come to take up with such as she. O, fie! You will break my poor, fond, doting, silly heart, you will, you cruel, cruel, cruel, man," blubbered Mrs. H., taking up the towel off the little water jug in their cabin, for the copious tears that were to follow.

"Why! what on airth's the matter?" said Hick, impatiently. "What have you got in that silly little head of yours about a woman. I know nothing about no woman. I've got trouble enough with one, widout being fool enough to have to take care on another."

"You may say that, Mr. Dickory, and I wish she may tear your bonnet off your head,—cap I mean,—hair I mean;—you good for nothing, gay Luthe-ri-o. I could forgive you everything about it, but the slyness of it. Who would a thought that a steady, sober, grey-headed, chapel going looking old fellow like you, could be sitch a vile hypocrite. I tell you what it is, Mr. Hickleberry Esquire, if there is such a thing to be got on board of this ship as a divorce, I'll have one this blessed day, or you shall break off all acquaintance with this fine Maria, that's had the impereence to follow you out, right under my nose like, whether I wish or no, in this very ship."

"What are you driving at? What are you dreaming on?"

"Dreaming! I wish I was. O! that I was dead, poisoned, drown'd, hang'd, before I'd seen this trouble."

"But tell me what it's all about, can't you, woman?"

"Mr. Dickory," replied Mrs. H., suddenly starting up and putting her arms a-kimbo, *a la virago*—"Can you dare to deny that you keep a woman."

"No, I can't, and what's more, I love her dearly, when she is in her senses."

"I insist upon knowing who that critter is."

"Your own little self, my dear. I declare to my God, I know no other, love no other."

Mrs. H.'s countenance, as she gazed upon his honest, manly face, underwent a curious change. She said no more, but put into his hands a small scrap of paper, on which was scrawled the following lines, and then fell theatrically into his arms, and burst at the same time into the same mess that Sterne's Susanna did—*a flood of tears.*

'A female who is now lying dangerously ill, in Cabin No. 25, wishes to see Mr. Hickleberry about a child that she once entrusted to his care, on her way to Folkestone, many years ago.'

Dickory read it with the utmost astonishment, and asked how she came by it. It was given to her by the stewardess of the Curtius, who had read the whole of it to her.

"What is it? What does it mean, dear Dickory," said Mrs. Hickleberry, quite overwhelmed with the womanly feeling—curiosity.

Dickory, hereupon, related to her the whole history of his eventful journey to Folkstone, then requested his wife to accompany him to the Cabin.

"I am glad you are come," said the invalid, raising herself on her elbow, assisted by the stewardess. "Do you remember me?" said she, turning her death-like countenance on Dickory's bluff and honest old face.

"No, Madam, I should not have knowed you from a stranger."

"What have you done with the child?" inquired the invalid, her eyes brightening up with a supernatural glare.

"I have put it out to nurse, to a very careful woman, the wife of a former partner of mine. She has no child, and intends to bring the little 'un up as her own. But the tin business in now a wery poor one to get a living, and so I have allowed her thirty pounds a year, to be kind like, to the little orphan."

"She is not an orphan, but the child of Lady Lord. She was entrusted to me to rear for her, and a princely allowance was given me for the purpose; but my drunken husband spent it all in drink, and fearing that I might get into some trouble about the child, I had resolved to make away with it; but you have saved me at least from adding another infanticide to my other sins. Heaven bless you for the deed! I feel I am not long for this world. O, sir! you, who are so good,—I know it by your countenance. Pray for me. There is a pocket in my trunk, take it and do with it as seems good to you. So the dear child is safe, and I die—"

What the concluding sentence was, must be conjectured; for before it was uttered, her spirit had taken its flight to an everlasting habitation, either for weal or woe.

Mrs. Hickleberry kissed her husband and begged his forgiveness for the unjust suspicions. Only think, that her dear Hick had provided for the well being, and had save the life of the only daughter of a great lady, and the dear man had kept this all a secret. What a novel it would make. Her Dickory was chalked out for a great man, there was no mistake about it. Little Adam would marry this great lady's daughter, and the candlestick maker's son, would be, one of these fine days, Lord Lovell; only think, she saw it as plainly as the moon behind a cloud. What a story for Mrs. Pottles; who knows but she herself, spite of 'pearences, might become Lady Hicklebery.

STANZAS.

BY W. H. D.

"The only tears of unmingled bitterness, are those that fall on no one's bosom, and that no one wipes away." "Guard against incarnating your sublime hopes in the dust you trample under your feet. During your short earthly pilgrimage, you are surrounded but by phantoms, by vain shadows; the realities are invisible to you, the eye of flesh cannot see them; but God, who has given to man his invincible desire for them, has also planted in his heart the infallible presentiment of their attainment."—F. DE LA MENAIS.

O sorrowing heart, O lonely soul,
With no fond bosom nigh,
To soothe thy bitterness of griefs,
Or dry the tearful eye;
Let not despair *subdue thy* mind
For other souls than thine,
Live on, *as* lonely *in* their griefs,
And win a life divine.

I've kept a high and holy aim,
A true and loving heart,
A mind enkindled with a flame,
A feeling to impart,
The immortal longings of the soul,
For virtue, goodness, truth,
And wrote them on the scroll of fame,
Fair as the dreams of youth.

What though I've felt the bitter pangs,
Of cold neglect and scorn,—
And base ingratitude's sharp fangs,
Have my best feelings torn;
Tho' Love's pure flame to me has proved
A falsehood and a snare,
To fill my heart with agonies,
My soul with wild despair:

Though Fortune, fickle goddess, too,
Has wandered from my side,
Inconstant as the winds that blow
Upon life's stormy tide:
She smiled but once upon my path,
And then with darkest frown,
In bursting thunder-clouds of wrath
Crushed life's fair labors down:

Yet still, amidst the doubt and gloom,
With heart and soul elate,
I'll fight against my destiny,
And battle with my fate;
And pressing onward through the strife,
All mortal ills defy;
Death can but give immortal life,
If in the strife I die.

Sacramento, March, 1857.

"Death! is the beginning of eternal life,
We bow our heads, and die,
Then enter straight another
Golden mansion of our Lord's
But larger than the one we leave,
And happier."

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. IV.

It begins to seem, reader, as though we were getting to be old friends, and as I always impart to dear old friends, all my little store of joys and cares, I'm going to tell you something in confidence. It will, I trust, bind you closer to a mutual friend of ours, who is worthy of all the affection you can bestow.

It rained one day last week, and we were all in the house. During the day I saw Ben, sitting near the open door with the magazine in his lap. Knowing that he could not read, I wondered what he was looking at, so I came quietly up and leaned on his shoulder to see. He had the January number, and it was open at the picture of the grave, in my first article. I saw the page was wet. At first I thought it was the rain that had sprinkled on it, but he sat too far from the door for that. I guessed the truth, and looking up into Ben's face, saw the fresh trace of tears upon his cheeks. He was gazing vaguely at the falling rain.

I turned to go away, not wishing to disturb him, but he laid his hand on my arm, and I remained beside him. I did not know what to say, so I twined one of his long silken chestnut locks around my finger. It was a long time before he spoke, but I could have remained there for ever, if I had thought it pleased him. At length he said: "I've, I would like to tell you what I was thinking about, if I knew how to express myself."

I told him to speak, I should certainly understand him, and asked if it was anything concerning the magazine that he wished to say. Yes, that was the very thing.

"I was thinking," said he, "how much satisfaction it must be to one, to put down his ideas in a form that thousands can see and admire, where they would remain fresh as ever, long after the mind which wrought them, has passed away. I never felt it so forci-

bly until I saw this piece. So near to what I know and feel, that I can almost think it my own, and yet I can never hope to do the like."

I told him it undoubtedly was a great source of pleasure for those who had valuable thoughts to communicate, but that the mere fixing of our ordinary ideas on paper, was nothing—that the piece before him was probably forgotten before that time, and awoke not half the interest of the words he was speaking,—that if fate had denied him that means of satisfaction, she yet had given him natural qualities far more valuable.

"I know you think so, Joe," he replied, "but you are mistaken. You cannot see it as I do; to you, life promises its greatest length, and all things are possible; my years, at most, are few—perhaps not one, and when life ends with me, all ends; name, hopes—fame, that is the fittest word. And now, Joe, while we are speaking of this, as we may never speak of it again, I've a favor to ask of you. Something in the history of this grave and its story told in the magazine, has raised a desire in me that mine should be told the same,—its all the fame I ever expect. If we should be together when that time comes, will you do the favor."

Certainly, Ben, but we hope it will be a very long time hence.

It is the same dream of Fame, you see—the same longing after a deathless name, that has ever possessed man since his creation. I never thought of it so seriously before; I no longer regard it with the cold indifference with which we look upon things far away. It has come into our very house, and in Ben's own words, "Is so near what I know and feel, that I can almost think it my own," and I regard it with no less an interest than if it were my own hopelessly cherished dream.

MY VISIT TO THE CHINAMAN'S.

You asked me the other evening, Charley, what pleasure I could find in visiting such degraded beings as Chinese. I'm going to answer you now. Perhaps if I viewed things in such a matter-of-fact way as you do, I would find no more pleasure than yourself. But for persons who move in that beautiful rose tinted mist that hides the harsh outlines of stern reality, there is interest in things which to others are totally void of it. For instance, what care I if one half of those who cling so tenaciously to Canton, as the place of their nativity, never saw it? I can imagine, how, in their imperfect knowledge of our languge, they express in that word, all they would say, if they could, of the thousand charms that cluster around that one word of HOME.

Is it to be wondered at, that when a person who views things in such a light, is informed by his particular friend Ling, that there is to be "too much a sing song" at his camp on a certain evening, and furthermore receives a polite invitation to attend, should feel interested enough to accept it?

Such were the facts when you asked your question. I shall answer it by a true account of my visit. It was quite late when I arrived at the door, where my friend Ling met me, and ushered me into a not very commodious room, to be sure, being in reality only about eight by ten feet, and half of that occupied by beds and table, but then the delicate rose tinted atmosphere expanded it into a spacious hall.

There were five persons besides Ling and myself; two were singing, one beating time on a bowl with chopsticks, and two smoking opium—all exceedingly novel occupations to a stranger.

The faintest idea of the first cannot be conceived without hearing it, the second is easily imagined, and the third merits a short description, for those who are unacquainted with it. The opium comes prepared in the form of a paste. A peculiar kind of pipe is used in smoking it, consisting of a long wooden stem, and a stone or brass drum with a small hole through one side. A small quantity of opium is taken on

the end of a little wire, and held in the flame of a lamp until it intermingles. It is then rolled into the shape of a strawberry on the drum of the pipe. This requires a very dextrous twirl of the wire, held between the thumb and finger. Ling did it beautifully. It is again heated, and applied to the orifice in the head of the pipe, the wire shoved through, twirled and withdrawn, leaving the opium on the drum. The smoker now applies it to the flame of the lamp, and forcibly inhales the fumes while the opium is burning, letting the smoke escape through his nose. Its intoxicating effect varies upon different individuals—some smoking without any apparent effect, as many as eighty or ninety pipes, and some being intoxicated by as few as six or eight. Ling explained all these things, informing me that his standard number was fifty. And here let me describe my friend. He is a little bow-legged, beautiful bronze colored individual, with eyes converging to the funniest *retrossi* nose you ever saw. He does not appear over sixteen, and yet he stoutly affirms that he is twenty-three, and is married, and what is more astonishing, (and a splendid joke if he means it at the expense of our language,) that he has two children, a son, and a boy. During all the time in which I was observing these things the singers were doing their best. At first I could distinguish no tune, either in the chop-sticks or singing, but shortly they commenced a slow tune, the last two symphonies of which were exceedingly plaintive. I asked Ling what it was about, and was informed it was the " sing song of one China boy, who no savoyed to see." I could not, of course, understand their words, but as I followed them through the slow change of the air, I supplied my own, which, with your permission I will repeat:—

How sad the life when the lone heart's strain,
Through long, long years, is one of pain,
When, though tear drops fall like the summer rain,
And prayers go forth, all, all 's in vain,
For, for weary years, day after day,
The heart sings sad, till it wears away,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

The bright Spring comes, with its genial showers,
Its bursting buds, its leaves and flowers—
Its warbled notes from the greenwood bowers;
And gladness springs from the flying hours.
The song of nature is quick and glad,
But the heart sings sad, mourfully sad,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

Then summer comes, like a pleasant dream,
With the humming bee, and the murmuring stream
With its peaceful life, and the mellow gleam,
Of the earth as it glows in the sunny beam—
Nature sings her happiest strain,
But the song of the heart is one of pain,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

And Autumn told of the mournful wail,
Of the breeze as it sighs through the flowerless vale.
Of the sere leaf, borne on the western gale—
And the flickering sunbeam, cold and pale,
Nature's voice sounds mournfully—
And the sad heart sings in symphony,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

The Winter wails, with Earth in her shroud,
And the fair sky robed in a pall-like cloud—
The roaring tempest sad and lone,
Is a wild, wild strain, but yet more wild
Is the song of the poor blind child,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

Lone evening comes with her quiet sighs—
And they tell me it 's night, when each sound dies,
And speak of stars in the distant skies,
With softer light than of angels' eyes,
'Tis a longing feeling which steals there,
And the heart sighs in a longing air,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

They tell me of forms and footsteps bright,
Of beaming faces, by smiles made bright—
Of sorrow shed tears for the wasting blight,
That rests on my life, in the want of sight,
'Tis the only thing that gives relief,
And the lone heart sings with less of grief,
I 'm blind, I 'm blind.

There was one youth of sixteen whose eye fired with all the gentle excitement of the music, and I thought it might bring dreams to him as it did to me, of far off home and childhood's gilded scene; and, as it did not to me, of some bright being who dwelt amid their mazes, the goal in life's every race, and incentive to every noble exertion.

The song was quite long, and when it ended, I was invited to entertain them with my vocal abilites. You may perhaps think, from what I have just said of the effect of music, that

"Its magic spell, all potent to inspire,
Unconsciously into my breast had crept,
And when in turn I took the breathing lyre,
And timidly my fingers o'er it swept—"

I did something wonderful, but alas! how you would be deceived. I have a perfect aversion for tune and harmony. So after one or two discordant attempts at Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner, &c., I was extremely patriotic, I resolved to launch into a sphere where the trammels of tune should not confine my peculiar powers. And so I sung them some original words, to an original air, modeled somewhat upon the Tyrolean style,—mild or wild, to an unlimited degree.

When my voice died on the last cadence, they were all *silent*, and remained so for a minute. I began to grow excited in my vocal power, thinking that the enrapturing effect of my music had elevated their souls to the "regions of thrice chastened fire,"—it was certainly powerful enough to do it.

But the conceit was of short duration, for by the manner in which they shortly recovered, I found I had not only deafened them, but struck them dumb also. Provoked I expect by my audaciousness, one of them very uncourteously commenced a burlesque upon our manner of singing, and I confess doubts rose in my mind, whether to an entirely impartial ear, our vociferous mode would not be less pleasing than their refined squalling.

The exhilerating effects of the opium began to grow perceptible. They had all except Ling, been alternately smoking and singing. And the songs began to take a Bacchanalian appearance, the whole company joining loudly in the chorus, and clapping their hands. I had entered into private conversation with Ling, about family matters. He described Mrs. Ling as a being of all loveliness, beautiful, amiable, or at least he told me what miraculously small feet, and long finger nails she had. I inquired her name, and was informed that it was not allowable for faithful husbands to reveal their spouses' names, but, in consideration of our great friendship, he would tell me; he said it was a very pretty one, all the same as mine—Joe. Hereupon, one of the opium smokers, who rejoiced in the same name, feeling it, I suppose, derogatory to his manly dignity to have the least thought, even in vain, associated in common with him and woman, unceremoniously informed me that my friend was lying to me, and that Joe was not his wife's name. Ling was indignant, and a high dispute arose. I took advantage of it to return home, not however feeling it derogatory to my dignity, but much rejoicing that there was in the Flowery land, a being of brightness, with whom your humble servant mutually enjoys the name of Joe.

VISIT TO A MINER'S CABIN.

How many pleasant fancies are suggested by the mention of that visit to Ned's cabin. I had often promised my old friend and schoolmate to visit him in his elevated terrestrial paradise, situated on the banks of the Yuba, where, in '49, he pitched his tent; but did not fulfill my promise till after months and even years had passed; but now, for once, I saucily arose before old Sol, and hastily prepared myself for a jaunt, with a companion, over hill and dale, valley and mountain—first doing ample justice to a steaming breakfast — when mounting our mules we were "O P H.' Not in quest of the stray tribes of Israel, nor even to look after the leader of Tom Bell's gang of marauders and desperadoes, but in pursuit of genuine, unalloyed happiness; so we put spurs to our mules to arrive at Ned's Cabin before dinner. Oh! I forget, ladies don't use spurs—which I very much regretted before reaching the end of my mountain pilgrimage.

We were climbing the steep hill that looms up westward of the far-famed Sierra Valley as the tops of the tall trees were but slightly tinged with the yellow gleams of Phœbus that came

dancing up from the other side of the valley, and laughing right in the face of the morning. Looking around on nature, dressed in her most gorgeous robes, I wondered why man did not rejoice at beholding so much of God's handiwork and loveliness, as lies in all its pristine beauty and grandeur before him.

When the stupendous heights frown above him,how easily his freed thoughts soar above the mere contemplation of terrestrial objects, to a more delightful reverie of Heaven. With the finger of Faith constantly pointing upward to a haven of rest; in this way the mind becomes gradually enlightened with divine truth, and expands itself to the enrapturing view of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He then can descend to nature, and acknowledge her the fair daughter of God, and view her varied charms with sentiments of gratitude, admiration and joy.

My musings were suddenly brought to a focus by Dan, the old mule, coming to a dead stand. To make a long story short, he had, once on a time, been used for packing, and would not proceed without the merry gingle of the bell, which was usually worn by an old horse that preceded and led the train.

To halt thus in a rocky ravine, where frightful chasms yawned a thousand feet beneath, was really intolerable; we tried coaxing, and beating, and with a small piece of lash, to tingle up his sides, but all our English, French and Spanish, and moral suasion was lost on the old fellow, who now began to kick up, both before and behind. Finally, my liege lord gave him several slaps and words of encouragement, with a grand flourish of his hands, which he seemed to appreciate, for he got his goaheaditiveness excited and took down the ravine and up a steep hill with the rapidity of lightning; when we came to a long, temporarily built bridge, just wide enough for a mule to pass, when, Oh! horrors and wildcats, he never slackened his pace until safely across. It made my head swim to hear the rumbling, tumbling, babbling Yuba, a hundred feet beneath. I shut my eyes and clung to the horn of the saddle—but don't be frightened, for I am past the foaming stream and in sight of Ned's Cabin. I have hitched old Dan, under a tall pine, whose green boughs seem to mingle with the blue of heaven.

I made hurry to be at Ned's about noon, for you know miners are a class who dine precisely at noon, or rather when they are hungry. I saw smoke curling out from the chimney, far above the stones, sticks and mud which compose this gigantic pile of masonry. Well, Ned didn't expect us, or dream we were within a hundred leagues of him. When, tap, tap, went my riding whip on the old crazy-shake door. I waited a moment to straighten down my dress. Ned thought it some miner, putting on imported airs, who had probably come to borrow something, as no lady had ever visited his cabin before. He never thought in his mountain solitude, there could exist but two women, and these his mother and sweetheart, and both at that blessed moment beyond two dark and angry seas. I began to think how funny and astonished Ned would look. I struck the door a little harder, when a loud stentorian voice said, "come in!" so pulling the string, in I marched, where I saw a tall, finely proportioned, noble looking fellow, standing at a small table, wetting up bread for dinner, who, on beholding a real live daughter of Eve in his cabin, what do you suppose he did? Why, in his flurry to doff his "somberaro," as was his wont, up went his right hand all covered with soft dough, a part of which, in his confusion, stuck in his long black beard, a lump on his proboscis and the rest fell back in the pan beneath.

I raised my veil from my riding hat, so that he could get a glimpse of my homely face, just as he put his hand into the bag to get some dry flour to rub off the dough from his hands, when he stameringly articulated, "good gracious! Carrie, is that you?" he rushed towards me, turning over bread pan,

bake kettle and stool, and in spite of all the dough, he clasped my hand within his own hard palm, and shook it hard enough to nearly drag it from my body. In his joy on finding an old friend he had not met for years, he would have offered a kiss for aught I know, had it not been for my better half, who stood at my elbow, an Argus-eyed sentinel. He pushed a stool along and bade me be seated, but I could see by a peep into his full blue eye, that his heart was struggling with a manly pride; he cast a look around the dingy looking walls, as much as to say: "Who'd ever thought you would have come to see noisy Ned in the mountains? your old schoolmate." Now, while Ned is getting dinner, I'll tell you all about him, —he's taking the bean kettle from off the hob, and to all appearance we shall have a good dinner, for I am very hungry.

Ned Hawley, to tell the truth, had seen better days; but, like many others, had been lured from the lap of luxury and opulence, to the land of golden visions. The halcyon days of youth, with their bright anticipations, had faded. Hope could hardly renew the bright visions that once fell over his happy pathway. His people were strenuously opposed to his union with Ada Morton, so he followed the motley throng of money mongers to carve out a fortune among strangers, jew and gentile, that had gathered here from every quarter of the globe. Ada was a roguish lass, who used to parse in the same class with Ned, myself and Fanny Lee. Ned always told her (just when the teacher's eye was turned,) to conjugate the fearful verb, I love, thou lovest, he loves. He used to draw her more on his little red sled in the snow, than all the rest of us simpering truants, who would have written a dozen love letters (right in school time) for the bestowal of a kind word in return, or a roguish glance from his laughing eye.

But a change came over the spirit of his boyish dreams; for one night he picked up his clothes, threw them out of the bed room window, then, stealing tip toe down the back stairs, he left the paternal roof. See! he stops a moment at the cottage gate; he sees Ada on the porch, waiting with tearful eyes the parting. The vow of love and fidelity is again repeated, and the last kiss and fond embrace is taken, and Ned stood alone in the world;—and as he climed the hill—don't deem it weakness reader—Ned wept! crowded a little miniature into his traveling sack, pressed his hand against his heart to still its wild throbbing, even with its own heavy weight of sadness, and—hallo! what's that? It is dinner time and Ned is calling his partners from the claim to their dinner. I must stop writing my friend's history, for I am introduced to his partners, who all take a seat at the table. The bread is passed, coffee poured, and a desperate attack made upon the beans, which looked good enough for a king. Each one eats in silence his pork, beans and bread,—thankful for these slight favors. All done, each one takes for the claim, frightened at the sight of a woman. Ned, who lingers behind to read old letters, and show the coveted likeness, tells us all his hardships and when he intends in return to Ada; then again, how sick he has been, all alone in his cabin, in the wilderness.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, and softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered from illness and despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed in neglect and loneliness, but has thought of a mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and lifted the cup to his parching lips. Dear me! I am getting sentimental and must close, for the sun is going down, which admonishes us to be gone, for it is a rough road, so Ned, the Cabin, and all —good night!

CAROLINE.

"What a famous old world, is this world we
To spend, or to lend, or to give in; [live in?
But to beg, or to borrow, or get back your own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Where can we find true happiness? How many daily ask that question, but they do not stop to hear and heed the answer that rises spontaneously in their hearts, and that is—at home! Yes, at home! Not in the drinking saloon, not in the gambling house, not where universal deception and meanness is practiced, but where we can be happy under the light of the angel smile of a mother, and the kindly guidance of a father, where brothers and sisters' hearts and hands are joined in mutual love around the hearth-stone, with its genial and holy inspirations.

Home! A word that thrills every noble being's breast, the corner-stone of our happiness. A spot that is not spoken of in word or song, at home or a thousand miles away, without touching the heart-strings and chords of our souls with tender emotions, often causing the tears to glisten in our eye, or to steal unbidden down our cheek.

Among our many California wanderers who have been led astray, there is not one whose heart would not melt, and the oath on his lips be stayed, if some kind friend were to whisper in his ear, Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, or Home!

They are not his joys now, but recollections of by-gone days, the dear associations of home.

How often do we see advertisements in the papers of California, coming from loved ones at home, who anxiously inquire after a lost son or brother. We think little of it when we carelessly read them, but how *their* hearts are aching, how many hours that mother lies awake, night after night, wondering why he does not write or come home.

Here, in our "fast" country, few think of beautifying their homes, of making that sacred spot a place the dear ones can love, even now that they have left their eastern homes and friends, to come and administer to the wants of husbands, sons and brothers, to render fair California a place that every one would like to behold, a lovely spot, bright with smiling wives, mothers and innocent children; for what was it in '49, when thousands could not behold a woman? How they then wished that they were only here, where we have an everlasting spring, where the flowers are ever blooming in freshness and purity, and where the green vines are ever twining in beauty round the monarch trees. Why could they not make them homes that would win their hearts from other spots, and make them love California and be happy to make it their future place of abode? for any home must be happy, where lingers the sunny smile of a mother, and rings the cheery, gleeful and musical laugh of childhod.

But when the loved have come, those who have so long wished for them, seem wholly occupied with the engrossing thoughts of business, money and fortunes. They are here now, and might as well wait for that nice house a little longer. So it goes on from day to day, from year to year, and no permanent hearth-stone is established; they form not a happy unbroken circle 'round the cheerful fireside, where lessons of wisdom and love are infused into the minds of each, where a proper and gentle influence is exercised over the young, where they learn to love, reverence and venerate home, so that in after years when far from a father's and mother's kindly-beaming eye, the wanderer's thoughts involuntarily wander back along the tangled path of memory, gathering bright gems and flowers by the wayside, they will finally rest upon that never-to-be-forgotten, holy spot, home, where the fountains of love have never ceased gushing, and their crystal love-drops never grown less bright, 'neath the sun of Prosperity or the shade of Adversity.

Then let us do no longer as we have done, but begin at once and make our homes what they should be, and at the same time not forget to let green vines, flowers of love, twine round our hearts, and make them the fit shrine for all that is good and loveable.

Fathers, seek happiness at home! There you will find it. Gather the loved ones round the fireside, under the roof and within the walls that will shut out the eyes of other men, and where continued joy, harmony, love and everlasting happiness will reign for aye.

And you, Brothers, come home! A parent's tears and kind words will welcome you, a brother's and sister's smile will cheer you, and these love-influences lead you to a home in heaven. Yes, seek happiness at home, where a flood of love is poured upon you and a genial warmth of conjugal, filial, parental, brotherly and sisterly affection is shed around you. So we shall live in innocence and purity, a noble-minded race, and a pride to the world.

EUGENIE.

San Francisco, March 20, 1857.

A GRASSHOPPER TRADE.

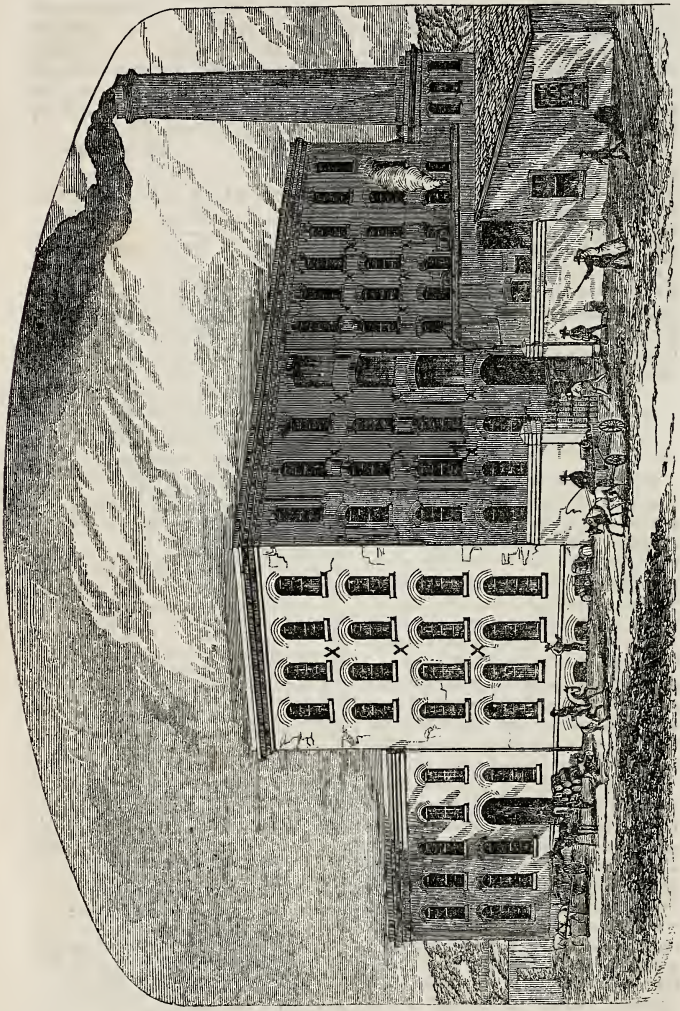
The summer and fall of 1855, will long be remembered by the agriculturalists of California, as "the grasshopper season." That year I had a garden in the timber on the Sacramento river, that was not hurt by these insects, and among other things I had quite a quantity of sweet potatoes; and not being able to sell them all at home, I started out peddling. After I had been several trips I thought that I had got to be a *right smart* peddler. One day I drew up to a house and asked the lady if she wanted some vegetables. She said that her husband was not at home, and that she had no money. "Money be hanged," said I, "I don't want any money; I will trust you till I come back." She said that she would not go in debt. Then, said I, you have got lots of chickens, I will trade for them, or for eggs or for anything else that you have got. "Well," said she, "will you trade for GRASSHOPPERS." I told her that I would, but that I could not wait all day for her to catch them. "I don't want you to wait long," she replied, "but we trade pound for pound." "Certainly," said I, "that is all right." She then went to a couple of wash-tubs that stood in the yard and took out *seven pounds* of grasshoppers! "Now," said she "these are all *fresh* for I was washing in these tubs this forenoon, and only stopped to get dinner, *about one hour* ago." I gave a *lot* of potatoes, took my grasshoppers, and was off.

SEVENTY-SIX.

THE STEAMER'S PARTING GUN.

BY DR. DOT-IT-DOWN.

The lightnings' glare, the thunder's roll,
Strike not more terror to the soul,
Nor dread alarm, nor fell despair,
Than that sound booming thro' the air.
It tells of partings, lorn and sad,
The father from his hopeful lad,
The mother from her only child,
The peasant from his native wild,
The husband from his loving wife;
The friend from all that 's dear in life,
The aged sire from grandchild dear,
Once, joy for many a coming year.
Ah! What blank void falls on the heart
At that loud signal to depart!
The anchor that the crew have weigh'd,
No heavier than their soul is made.
On many a manly cheek, a tear
With long last kisses, linger there.
Their once glad home—how desolate!
How empty all its pride or state.
The open'd music page unsung,
No smile, nor kindly critic tongue,
No little prattler round the room,
To cheer its heavy ghostly gloom,
The speaking portraits on the wall,
How vivid they the lost recall.
The vacant chair, the single meal—
Perhaps alone—how they appeal!
To hearts thus stricken!—nought can tell
Such anguish, but—the death stroke knell.
O Thou! "whose way is in the sea,
Whose path in the great waters be,
Whose footsteps ever guide aright,
Though hid by mortal's keenest sight,"(Ps 77)
Father of Mercies! hear their prayers,
And cheer their hearts, and ease their cares.
Be Thine the pilot hand to steer,
From hidden rock, or tempest near,
Rule Thou the raging of each storm,
Uphold their proud ark's graceful form;
And may it rest, Thine arm upon,
And, like "Thy Kingly power, Ride on."(Ps
Put far from them the thought, the pain, [45)
Each ne'er on earth, may meet again.
Without them, what would be earth's joys
Of wealth, or fame, but empty toys?
Pale Death might take, what fair earth gave,
Their only wish, would be—the grave.
Their only hope—that land above,
Where none but angels, live to love.



AN HOUR AT THE SAN FRANCISCO SUGAR REFINERY.

Herewith we present a truthful engraving of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery, with such description as a hasty visit, and the polite attentions of George Gordon, Esqr., the Principal, enables us to give:

This establishment belongs to an incorporated company, half of the stock in which, is owned in San Francisco, and half in the East.

The works are located half way between San Francisco and the Mission, on a piece of ground three acres in extent.

The buildings are of brick, built in a massive style, 76 feet front, 120 feet deep, part four stories and basement, and part two stories and basement, with an engine house 20 by 30 feet; a Bone black factory 22 by 40 feet, and two stories high; a steam cooperage 20 by 100 feet, and boarding house for hands detached. All the smoke from the various furnaces is conducted by underground flues, large enough to admit a man through them, to a detached shaft or chimney, 90 feet high, 14 feet square at the base, and 5 feet at the top, also of brick.

A line of clipper barks, of from 450 to 800 tons, are employed by the company to run between Batavia and Manila and this port, for the purpose of importing raw sugars, of the brown grades, used by refiners, which is made into loaf, crushed, coffee crushed, granulated and powdered sugars, such as are currently used in the market.

The consumption of articles by this establishment, when working up to its capacity, is as follows per annum: 4000 tons raw sugar, 1600 tons of coal, 400 tons of bones, for making ivory or bone black for filtering, 1,100,000 staves, 1,000,000 hoops, 200,000 heads for packages, (barrels and kegs.) The works employ 60 men in doors, and directly and indirectly in the getting of staves, hoops, heads, making barrels, freighting, teaming, &c., about 75 to 80 more—making about 150 hands, for whom employment is found in the State, in the refining and proper preparation of an article of home consumption.

The processes used in this establishment are of the newest and most improved kind. We cannot pretend to give a precise account of this interesting manufacture, but in general terms the process is as follows;

The raw sugar is emptied into three large iron vats, of the capacity of about 3000 gallons, in which it is boiled by steam. Various clarifying ingredients are added, and the boiling mass is brought to a proper point of liquidity, denoted by certain delicate instruments called *saccharometers*. It is then run off through various strainers, and finally forced by a steam pump through fabrics of thick canvas, set in massive iron boxes. From these it issues bright and clear.

It is then run through four huge iron vats, each of which holds 50 to 60 barrels of ivory black, in a granulated state, from which, after 24 hours, it issues of a pale amber color perfectly pellucid.

The liquid sugar thus clarified, is conducted through pipes to an instrument called the Vacuum pan, out of which all the air is pumped, and in this it is boiled in *vacuo* until it commences to chrystalize.

Subsequently it is poured into iron cones inverted, each holding about five

gallons, of which the establishment is supplied with several thousands. In these the process of chrystalization is suffered to progress to a certain point, after which the cones (or moulds) and their contents are hoisted into Draining rooms, where, exposed to a high temperature, they drain off the syrup from the crystallized sugar. In this room the crystalized sugar is further bleached, until it assumes the requisite whiteness for the kind of refined sugar intended. After which, the sugar now being firmly set, white and partially hard, is removed to the *oven*, a structure capable of containing 170 tons of sugar loaves, and there dried or baked.

It is then brought down into the mill room, where there are four mills for preparing various kinds of sugar.

There are also four centrifugal machines in process of erection, for preparing sugars of lower grade than loaf or crushed. These mills revolve with an enormous speed, the outer circumference traveling at the rate 12,000 feet per minute. The syrups are parted from the chrystals by the rapid centrifugal motion, and forced through the fine wire gauze which forms the outer circumference of the machine. Each of these machines will prepare two tons of sugar daily.

Besides the internal works, the manufactories attached for making barrels and ivory black are interesting, but not of a nature to be explained easily by a non-professional writer.

On the premises are two fine artesian wells giving the purest water, of which 70 to 80,000 gallons per day are used in the establishment.

The cost of the works exceeded one hundred thousand dollars.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NUMBER SIX.

"Oh that we were on the dark wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might grasp him with these desperate arms
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,
And view him gasp for life."

Fill up the sparkling goblet to the brim—see the bright light flashes in the cup as it is raised aloft—and eye to eye is giving back the light, as gathered comrades pour a libation to their hopes. They are exultant, and for the time are gods, forgetting the mortal, for the future hath no date in their calendar, which is not written down in golden characters.

Their path seems bright with sunshine, happy and joyous 'mid flowers and vineyards—hanging sun kissed grapes above their heads are bending to their lips in the wealth of clustering profusion—balmy breezes fan their brows—their step is light and buoyant, and their voices have the ring of bells in jubilee.

They reck not that the night is getting darker every hour, that the wind is gathering high, that the storm king is thundering down the avalanche with the chained winds to his car, amid the rolling clouds. And Old Ocean hears him coming, and is rousing from her sleep to welcome her rough lover in his wooing, from the mountain peaks.

The brothers for the raid on Mexico were holding high festival in the cabin of the Galtschut, and she, under press of canvas, was dashing out into the Pacific, steering down the southern coast. It was a magnificent night, but ahead there was a luminous and threatening cloud, which our Captain was eying anxiously, and he had begun to lessen our sail and get ready for a heavy blow.

But in the cabin all was joyous revelry; flushed with hopes and generous wine, they knew not that danger was gathering round them. Well, soon it came, and our gallant little craft shivered as if she trembled with fear, when the burst of the hurricane came swooping on us, and nearly threw her on her

beam ends. We had changed our course and were doing our best to regain the shelter of the golden gates again.

The storm now raged at its height—the heavens were dashing down fierce winds upon the sea, which leaped in mad defiance up to the sky in mountain waves, throwing aloft their white foamed tops, like wizard arms and clutching hands, as if to grasp the heavens and drag them down. But the crushing winds would beat them back upon the sea again,—and now the voice of the STORM KING would be heard in thunder tones, as he dashed in his winged car down the sides of the rolling waves and leaped from crest to crest!

'Twas a glorious sight to see the elemental strife, to listen to the thunder, to the rush of the rolling waves, and hear the winds calling aloud in the hollows of the mighty deep.

Aloft the clouds were racing in mad career past the moon, which looked out angry from the drifting scud. *God's power* was written there, superhuman strength and gigantic forces—before which the mortal quailed in his insignificance, and felt the littleness of all his puny efforts to stay the mighty tempest in its whirl.

I too, was mad amid the storm, and my soul was fit companion for the howling demon winds, and spirit of destruction which was abroad upon the waters.

That night I learned a secret *which turned my blood to tears*, my cup to poison, my present to a curse, my past to a hissing and a shame, and made me as for the future to be a wanderer in a dark and dreary wilderness.

Fill up, fill up the cups, old friend, with the sparkling wine, I would drown the memories of that night. Fill up and drink to my toast:

A brave heart, a keen eye, a strong arm and a ready blade to the INJURED ONE, and death! eternal death! from that arm given, to the ACCURSED SEDUCER! God's wrath light on me if this pledge is wrong! No, no! it cannot be, or I would hear in memories echoes accusing voices. It cannot be, though the Lord hath said vengeance is mine, and although, in communities, the law, before which all good men bow, has become the voice of God and would mete out punishment to the transgressor.

STILL THERE ARE WRONGS WHERE MAN CAN RIGHT HIMSELF ALONE, and the quick steel or ready bullet must be his instruments. And his brothers met in solemn council, must say, THERE IS NO BLOOD UPON HIS HANDS.

For woe betide that land where the law would arrogate a right over men's souls, and be the keeper of their honor. Farewell patriotism; farewell chivalry; farewell the gallant heart and true heroic soul, the mighty arm maintaining right, repelling wrong, which in the hour of danger to the commonwealth, is a bulwark and a tower of strength.

As we were sailing out from the Heads, Harold came to my cabin.—Markham, said he, you recollect one night that I stood with you on the shores that we have left, and I told you of a fair girl I had wronged in another land, and I promised I would tell you more some other day. See here is a packet containing her picture and letters. I cannot look at them, some other day I will; you read them, my friend, and if there is any request in them, you tell me, and I will fulfill it if man can do it.

He left, leaving the sealed packet on the table. I opened it, I lifted the case of a miniature, I touched the spring.

Why did I spring from my seat as if the angel of death had placed her icy fingers on my heart? Why did I gasp for breath and feel as if the world was sinking from beneath my feet? Oh God! it was her picture. It was Lavinia's!

Her who had been my first love, the inspiration of my youth; whose love-lit eyes had looked into my soul and stirred its first pulsations in the bright halcyon days of my joyous boyhood? Her who since then had been my life, my day and night dream, the very

Mecca of my pilgrimage—for whose truth and purity I would have pledged my soul, aye my hopes here and hereafter. And now in my manhood I was looking at her picture to know she had dishonored me and for him the accursed! I steadied my nerves, and read her long letters to him. Ah me! what words of heart broken sorrow, what deep repentance, what pleadings to Harold to save his lost soul; and often she wrote of one she had loved before, of an old friend, and these words were the inspiration of her old faith, and were beautiful to read.

For although I had been wronged foully, damnably wronged, and could hardly give her one thought of pity, still I could see her heart in death was clinging to her virgin love.

Strange magic spell, over which space and time hath no control—which lives on through life till old age, till death, dwellest thou alike in the hearts of the guilty as the innocent!

I, unknowing how, in the quiet hours of a dreary philosophy, amid the balm of flowers, with the bright moon looking down into two joyous faces, whose eyes were radiant with affection, had asked that question of my love, and she, poor simple innocent maiden, wondered at so strange a thought, and answered not!—BUT I HAD MY ANSWER NOW.

And even in the bitterness of my affliction, the scene of that night came back to me, plain as 'twere but yesterday—and I could recollect the train of thought and its cause, which made me speak so then, with almost prophetic power. It was from a jest of hers, and a strange light which, for an instant, flashed from her eye—the evil demon of her destiny had been near her then, and I had seen the shadow of his wing. Enclosed in the packet was a letter addressed to me, which Harold was asked to send to me. I read with eager haste, and her words were like the music of the past to my broken heart, they were full of love, and she told me she was dying, and bade me hope on and grieve not for her.

This letter was written the day before she died—for endorsed on the packet was the day of her death. I finished, looked again at her picture, pressed it to my lips and hurled it in the sea!—and then came wild thoughts of vengeance quick and terrible!

Gasping for breath in the stifled cabin, I sought the deck, and for the first time learned that a storm was raging so fiercely round us, and that we were running back to the Heads of the Golden Gate. We seemed madly rushing for the rocks right under the north Head, the waves were seething round us like a whirlpool, and the winds howling aloft, beside us, and beneath, like a million devils in satanic devilry. Now like a burst of heavy cannonade, crashing, deafening and appalling!—now ten thousand shouts of defiance!—now a loud long wail of death, which seemed to mount up to the heavens, and then come back again with louder and more piercing cry of agony!

I stood beside the helmsman and could see the breakers, with the white foam boiling over them, and I felt the devil strong within me, to throw out my arm and put the helm hard up, for one false turn upon the wheel, one shiver of the sails, one pause in our onward course, and we would be grinding upon the rocks, and I would have been revenged, for the Galtschut and her crew would have been blotted from the page of life!

It was but an instant and the thought was gone, and soon we glided into smooth water and our anchor down we were riding in safety in the harbor.

For some time I paced the deck, pondering on the course I should pursue.

Harold must die! I inwardly exclaimed,—his blood must atone for her dishonor and my wrongs!

The spirit of the assassin was strong within me, and I felt the sharp point of my dagger-knife to see that its edge was keen.

He found her heart and destroyed her life, and I will find his heart and my good blade shall drink his life's blood!

Thinking thus, I descended to the cabin where the revellers had resumed their jubilee.

Harold was seated at the head of the table, and the light shone full in his resplendent countenance. I paused in the shadow of the door to look at him; can it be possible, I thought, that that man is repentant for the past—for at that moment he seemed the very soul of mirth—can it be possible that her heart is suffering while he smiles, and that he has an inward life which no man sees? For in truth, it is often thus in the world, and the calm eye and quiet smile hideth a burning fever of the soul, and a heart broken and lost forever.

I entered the cabin. 'Oh! Markham,' exclaimed Harold, 'we have wearied for you. This calm after the storm is delightful, and it needed but your joyous spirit here to make our circle perfect. We have waited for your song.'

For an instant I felt unmanned, and my heart sank within me—it seemed to stop in its pulsations; it was but a moment, and my nerves had gained their strength again, and I whispered to myself, 'I too, will have an inward life which no man will know, and wear a smile as joyful as the rest.'

God knows! even in that little cabin, where the loud and happy laugh was pealing and sending its gleeful notes o'er the waters of the bay, if the hearts beating there could have been read, how strangely would their pulsations have differed from the seeming gladness of the time. And so it is out in the *great world*, where man ever weareth a mask before his fellow man, and his soul is known only to himself and God!

Thus our life becomes a *daily lie*, and to gain men's hearts, even the knave's approval—men whom we despise and hate, if, perchance, their smile may add one dollar to our fortunes, we don a mask of various hues, which suits the sinner and the saint, as we may meet them in our daily walk; and fawn and flatter, and sink the *God within us*, till from the poison of the perpetual falsehood, we become as mean in heart, as base in soul, as abject in our lives, as vile and as stained in our honor, as the worst knave whose hand we grasped in friendly clasp, or smiled to in the morn!

'Harold!' I exclaimed, 'you ask me for a song—I will give you one, but first let us drink a toast. Come, comrades, fill up.' I raised my glass aloft, and fixed my eye on Harold, and smiled as if I looked upon a friend, and slowly I gave the pledge: 'Here is to the memory of our loves!' I heard the glasses clink—I heard the words muttered to the memory of our loves, but my eye was reading his, and as he raised the glass to his lips I did the same. I saw his lips quiver and a deadly paleness pass over his face, as his keen eye was looking into mine—for our souls, with magnetic influence, had whispered my hate to him, and he exclaimed, 'What mean you, Markham?'

"Mean," I cried, for now I was mad and longed to dash on him in deadly conflict,—"mean, did you ask?" and my bowie-knife was glittering in the lamp-light as I sprung upon him, and we closed, I shouting, "to avenge Lavinia!"

'Twas a sharp struggle and a quick, and we were separated. I had wounded him slightly, and we stood at bay—"Markham," he exclaimed, "what means this madness and what have you to do with this—these letters have been too much for you, come be a man again—'old friend' I forgive you—the wine has been too strong and you have forgotten yourself."

I was now cool again—I threw the knife, which was still in my hand, out through the cabin window, and now spoke out "Friends, Joe will forgive me as I have been mad, but have had just cause and Harold there, will say the same thing ere I have finished, forgive me, that I have broken my oath, for I must break it again, for our chief there and me cannot live in the same

world together—he has dishonored me—Harold will answer you when he has read the address of this letter which I now give him," and suiting the action to the word, I threw upon the table her letter addressed to me.

He lifted it—O! what a look of agony was in his face! I could have forgiven him—"God!" he exclaimed, "is this true? Markham, was you her lover? Was she to have been your bride?"—and he bowed his head upon the table, and his frame shook as with a convulsion. But it passed away, and he looked up again, calm and quiet as of old, and he stood beside me, and in the gentle tones of his usual voice he spoke—"Markham, our oath is not binding in a quarrel like this—give me your hand my friend, I have sinned against you and will atone, as brave men can atone to one another. We must fight, let it be in an hour, upon the beach, and let the weapon be your favorite one—the small-sword. Now give me your hand as an old friend." He held out his and I grasped it warmly, he let it fall to his side as he continued, "when we meet again 'twill be as deadly enemies."

In one hour more our arrangements were made, and I had received my effects from the schooner, and had been absolved from my oath, and now, on the low flat of the beach, before you come to the fork, we were standing—I and Harold—face to face, with our friends around us; stripped to our drawers and under-shirts, and our arms bare, with the bright thin swords glittering in the moonlight. "Are you ready?" said one of the seconds; we answered yes, and then we closed in deadly strife.

We were both masters of the weapon. For an hour we fought and our weapons had both drank blood—we had a five-minutes breathing twice.

I was looking up to the glorious sky perchance for the last time; the old familiar faces of the stars were smiling on me, and one star in the west was blood-red to my eye, and I thought I saw a dangerous face look out from it to me—"Ready," said our seconds, and we closed again. And now it was plain 'twas the last struggle. Quick as light he dealt his blows on me, and feint and pass was given and parried with the speed of light—but Harold's days were numbered, for in the next pass his sword was quivering in the air and mine was buried in his heart.

I knelt beside him—I saw that he was dying—"Markham forgive," he whispered, and then exclaimed "carry me to the ship."

They lifted him, I saw them bear him to the boat. I saw her, by the moon's rays, reach the schooner, and then I heard the quick word of command "make all sail, ahoy," and her sails were bellying out with the breeze, and her anchor was up, and she glided away—and *Lavinia was avenged*, and I looked up to the star again and her face was smiling there.

Years after this, away down upon the Southern Coast, I had become a Rancheiro, and hunting for cattle on the beach, I saw the wreck of a vessel, where the boiling surf had hurled it over the reef into smooth water, and where she had paused, though 'twas plain all hands on board had perished, and that she had lain there for years bleaching her timbers in the sun. Led by curiosity, I rode near, and on her stern was painted in weather-worn letters, the "*Galtschut.*" Thus ended *the raid on Mexico.*

I have finished this first part of my memories of old "'49." I am weary now; some other day I will, at a more convenient season, tell thee more, old friend; so now good night, and pleasant dreams be yours. R. K.

ACROSTIC.

Can a heart-felt prayer, and holy,
Aid to raise thee, stricken one—
Raise thee from thy languishing,
Raise to health the gifted one—
I now offer, humbly, lowly,
Earnest prayer to Him, our God—
* * * * *
Divine Creator, "spare the rod."

THE DYING WIFE.

Alas ! and is it true. Oh ! can it be,
That I, who loved, and was beloved by thee ;
I, who left all that was dear to me,
Friends, home, all, all for thee.
Is there no one to love me now ?
No one to bathe my burning, throbbing brow,
And whisper that they love me ?
Oh ! Charles, come back, I love you more
Than woman ever loved before.
Why did you win my heart,
To break and cast it from thee ? [me ?
Why take me from my home and then desert

And must I die alone ? no loved one near,
To care for me, or shed one tear ?
Oh ! husband, come sit down beside my bed,
And let me lay my dying head,
Upon my loved one's breast,
To die and be at rest.
Oh, say once more you love me ;
You love your own dear Ellen,
And, my husband, I will pray for you,
When I am up in Heaven.
He is not here, he will not come !
Oh ! Father, Mother, Home.

Cold and pale upon the bed,
The deserted wife lay dead ;
No loved one near ;
No one but strangers there,
To mourn for her.

KITTY CLOUD.

OUR NEIGHBOR ON THE RIGHT.

Our neighbor on the right is a lively specimen of the tribe Cheap-Jack. When he came first amongst us, we thought of looking out for another habitation, but after a few evening expeririences we resolved to let him alone, and to let ourselves alone. He is not a vulgar fellow, and never pollutes his mouth with reprehensible language. His wit is of the first order, and if he had been born a statesman-orator, instead of a statesman-jack-pudding, he would have been the most popular speaker on record. Every body who hears him wishes to hear him again. His wares appear to be every where, and he professes to sell every thing, from the necessaries of a ship's crew, down to that necessity—a corkscrew. He is a particular favorite of the better class of laborers, and does the best business in the city. His conundrums are first rate, and too good to be given up. We report his first essay, which we do him the justice to say, is worth its weight in—tadpoles.

"Now I am going to ventar upon your notice the wonder of the day, a rale genuine pair of carving articles—a knife and fork. Look at the knife ; 'tis the only one in the city that can be warranted to cut eight and forty slices out of a leg of mutton and yet leave enough for as many country cousins as you would wish to entertain afterwards. Here is the fork ; is'nt it enough to make you fork out. Hillo, you, I didn't say walk out. What shall I say for this vest ? There's an investment for you. Try it on young man. Now I'd advise you to go and see Sally once more, and if she doesn't consent to such a handsome fellow this time, why then, I'd give you leave to say, that I am no more judge than a lawyer." "It doesn't fit," said the man from Pike. "Not a fit ? Father Abraham and all the prophets, look at this ! Not this a fit ? Why it beats your New York Broadway swells into fits. Why, even Solomon in all his glory could never boast of such a vest, and as for a fit (taking hold of a good handful of it behind) you're no judge ; ask Sally, she shall decide the matter. You won't have it then ? You shan't have this quire of letter writing paper which all my friends are waiting to bid for. Here it is ; a most invaluable article ; teaching how to address one's own true love :

My dear Nancy—You never did a man see so much to your fancy as the writer of this can see.

Here's another for a Senator :

My dear Relation—I'm in such a situation of eternal botheration about the affairs of this nation that I'll take the first occasion to get out of this station.

Here's another for a Lawyer :

Dear Sir—If you please, hand us out our fees, or else we shall tease you out of your peace. Do this for your ease, or go down on your knees, like a half-made green cheese.

Here's one for a Storesman :

Dear Sir—None can sell, I know

it well, so cheap as I; step in and try whether it be, as you shall see, soda, candles, hatchet-handles, cheese or butter, sausage-cutter, blacking brushes, seeds or rushes, twine or rope, starch or soap, wooden bowls, quids or rolls Mussleman pipes, lawyer swipes, salt or mustard, eggs for custard, brooms or mops, lollipops, candies, toys, for girls or boys.

Now, why is my partner, Joe, cord-in up that box, like a first rate lawyer? Because he's a re-cord-er. When I takes this lamp off this heavy stand, can you understand what this stand becomes? A lamp-lighter. What is the difference between my going in and coming out of a gin store? Why, when I goes in I tips, but I comes out tips-i. Why are you like a chewed pill when you can't guess my conundrums? You gives it up?—Then there's a snatch of a song,—O rare Mowie Kennie, the butt of many a broth of boy, the ladies' joy.

Now, lads, look out for a bargain. If any of you want to open a store and commence genteelly, here's half a dozen pairs of stockins for your stock in trade. Each one is warranted never to have a hole in it, if bought at the hole-sale price. Oh, that man 's a judge of good hose. Friends, I'll recommend you to pass judgment on the hifalutin double-pressure fire engine that's to have a hose long enough and strong enough to pump out the water of the Pacific into the Atlantic, to make the tides even. Who goes in for a pair of razors? Now, young man, you don't mean to say you intend to kiss Betty with such a beard and mustache as that? You may as well attempt it through a corn sieve. O fie for shame; get shaved and let her see what a beautiful mouth you 've got for a kiss. Well, Buchanan is a great man, and no mistake, but I've got a grater in this box that I'll sell you for a bit or I 'll consent to be bit by the first mad dog you like to lay hold of." (Puts up a nutmeg grater.) "Who 'll go in next for a pair of tin japanned candlesticks? A dollar a pair—a quarter—a bit—I take no more—I take no less—how can I, in California? Friend, you've got a bargain, and if you don't say I stole 'em to sell at that price, why, then, when they walk off, I 'll say they are no candle-sticks but walking-sticks. Sings—Blind Judge Mac Ben was six score and ten, had an ugly tom cat as blind as a bat, and a jay that squinted this way and that, O such was their state not one could look straight.—Now for the next lot—a saw, a hammer, a plane and a chisel. What shall I say for the four?—three dollars, two and a half—look at the saw—no Sheffield goods here?—all first rate Sheffield. Ah, look at it again. You never saw a saw saw as that saw saws. I've seen bow-saws and rip-saws, whip-saws and hand-saws, tenon-saws, key-hole and pannel-saws, sash-saws, circular-saws, cross-cut-saws, muley-saws, and gang-saws, wood-saws, stone-saws, bone-saws and meat-saws, iron-saws and steel-saws, small-saws and large-saws, short saws, thick-saws and thin-saws, and both hard-saws and soft-saws; but of all the saws to saw that I ever saw saw, I never saw such a saw to saw as this saw is to saw, since I first saw saws saw; and I saw saws saw, soon after I first saw; and for the hammer, why, you've only to take the first half of it and you'll have ham for breakfast—if you like to eat it. Examine the plane—it's plain, without axe-plaining which would be rough work. I guess it's worth all the money. As for the chisel, I 'll be chiselled out of the whole if I sell 'em for less. That 's right, young man, and as you 're a carpenter can you tell me what's that a barber lives by that a carpenter loses by? Do you give it up?—Shavings. Talking of shavings—here's a bargain—shaving pot, looking-glass, two razors and soap. How much shall I say?—three dollars, ah, I don't mind putting in a good story that's worth ten times the money. Thank ye, old fellow, you have a good story, I see, well, here goes: My old dad was a barber and a rum-fusty soaper, too. One cold night, when the old gent had just got one foot in his bed and had just put the candle out, there

came a bang at the door enough to knock the house down. 'Who's there,' says he. 'Tom,' says the knocker. 'Well, what does Tom want?' 'Beard cut and wig shaved.' 'What, at this time in the morning? Why, it's just one o'clock. Can't you call to-morrow?' 'No, I won't,' says Tom. 'I'll smash your door down and you too, if you don't open it.' So dad opened it and down Tom lay for the operation. 'What's the charge?' 'Why,' said my old dad, 'a dollar for such a head of hair and beard as you 've got;'—for his hair was like a Cherokee Indian's, and his beard a rope swab. 'A dollar?' says he, 'well, then, give me half a dollar's worth.' 'Good,' says my father. So down Tom sat and being precious drunk he soon fell asleep. Now daddy, who loved a joke as well as any man, proceeded to give him his half-dollar's worth, for he cut one half of his hair off quite close, and never touched the other, and then shaved in the same manner, the mustache and beard. 'Now,' says dad, after he had got his half-dollar, 'wake up, old fellow, and make yourself scarce, for I wan't to go to bed. 'Give me a looking glass,' says he to dad—'all correct?' 'O,' says dad, 'you have had too many glasses already,' and with that pushed him out doors, and from that time, ever after, he was called 'Half-Dollar Tom.'"

MARRIAGE.

Among all the evils which prevail in society in California at the present time, there are none so fraught with misery in its baneful effects, as the frequent violations of the marriage contract. Divorces are now so easily obtained, that one would almost be led to believe that the abominable doctrines of the "Free love system," were becoming the rule, rather than the exception, in our code of morals. Instead of being regarded as a sacred ordinance, of divine institution for the well-being and happiness of the race, marriage has come to be looked upon at the present day, as a *civil contract only.* Wherever marriage is considered as a sacred institution, and all its rights and privileges regarded as holy, we find society elevated in the scale of true and genuine morality; upon this, as upon a foundation stone, rests the order and harmony of social life. So far as the divine law of marriage of one man with one woman, is recognized by the civil law and acted upon, society exists in a a state of order and happiness. Where the contrary is the case, confusion, hatred, discord, and misery, reign in the place of that order, harmony and happiness, which should always characterise a Christian community. Marriage was for a long time regarded as *a union for life*, between the parties who assumed its sacred obligations, now it is a co-partnership, to be dissolved by the whim or caprice of either party. The good among us, deplore the existence of this desolating evil, which has sundered so many once happy families, and ask with deep earnestness the question, What is the cause, and where shall we find the remedy, for this wide spread social disorder in our midst? To see and rightly appreciate the primary cause of this evil, we must go back to the first principles upon which the whole structure of society rests. The wrong commences in the early education and development of woman.

The blame rests not wholly upon man or woman, but upon both as *parents.*

Is there not a grievous error in the first starting point, of the education and moral training of our daughters? While our sons are taught the true dignity of labor, either of thought, invention or manual effort, and are compelled to labor for their own support, they thus develope a strong, manly character by the very effort required to do this; our daughters, alas! are led to consider *marriage*, and *a settlement in life* as the great object for which they were created. They must expect always to depend upon man, either as Father, Brother or Husband, for the supply of

all their wants. They are even taught to pervert the holy, affectionate part of their womanly natures to the purposes of craft and fascination, in order to obtain a position by marriage. Alas! in how many instances are the purest and best affections of the young, inexperienced girl, bartered for gold, for houses and lands, for a respectable position in society! Here lies the cause of so many unhappy and discordant unions (we cannot call them by the sacred name of marriages) which take place among us.

Woman was not created to be the tyrant or the slave of man! She was to be his equal, to walk upright by his side in her native dignity and purity, receiving and bestowing happiness. She is totally unlike man, yet formed to be his other and better half, making with him a perfect whole. Can she do this unless she is left in freedom to develope her own character, to arrive at mature age both mentally and bodily, that she may understand the mysterious laws and affinities which govern her nature and being? *Parents* have much to answer for, in view of the evils which exist in regard to the marriage relation, and it behooves them to ponder deeply upon this all important subject.

The early age at which girls are permitted to mary, is often a cause of misery for their whole life time. Why should not our daughters be taught to rely upon themselves, be educated for the great duties of life as individual, responsible beings? Nearly half the marriages contracted at the present day, are those of *interest* and *convenience*, and what can we expect to be the result? The distinctions of society are hollow and artificial; Money, Splendor and a Life of Ease and Idleness! These seem to constitute the highest good of the great mass of society. Can it be wondered at that so many are fascinated by the gaiety and splendor which surround wealth and high station in life? Even the wise and good often bow down in adoration, taking the shadow for the substance. Wealth when justly obtained and rightly dispensed is a great blessing, but how many find, *too late*, that it fails to bestow true happiness upon its possessor, Pecuniary independence should be sought and secured independently of the affections. Let us educate our daughters so that they may do this. Let us teach them to consider these affections holy as the innermost shrine of the Divinity within them, neither to be bartered for gold nor the meretricious trappings of wealth and station. "Love, and love only, is the loan for love."

The marriage union should be founded on mutual affection and regarded as an *indissoluble bond of souls*, not as a mere civil contract or deed of sale. When this is the universal rule, and the contrary only the exception, then shall we behold true marriage, worthy indeed this sacred name.

We need a higher appreciation of the *sanctity* of the marriage relation, a more correct estimate of the priceless value of this choicest blessing bestowed upon human beings by our infinite Creator.

ANNA.

DELICATE DIRECTIONS FOR KISSING.—Kissing is an accomplishment that should form part of every gentleman's education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, when all is agreeable, is a poor good-for-nought, a lost sinner without a hope of mercy. * * * Don't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champagne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and spirituelle raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all perhaps they are the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr so do it! We never exactly timed the accomplishment with a stop watch, but we have no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds.

Literary Notices.

POEMS BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN: Ward & Taylor, Cincinnati. This is a neat little volume of 300 pages, on various and interesting subjects, by a lady residing in Sacramento city. Our readers can judge of its merits by the following beautiful

LINES TO A SEA SHELL.

Thou com'st from a land where all nature re poses,
Spread out in her beauty, one vast holiday;
Where ne'er the dread frost-spirit withers the roses,
And time, the unsparing, alone brings decay:
And here, far away, on thy fair floral pillow,
Ne'er more to be taken to ocean's cold breast;
Ne'er more for the sport of the wandering billow,
Half hidden by velvety moss shalt thou rest.

And yet, even now, to thy smooth lip reclining,
Methinks a low murmuring strain meets mine ear—
Embosomed in splendor, ah! wherefore repining!
Ah! why that lone sea strain so dirge like and drear?
Dost whisper of groves where the coral lies darkling,
Down—down in the shad'wy abyss of the deep?
Dost murmur of caves where rich treasures lie sparkling,
And mermaids mysterious vigils may keep?

Again, yet again, from thy dim pearly chamber,
In music's low murmurs that sweet voice replies:
"The bosom thou deemest so cold, lady stranger,
Is warmer to me than the light of thine eyes;—
And if, far away from the billow's commotion,
In bondage for aye I must linger with thee,
Still—still will I sing of the blue, rolling ocean—
Still chant the wild anthem once chanted o'er me."

Official Report of the California State Agricultural Society, for 1856.

We have been favored by Col. Warren of the *California Farmer*, with copies of this very able and interesting report. Interesting, because containing so much of reliable information, upon the agricultural resources of our young State.

The voluminous yet lucid reports of the various committees, their truthful exhibitions of the progress and condition of every department, its essay and addresses, make it the best dissertation upon the agricultural capabilities and resources of California, ever issued from the press.

It is in pamphlet form, contains eighty pages, and an engraving of the great Pear raised by E. L. Beard, Esq., of San Jose. We look upon these annual reports of our State Society, as the very best means of disseminating reliable information of the condition of our agriculture, that can be adopted.

It would be well that every resident of our State, feeling an interest in its welfare, procure a copy of this Report, read it and preserve it; and send another copy to his friends at his old home in the East.

There is yet another work peculiarly deserving the attention of our people; it is the *California Farmer*, a weekly paper, ably conducted, and particularly devoted to the Agricultural and Mechanical interests of California, and should be in the hand and upon the table of every agriculturist in the State.

CAPTIVITY OF THE OATMAN GIRLS, BY THE APACHE AND MOHAVE INDIANS.—We have been permitted to examine the proof-sheets of this new California work, and find much in its pages to interest us. It will doubtless be extensively read; for in addition to the matters of fact contained throughout its pages, the incidents of suffering and privation, and the thrillingly adventurous experience of the captives, are strikingly and truthfully portrayed.

It is entitled to, and will meet with, an extensive and rapid sale.

LAKE NGAMI: or, Explorations and Discoveries during four years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South Western Africa. By CHAS. JOHN ANDERSON. With an Introductory Letter by JOHN CHALES FREMONT. Edwards & Co., New York.

The introductory letter to this interesting and exciting narrative, by John C. Fremont, thus feelingly alludes to the brotherhood of sympathy between kindred spirits in the same arduous undertakings:

It is needless for me to say that I read such

books as this of Mr. Anderson's with a peculiar pleasure, greatly enhanced by old associations. Familiar—although, perhaps, in an inferior degree—with similar "wanderings," I find, in the brief record of a night, or the journey of a day, many unwritten things—much that the Wanderer afterwards thought unworthy of mention, but which, at the time, filled his mind and heart. Nights of sleepless anxiety, and days of wearying doubt or despondency, crowd the unwritten page; often a chance word suggests trains of incidents, and circumstances, which do not come under the eye of the general reader.

This work is full to overflowing with the relation of the author's hair-breadth escapes, and personal adventures with the wild animals of South Western Africa. One almost instinctively holds his breath, with wonder and solicitude, lest the fearful risk run should terminate fatally to our hero.

Besides, one rises from its perusal with the impression that he has spent his time pleasantly, while he has been instructed concerning the people, animals, scenery, climate, and geography of that almost unknown portion of the globe.

This will be one of the most popular books of the present season, and we commend it cordially to our readers.

Editor's Table.

The past month of March has been characterized by nothing very remarkable, as connected with the present or future of California, if we except the arrival of the Great Republic, a clipper ship from New York, and the departure of the Mary Taylor, a yacht of one hundred tons, for La Ventosa, Gulf of Tehuantepec.

The Mary Taylor took down to La Ventosa some twenty or thirty adventurers, who have gone to "prospect" (with a view to business) the Isthmus country along the new, or Tehuantepec route, from the Gulf of that name on the Pacific, to the mouth of Coatzacoalcos river, on the Gulf of Mexico, or to Mina-Titlan the present head of ship navigation, on that river, twenty miles from its mouth.

We speak of this movement, because we think we see in the opening of this new route between California and the Atlantic States, the precursor of increased prosperity to California, to be produced by the shortening of the route, and a lessening of the expenses of migration hither. It is expected that this new route will be opened the present month, with a line of steamers on each side.

Should it shorten the passage some ten or twelve days over the other routes, as is now confidently expected, and no obstacle to a rapid and easy transit of the Isthmus is encountered, we see no reason why it may not become a highly popular route.

Our Future.—We offer no apology for presenting to our readers, in the present number, an engraving and notice of the San Francisco Sugar Refinery; because it is, when men of capital and discernment embark in this and kindred enterprizes, that we see the germ of our future greatness as a State in the process of development. It presents to the world the sure guarantee that our capitalists are in earnest, and have the fullest confidence in the progress and stability of the Pacific coast section of our Republic, in everything that constitutes a country's improvement and prosperity.

It is not only that California is one of the States of the great Confederacy—she is a confederacy within, and of, herself, with every element of individual nationality possessed by the most favored nation or country on earth. In geographical extent, equal to the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.

She has an ocean of her own, and her commerce already extends to the "ends of the earth." Her gold mines equal all the world's besides; her agricultural area, largely greater than sufficient to maintain even her unprecedented proportion of non-agricultural occupants; and with a climate and soil that permits of the fullest development of the vegetable products of the temperate, as well as tropical regions. Her coast fisheries are unsurpassed in extent and variety; her bays, harbors, and rivers, all emphatically *her own*, with her iron foundries and shipyards; and

last, though not least, her Sugar Refinery, these, with her local possessory interest, in certain national works, as light-houses, fortifications, mint, and dock-yards, bespeak for the future of California a redundancy of all the appliances and enterprises necessary to a full development of her vast resources; and it will ever be our purpose and pleasure to chronicle their introduction.

Our Climate.—Whilst our eastern friends, from Maine almost to Georgia, have been wading through a winter of snows and storms of almost unprecedented severity; their railroads blocked up for days together, their steamers and shipping, shut both in and out by impenetrable fields of ice, their suffering poor striving for the very nourishment and warmth of body necessary to a continuance of life—we, of California, have enjoyed a winter season of warmth, sunshine, cloud, and genial rains, that even before the tenth of February, had clothed all nature around us in the beautiful robes of Spring; the hills with green grass, and our gardens with luxurious flowers.

Talk about winter, in California! why really we know nothing about it here, but in name. True, we talk of the winter rains and snows; but the rains make glad the hearts of our husbandmen, whilst the snows, that only fall upon the mountains and elevated districts, are the sure precursors of a season of prosperity to the miner.

Certainly we have reason to rejoice that fortune has placed us beyond the contingency of suffering from the cold of winter, or the necessity of providing for physical wants, beyond what is necessary during even the more fruitful season of the year. Let us, then, contrast this with a winter at the east, and send the result of our deductions and comparisons to our friends at home, and see if they will not determine to come and enjoy our princely climate and princely country with us.

San Francisco Academy of Natural Sciences.—This Institution, which has already acquired an enviable reputation both in the Atlantic States and Europe, is rapidly extending its influence and interest.

Located in the metropolis of the Pacific, in the midst of and surrounded by an ocean and country, the former almost as a new creation, as regards the world's knowledge of its tenantry, animate and inanimate; and the country inland, till within the last eight years, the very *terra incognita* of the continent, it need hardly be deemed surprising that when men of talent, indefatigable research, and energy, engage in the work of collecting the material for a cabinet, from an area so vast and comparatively new to the naturalist, that the most pleasing and surprising results should follow.

Already the Academy is in possession of specimens so numerous and varied, as to render a visit to its rooms one of peculiar interest and pleasure.

Quite recently we were called upon by Capt. C. J. W. Russell, a corresponding member of the Society, to visit the rooms and examine a magnificent specimen of the Yucca, brought by him from near San Diego. It is a strikingly beautiful plant, nearly seven feet in height; a single stock, armed at all points and thickly, with leaves shaped and pointed like bayonets—and nearly as formidable—except its compact crown of beautiful flowers, over six hundred in number.

Capt. Russell, as a lover of nature and her works, whether it be in the mementos of the past, or the living present, is an enthusiast, to whom the society is indebted for many interesting specimens.

We would also in this place—as a press of business has heretofore prevented our doing it—acknowledge our indebtedness to this society for other and previous courtesies extended.

It is much to be regretted that the State cannot extend to this Institution that liberal pecuniary aid it so justly merits, placing it upon a basis to insure its usefulness to the fullest extent.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been favored the past month with a large number of articles intended for our columns, many of which are really meritorious, that we are compelled to lay aside for the present,—they may appear hereafter. We really regret that there are so many, who choose to express themselves in verse or rhyme, rather than sensible prose. If a subject does not possess merit enough to be interesting in prose, it never can be in verse or rhymes.

It is like twining a wreath of roses around a head of cabbage, and though the rhyme or

roses, may be roses still, the cabbage it must be remembered remains a cabbage, and the two together make up an object supremely ridiculous.

But our remarks are not intended for those, who have oft times supplied us with beautiful verse; to such, we are truly grateful.

So too we often receive well arranged thoughts in verse, truthful emanations from both sad and merry hearts, but which cannot by any possibility interest any other, than parties therein referred to; such, we must respectfully decline.

There is another matter we wish to speak particularly of, it is the propriety of accompanying all communications with the real name of the author, when it is not known to us. The name need not accompany the article when published, but as a guaranty of originality, and to insure publication—hereafter, we must be acquainted, (if not personally) at least with the name of the author.

The following articles of Poetry, Verse, Stanzas, etc.,—not one of them in prose—are received, but we had not room for them all in this number:—The Harp—Stanzas—Something to Love—Epithalamium—She Liveth in my heart—His Ashes Only Sleep—Yankee Girls—Consolation—Poetry—Kitty Kinkling—The River—Sierra Nevada—Light of Life—Spring Showers—Grave among the Billows—To my Sister—My Eastern Home—Beautiful Flowers—Night—Hope On—and others still pouring in upon us.

A Miner's Reverie—By Eagle Wing.—Received.

Georgetown.—Received, but you are not in luck.

Ladies' Names.—Is a rank plagiarism, a regular stealing of another's writings. If W. C. W. will call at our office, we will show him his article, in an old number of the "Placerville *Herald*," printed in 1853. More than this, it has at least once since that time, gone completely the rounds of the papers of the day.

Lines to Mary.—Will receive attention.

Emigration to California.—Received.

The California Miner.—Mr. H. H. your article which you "hope will find a place in the Magazine, as it is *original*, and in *prose* rather than *poetry*,"—you will find word for word and entire, in the *Golden Era* of May, 1853—under the head of CHARACTER OF OUR MINERS. Do you want to know what we think of you?

The Boy Angel.—Is received, and he is a comely child, but it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of "Manco." We should therefore be pleased to hear from Manco on that, or any other subject. We wish *original* articles always.

George K.—When you send us any more such poetical effusions, be sure not to omit enclosing some kind of anodyne, as we had to laugh so much that we still feel internally and externally sore from its effects.

T. H.—We have no sympathy with "uncharitableness." *You* can stand on your head, or up to your chin in water "to serve God" if you like to do so, but you don't catch us at it;—simply because we can endure too much comfort for such an exercise—but, if you wish to infer that all are to be sent to an exceedingly warm temperature because they do not think as you do—why, we prefer to take our chances with the rest of such unbelievers. On such subjects we belong to the *sect* of the "Don't Cares."

Snake Bite and its Treatment.—Received. The treatment is precisely that now universally known to the whole civilized world—viz: ligature between the bite and centre of circulation, excision or cutting out the bitten part, powerful internal stimulants and bleding—sometimes.

Clay Hill Cottage.—The first printed newspaper published in modern Europe, was at Venice in 1536—but the jealousy of the government would not allow of its publication, and for many years after it was circulated in manuscript. The first English newspaper appeared in Elizabeth's time, while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, 1588. In D'Israeli's curiosities of literature, under the head of "Origin of Newspapers," we find that in the reign of queen Anne, there was one, and only one, daily newspaper in Great Britain, but several wecklies. The precise date of the first daily paper, or by whom published, does not appear. The first newspaper in the United States was the "Boston *News Letter*"—24th April, 1704, by John Campbell. For postage on Magazine, see cover.

HUTCHINGS'

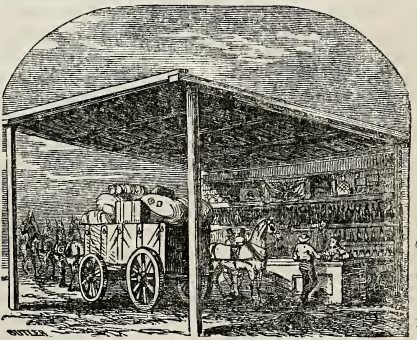
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MAY, 1857. NO. XI.

WAYSIDE WATERING PLACES.

Reader, were you ever an inside passenger of a California stage coach, when there was just a round dozen of fellow-travelers, and who, with one exception—yourself—were all smokers, (we of course presume that no lady was of the number, as no GENTLEMAN would thus forget himself, by smoking in a lady's presence,) and being of different tastes, if not of different countries, each one smoked a cigar or cigarita, of different quality and kind? and that too, in the scorching months of summer, after the usual morning breeze had died away; and when the horses and stage were enveloped in clouds of oppressive and cough-producing dust, and which came rolling and curling in upon every passenger, with a "don't care who you are" indifference to his taste or wishes; not only half-choking him, but changing the color of his clothing and complexion, not even omitting his whiskers—that is, if he *cultivated* the last named "article?" Were you, permit us again to ask, ever a passenger at such a time?

If, with almost a shudder at the remembrance, you reply in the affirmative, you will recollect with what pleasure you welcomed the wayside house, as the stage halted to "water," or "change horses"—and how readily you jumped out to try the effect of alternate doses of dust and water,



WAY-SIDE SHADE AND WATERING PLACE.

or soda-water—with or without "suthin" in it.

Now we do not say that upon every road and at every watering place, there will be found such an inviting "shade" as the one represented in the engraving above; but, they are to be found on several of the roads.

leading to the mining towns, and especially, near the cities of Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton, where the teamster, the pleasure rider, and the traveler, halts to water his stock, or "take a drink."

MOUNT SHASTA.

This is one of those glorious and awe-inspiring scenes which greet the traveler's eye and fill his mind with wondering admiration, as he journeys among the bold and beautiful mountains of our own California. One almost wishes to kneel in worship as he gazes at the magnificent, snow-covered head and pine girded base of this "monarch of mountains;" and even as you ascend the valley of the Sacramento, Mount Shasta appears to you like a huge hill of snow just beyond the purple hills of the horizon; and is a constant land-mark upon which to look, and which one unconsciously feels himself constrained to notice, as something even more remarkable and inviting than the green and flower-covered valley beside him.

We are favored with the following graphic sketch of an ascent—alone—by Israel S. Diehl, which we give with great pleasure.

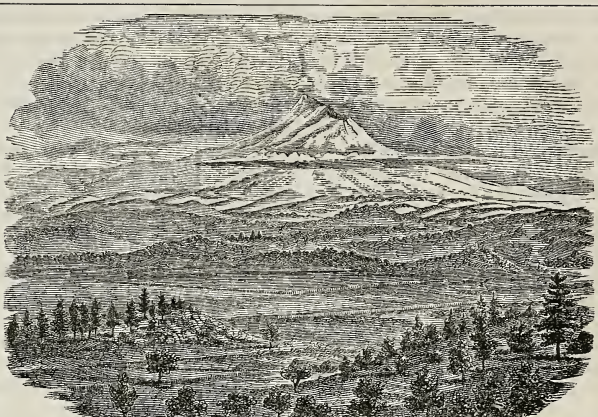
The morning of the ninth of October, 1855, opened beautiful and bright; the earth had been cooled by refreshing showers which had copiously fallen during the night, as I took up my line of march from Yreka to Mount Shasta, to make its ascent if possible. Notwithstanding the extensive arrangements by way of *talk* and *promises*, that were made by the company contemplating the same visit, (alas for California pleasure parties) when the eventful day came, I was reluctantly compelled to start on my journey alone, dependent upon circumstances for the social pleasures that add so much to such a romantic trip. No equipped and noted travelers, officers, literati, or blooming lively belles, whose merry, joyful laugh and bright countenances could add so much of interest, were my attendants; and thus "solitary and alone," and somewhat fearful because of the stupendous and unknown undertaking, by any *single traveler*, I slowly, yet determinedly, set out upon my journey.

From the western side of Shasta valley, Mount Shasta was in full view before me, in all its beauty and glory, as it reared its majestic head some seventeen thousand feet into the heavens, while its sides were covered with the deep-driven snow of ages, adding so much antiquity to the inspiring awe, as if to say, "I am the mighty monarch and sentinel of this western coast," and almost steadily did my unweary, wondering eyes gaze admiringly upon the scene before me;—hundreds of peaked little hillocks dotted the Shasta valley for twenty-five miles around, like so many attendants, (evidently all lesser volcanic formations,) while the Shasta river, and other smaller streams, clear as crystal, and icy cold, sprang from its side.

For a day and a half did I ride steadily on and around it, to make its ascent; all the time with the mountain in full view, and apparently but a little way off, deceiving even the best eye on calculation.

For two nights, ere my ascent, did I watch the setting sun, with its purple rays lingering and playing for twenty or thirty minutes around its brow, when to all other mountains the sun had set. That scene was beautiful beyond description.

By the noon of the second day I had rounded the Mount to its south side, and fed my weary horse and self at the beautiful Strawberry Valley ranch, or Gordon's, after which, with indefinite and unsatisfactory directions, I bid adieu to every hope of seeing another person ere my fate became decided. Fearful accounts and warnings were given of grizzlies, California lions, avalanches, falling rocks and stones, with deep cañon-crevices, by and in which I might perish and have no burial or resurrection until the "Resurrection Morn;" but, unwilling to give up, and trusting in God, with a good horse, and a bag of provisions, I commenced the ascent.



VIEW OF MOUNT SHASTA.

For twelve or fifteen miles I followed a blind snow trail through bushes of manzanita, and other obstacles, which almost threw me from my horse; and would surely have torn my garments had I not been equipped with a good new suit of buckskin. After an arduous journey I reached the upper edge of the belt of trees, and of the horse trail, but not until the sun had set. Night came on, rendering it too dark to find water for myself and animal until ten o'clock at night.

After much difficulty a fire was kindled, (as the last matches were being used) to keep off the grizzlies and lions, but unfortunately from the scarcity of trees and the amount of dead wood lying around, I set fire to all about me. This drove me out and excluded me altogether: so making a shelter of my saddle and mochila, and wrapping myself in my saddle-blanket, I crept underneath them, covering my head and feet, saying, "Mr. Grizzly, you must take saddle and all, or none." Between shivering with cold, dozing, fearing, and dreaming, I awoke and awaited the dawn of day. At last it came —gladly to me—when, after feeding my horse and bidding him adieu, I commenced the ascent.

On the east side of the west spur, and the south side of the mountain, there were vast quantities of clink and volcanic stones, and for four weary hours I never set my foot off of broken stone, but up, up, up, over rocks and stones, till I reached the base of an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks, the so called Red Bluffs, which I found to be indurated clay, colored by the peroxyd of iron. Through a little ravine I struggled on, on, climbing for one more painful hour, while large masses of rock becoming loosened, went bounding to the awful abyss below.

After reaching what I thought the desired summit, imagine my surprise to look over fields of lava, scoria, snow and fearful glaciers. I now had to cross ravines or fissures from fifty to one hundred feet deep, and from one hundred to three hundred feet wide, and worn through a solid mass of conglomerates, and sometimes half filled with snow and ice, the ice lying in perfect ridges, resembling the waves on the ocean, and were both sharp and dangerous to cross. I slipped and fell several times, once coming near being dashed thousands of feet below. After ascending for another hour, among this strangely mingled mass, hoping again to

have reached the long desired summit, I was both disappointed and pleased, to see the table-land of snow from one-fourth to one-half mile in diameter, where it lay from one hundred to probably one thousand and more feet deep, as I could look down into fissures where it had sagged apart, for a fearful depth, and from this field, a few hundred feet from the summit, the Sacramento river takes its rise; running through the deep gorges, sometimes on top, then hidden, then appearing at the summit of hills, then concealed for miles, it breaks forth in magnificent springs and miniature rivers, with sulphur and soda springs intermixed.

After crossing the field of ice with great difficulty, on account of the sun melting the snow from the east and south, while the wind and cold froze it from the west and north, thus rendering it dangerous, I reached another perfect mountain of loose and coarse lava, ashes, and other volcanic matter, through which I waded although a foot in depth, for some distance; and as I ascended, I caught a full and first view of the actual summit, which I imagine is not seen from below, as it is a perfectly bare crag or comb of rocks, while the sides and top around are so covered as to hide the real summit. Across another field of snow, and I was evidently upon the original and main crater, a concavity covering several acres, almost hemmed in by a considerable rim of rocks, and here I came upon the long sought hot and sulphur springs; and here, free from wind and snow, finding it warm and comfortable after being nearly benumbed with cold, I warmed and took a hasty meal; and in my haste to warm my fingers, nearly lost them by awfully scalding them.

I spent nearly an hour here, contemplating and watching this wonderful view. A hundred little boiling springs were gurgling and bubbling up through a bed of sulphur, and emitting steam enough to drive a small factory (if well applied) while all around lay the everlasting snows.

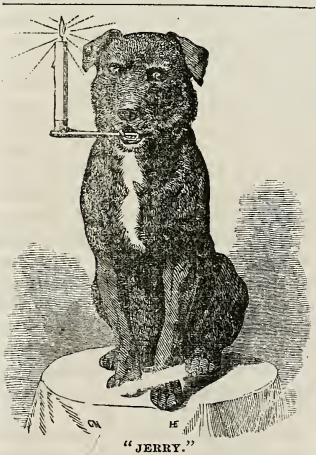
After resting, I made the final summit, a few hundred feet above, composed of a perfect edge or comb of rocks, running nearly north and south, and from this summit, perhaps the highest, variously estimated from sixteen thousand and five hundred, to seventeen thousand and five hundred feet, and decidedly the most magnificent of our Union, if not of the continent, I could look around and see "all the kingdoms of this lower world," [Did you tempt any one, Mr *Diehl?*]

Looking to the westward, far beyond the Scott, Trinity, Siskiyou, and Coast range of mountains, I imagined I saw the proud Pacific. Northward, looking far over into Oregon, one could see her peaks, her valleys, and lakes, to the Dalles, and what I took to be Mount Hood. East—far over the Sierras into Utah, and the deserts, while beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows, far in the distance. South, I could trace the Sacramento and Pitt rivers, far below Shasta, where they were lost in the smoke and haze, but on the southwest I could clearly see Mount Linn, Mount St. John, and Ripley, and above the haze, could distinctly see the Marysville Buttes, if not the top of Mount Diablo, (as I have clearly seen Mount Shasta from the summit of Mount Diablo.) Southeast I could trail the Sierras by the Lassen, Spanish, Pilot Seventy-six, Downieville and other peaks, to the range below lake Bigler, or to Carson Valley.

I contemplated the unsurpassed scenery presented to my eye, for hours. The day was clear and beautiful, after our first October rains, while the scenery was delightful beyond description. And upon that peak I planted the temperance banner, side by side with the American flag, (planted there in 1852, by Capt. Prince,) deposited California papers and documents in the rocks, for safe keeping, as the papers carried up in '52, were unharmed, and fresh as ever. Then, with a great reluctance, notwithstanding the wind, cold, loneliness, and coming night, I was compelled to beat a descent.

The sun was fast declining. My watch told three P. M., when I collected my minerals, sulphurs, and all objects of interest,

for a future and fuller description, and bidding adieu to the magnificent sights, with a promise of a return some day, I commenced the descent, and in three hours' running, jumping, tumbling, sliding on the snow, from one fourth to one half a mile at a time, in a few moments, having a glorious time, easier by far, and fuller of enjoyment than the ascent; I found my horse, mounted, and hastened away; and after a concatenation of circumstances, lost and bewildered, at twelve at night, I dismounted, unsaddled and loosed my horse; weary and exhausted, nature gave way, sleep conquered, and until dawn of day, I knew no trouble, save the piercing cold, and woke to find my trusty horse missing, giving me a half day's hunt to re-capture him, when by perils by river, land and Indians, I followed the Sacramento down one hundred miles to Shasta, to spend the Sabbath, after six days' labor—much better and happier for my ascent on Mount Shasta.



"JERRY."

"JERRY."—A DOG BIOGRAPHY.

To look at Jerry's countenance, gentle reader, you might suppose, perhaps, at first sight, that there is nothing very handsome, or remarkably intelligent about *that* dog; but lest you might unintentionally do "Jerry" an injustice—at least in thought—we ask you, just to satisfy your conscience as well as your curiosity, to take another look at him.

That's right. Now we can proceed with our biography with a good grace; for, although he is rather "homely" looking, we know him to be considerable of a dog, notwithstanding, and we shall hope to make the reader a ready convert to our opinion of him before we get through.

"Jerry," then, is a native of the city of Nevada, and is, consequently, a native Californian; owned by Mr. Henry Dawley, of Nevada, (more generally known as Hank Dawley), by whom he was raised. His maternal parent was about half spaniel and half Scotch terrier; and his paternal parent was a full blooded bull terrier. He is now about four years old.

"Jerry" is a general favorite in and around his native city, and although he signifies his appreciation of pats or words of kindness, by a gentle wagging of his tail, he neither follows nor obeys any one but his master.

The first time we saw him, Mr. Dawley requested him to shut the door—which was wide open, and against the wall—when he immediately put his nose behind it and closed it, but as it did not 'catch' he raised upon his hind legs and threw the whole weight of his body against it, and thus effectually shut it.

"Go, sit down there, Jerry," said his master; and he immediately went to the spot indicated and sat down. "Sit up, Jerry," and up he sat. "Stand up Jerry, and come to me," and what appeared to us as very singular, he arose from his sitting posture and stood erect upon his hind feet, and then walked in an erect position to his master.

"Lie down and die, Jerry." He immediately lay down at his Master's feet, and closed his eyes, and appeared like one dead; when Mr. D. slipped his right hand under one

side and his left under the other, about his middle, as he lay upon the floor, to lift him up; and the dog did not move a muscle or a limb, but his body hung down as helplessly as though he were really dead.

"Up Jerry," and he soon let us know that he was worth a dozen dead dogs. "Take a chair, Jerry," and he was soon seated in the only vacant chair in the room. "Now, wink one eye, Jerry," and one eye was accordingly 'winked' without ceremony. Jerry, however, did not enlighten us upon the subject of having practiced this ungentlemanly habit, when passing some of his canine lady friends in the public streets! but perhaps thinking that this might be used to criminate himself, he only wagged his tail by way of answer, which simply meant either yes or no,—just as we pleased —to our interrogations.

He used to be very fond of these amusements, until he saw a little quarrelsome dog against whom he had taken a dislike, practicing the same tricks, when he evidently became disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master, for some time afterwards.

Mr. Dawley is the owner of some mining claims on Wet Hill, and resides near them; and as they are worked both day and night, whenever the time arrives to 'change the watch' he will say to the dog, "Jerry, go and call Ben," (or any one else, as the case may be, for he knows every one of their names distinctly) when he immediately goes to the cabin door of the man wanted, which is left a little ajar, opens it, and commences pulling off the bed clothing, and if this does not awake the sleeper, he jumps upon the bed and barks, until he succeeds in his undertaking.

If a candle goes out, in the tunnel, it is placed in his mouth, as shown in the engraving, and he goes to the man named, to get it re-lighted.

About a year ago, when they were running their tunnel, he would lie down at the entrance and allow no stranger to enter, without the consent of his master; but when told by him that it was all right, he not only appeared pleased, but barked at a candle that was sticking in the side of the tunnel, when his master lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and said to him, "show this gentleman the diggings, Jerry," and he directly started, with his lighted candle, and led the way into every drift.

There is a shaft to the diggings, something over two hundred feet in depth, and should he want to go down at any time, which he often does, he goes to the top, and, on finding the dirt bucket up, will without hesitation jump in, entirely of his own accord, and descend to the bottom.

Mr. Chambers, an inmate of the cabin in which Jerry was raised, and who knew him from a pup, entered for the purpose of getting a coat, but when he took hold of it, the dog began to growl, and would not permit him to take it out, in the absence of his master, and he had, after considerable coaxing, to leave without it. He allows the washerman to enter the cabin on a Saturday, with the clean clothes, but as the man takes one chair, he immediately takes another chair opposite, and sits watching him until his master enters; nor will he by any means allow him to take away again, even the clothes he brought with him.

If men are sitting and conversing in the cabin, he will take a chair with the rest, and, what is somewhat remarkable, he always turns his head and keeps looking at the one who is speaking, as though paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them;—especially when present in a church or lecture room—but we forbear, except to ask, that whenever they become listless at such times, and in such places, they always think of "Jerry!"

Jerry, too, is "general carrier," for his master, and goes to town each morning for the daily papers. On one occasion he was carrying home some meat, when a much larger dog than he sallied out upon him, to try to steal it from him, but he took no

notice of him, except to keep his tail near the enemy, and his head (with the meat) as far away as possible; but, when the large dog supposed Jerry to be somewhat off his guard, he made a sudden though unsuccessful spring at the meat, when Jerry, as if *struck* with a new idea, immediately started home as fast as possible; and after he had deposited it safely in the cabin, he returned to town, and gave his thieving disposed brother a good sound whipping; now, the enemy has a great preference for the opposite side of the street whenever he sees Jerry coming up.

Whenever his master goes to town, the dog stands watching him at the door, and never attempts to accompany him, without a look or a nod of acquiescense. If Mr. D. purchases a pair of pants, or gloves, or any thing else, immediately after arriving in town, he will say to him, "Jerry, you see these are mine." and place them on one side; and after remaining an hour or two in town, and going to different places—sometimes to the theatre—he says, "Jerry, I guess I'll go home now," when the dog starts off directly for the parcel left, and appears with it in his mouth, wagging his tail, as much as to say: "here we are, is this right?" He always remembers very correctly where it was left for him.

About noon, on Saturday last, his master said to him: "Jerry, I don't want you to go with me this afternoon, as Mrs. Houston wishes you to go to town with her;" when he lay quietly down, and never attempted to move, as he generally does, to accompany his master to his work. He waited very patiently, until Mrs. H. was putting on her bonnet, when, taking up a small parcel which he had seen her place upon a chair, he waited with it in his mouth until she was ready to go, and then followed her down. When in town, Mrs. H. bought a bonnet box, about fifteen inches square, with a handle on top; and said to him: "Jerry, I want that carried home," when he took the handle in his mouth, to try to carry it, but as it extended up to his breast, and prevented his taking his usual step, he set it down again, when she said: "never mind Jerry, if that is too much for you, I will send for it;" he immediately took it up, and although he could not lift it more than two inches from the ground, he carried it all the way home for her.

He will lift at a sack of gold dust, until his hind feet are both several inches from the floor. If sent to a store across the street for a jug of liquor, and he cannot carry it, he will be sure to drag it over—if at all possible, and never mistakes an empty one for a full one. When his master asks him to fetch his socks, or his boots, or his hat, or coat, or anything else, he never gets the wrong article, as he has a good memory to remember the names of every thing told him.

To see what he would do, several men, with his master's consent, tied a string and pan to his tail, but instead of running off as most dogs would, he turned and bit the string in two; then took hold of the string and dragged the pan along. He will go up and down a ladder by himself. If several men are in the cabin, and his master on going out should tell him not to leave it, all of them combined would not be able to coax him out.

He is very fond of music, and will walk about for hours, wagging his tail, whenever Mr. Curtis (a miner living in the same cabin) plays upon the banjo; and sometimes he would run around, catching at his tail, and barking, when the music ceased.

"Jerry" has more friends than any man in town, as everybody likes him for his good natured eccentricities, intelligence, and amusing performances. He sleeps at night in an arm chair, near his master's head, and seems to love and watch over him with the utmost fondness and solicitude. If, however, the blanket upon which he sleeps is thrown carelessly into the chair at night, or is not perfectly straight and smooth, he will not attempt to occupy it until it is made all right.

Many, very many other performances of interest could be related, such as picking up money and carrying it to his master; catch

ing paper in his mouth, if placed upon his nose; taking off his own collar; unfastening ropes with his teeth; jumping over chairs; carrying away his master's gloves on Saturday night and returning them on Monday morning; standing in any position told him; fetching anything asked for, &c., &c., almost *ad infinitum*. But we think that we have said sufficient to prove that Jerry is an intelligent dog; and yet, some persons, with more vanity than veneration, will persist in believing that God's works are not as perfect and as beautiful as they are, by asserting that "dogs have no souls," while they admit them to possess all the attributes of intelligence—except in the same degree—as those found in men; and we must say that we have witnessed more true nobility of *mind* in some dogs, than we have in *some* men.

UPPER SIDE OF UPPER NATURAL BRIDGE.

NATURAL BRIDGES.

OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

These natural bridges are situated on Cayote Creek, about half way between Vallicita and McLane's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river, and hold a high rank among the varied natural objects of interest and beauty abounding in California. The entire water of Cayote creek runs beneath these bridges. The bold, rocky, and precipitous banks of this stream, both above and below the bridges, present a counterpart of wild scenery, in perfect keeping with the strange beauty and picturesque grandeur of their interior formation.

Approaching the upper bridge from the east, along the stream, the entrance beneath presents the appearance of a noble Gothic arch, of massive rock work, thirty-two feet in hight, above the water, and twenty-five in width at the abutments; while the rock and earth above, supported by the arch, is thirty or more feet in thickness, and overgrown to some extent with trees and shrubbery.

UPPER SIDE OF LOWER NATURAL BRIDGE.

Passing under the arch, along the border of the creek, the walls, with their almost perfectly formed, though pointed arch, maintain their width and elevation; but with here and there an irregularity, serving, however, only to highten the interest of the beautiful scene presented. Along the roof, or arch, hang innumerable stalactites, like opaque icicles, but solid as the lime-rock of which they are formed.

As we advance, the width of the arch increases to nearly forty feet, and in its hight to fifty feet; and here it really seems as though nature, in her playful moments, determined for once, in her own rude way, to mock the more elaborately worked objects of art.

Here the spacious archway, (with a little aid from the imagination,) is made to resemble an immense cathedral, with its vaulted arches supported by innumerable columns along the sides, with here and there a jutting portion, as though an attempt had been made to rough-hew an altar and corridor with massive steps thereto; whilst stalagmites, springing from the bottom and sides, would appear like waxen candles, ready to be lighted, but for the muddy sediment which has formed upon them.

Nor is this all, for near the foot of the altar is a natural basin of pure water, clear as crystal, as though purposely for a baptismal font.

Numerous other formations, some of them peculiarly grotesque, and others beautiful, adorn the sides and roof of this truly magnificent subterranean temple; one of these, the "rock cascade," is a beautiful feature, as it bears a striking resemblance to that which would result from the instantaneous freezing, to perfect solidity, of a stream of water rolling down the rocky sides of the cavernous formation. Others resemble urns and basins, and all formed from the action of, and are ever filled to their brims with clear cold water, as it trickles from the rocks above.

Approaching the lower section of this immense arch, its form becomes materially changed, increasing in width, whilst the roof, becoming more flattened, is brought down to within five feet of the water of the creek. The entire distance through or under this vast natural bridge is about ninety-five yards.

Nearly half a mile down the creek from the bridge described, is another, with its arched entrance differing but little from the one already described, in size, but the form of the arch is quite different, being more flattened and broader at the top. Advancing beneath its wide-spreading arch, and passing another beautiful fount of water issuing from a low broad basin, wrought by nature's own hand, we arrive at a point where the roof and supporting walls present the appearance of a magnificent rotunda, or arched dome, sixty feet in width, but with a hight of only fifteen feet.

Here, too, are numberless stalactites, hanging like opaque icicles from above, whilst the rocky floor, where the creek does not receive the trickling water from above, is studded thick with stalagmites of curious and beautiful forms. The length of this arch is about seventy yards.

These natural bridges give to the locality an interest exceeded by few in the State; they form the most remarkable natural tunnels known in the world, serving as they do for the passage of a considerable stream through them.

The entire rock formation of the vicinity

LOWER SIDE OF LOWER NATURAL BRIDGE.

is limestone, and various are the conjectures relative to the first formation of these natural bridges, or tunnels. Some believing them to have been formed by the rocky deposit contained in, and precipitated by, the water of countless springs, issuing from the banks of the creek, that, gradually accumulating and projecting, at length united the two sides, forming these great arched passages.

Others believe that as these bridges are covered many feet in depth with rock and earth, that these natural tunnels were but so many subterranean passages or caverns, formed, we will not attempt to say *how*, but as other caverns are, or have been, in nearly all limestone formations; for were these subterranean passages to exist in the adjoining hills or mountains, with either one or two arches of entrance, they would be called caverns.

But by whatever freak of nature formed,

they are objects of peculiar interest, and will well repay the summer rambler among the mines and mountains, the trouble of visiting them. Our wonder is that so few, comparatively, have visited these singular specimens of nature's architecture.

THE POISON OAK.

THE POISON OAK.

This subject has elicited more attention, and invited more examination than we supposed it probable, when the first article appeared upon it, in this Magazine. Letters upon letters, of inquiry, and for information have poured in upon us; some telling us of its inconvenient and painful effects with its accompanying symptoms; others relating the particular kinds of treatment, which have been successful to them, individually, with a variety of questions as to what it is? how to avoid it? what is a certain cure for it? etc., etc.

To satisfy these inquiries, in some measure, we renew the subject, giving some illustrations of the shrub, and its effects, in hopes that, although we do not profess to be physician extraordinary, to this class of persons and cases, we may nevertheless diffuse information of value to those affected by it.

For ourselves we may say that we can handle it, and even eat it, with impunity, as it produces no effect whatever upon us; but we regret to say it is not thus with all.

In the early part of last month, we saw a person almost blind from its effects, and with his entire face, and portions of his body, very much discolored and swollen. In this condition he was recommended the "sweating" process, adopted and practiced by Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure physician of this city. The following statement, from Mr. M. Fisher, will distinctly explain itself.

I was poisoned by contact with Poison Oak, February 22d, 1857, at three o'clock, P. M. At ten o'clock, P. M., 24th, my condition was very distressing as shown by the *first* portrait, then taken, when I was rapidly becoming blind. The *second* portrait shows my improved state *two and a half to three hours later, after a thorough sweating.* The *third* portrait was taken at forty-eight hours later than the first one, and now I am entirely cured of a very severe affection which was rapidly getting worse, and exhibiting its effects all over my person; *without* medicine or any other than the mode above stated, only three baths. During the year 1853, the Poison Oak caused me partial blindness nearly one month; and total blindness for several days, with much suffering.

Now we give the above, simply to show

EFFECTS OF THE POISON OAK.

that a good sweating, and the drinking freely of cold water, with the application of cloths, saturated with warm water, to the head and face, can be practiced by any one with the greatest safety and efficiency.

"Any mode (says the *Alta*) of taking a vapor bath will do, either by means of steam admitted to a tight box, or by placing the patient under blankets, and heating the water with hot stones; or other convenient plan, so that it be effectual, and allow the patient's head to be exposed to the air, avoiding the necessity of breathing the hot and vitiated steam.

"From having witnessed its effects, we recommend the foregoing as a simple and efficient process for overcoming this troublesome disorder, to all such as may unfortunately require its aid.

There are some afflicted so severely, as to induce protracted illness, often blindness, and sometimes even death. We have frequently known it to baffle the treatment of physicians for weeks and months, subjecting the patient meantime, to great inconvenience and suffering. We have, therefore, thought it worth while to give the public the benefit of a mode of cure, applied in a case that recently came under our own observation; and which seems alike simple, speedy and efficacious."

AFTER A BATH OF THREE HOURS.

Some have used gunpowder with effect,—others alchohol,—others strong ley—and who have become cured by rubbing the parts affected, although the "sweating" process seems to us, the most natural.

"I suggest a remedy for the pustular eruption," writes a gentleman from Umpqua City, Oregon, "produced by the poison oak:—take sulphate of iron, ten grains; laudanum, half an ounce; water, one ounce—mix and apply to the diseased surface, constantly, by means of soft linen, saturated with the solution. If the eruption is persistent, with sympathetic fever, take salts in aperient doses, and one grain of sulphate of iron, internally."

Too much care cannot be used when riding or walking near this poisonous shrub, especially by those persons who are most easily affected. It is also very desirable that a remedy should be applied as speedily as possible after its effects are first felt,—thus saving much annoyance and inconvenience.

CURED.

HEAD OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY,—LASSEN'S BUTTE IN THE DISTANCE.

THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.

BY WILL. S. GREEN.

That portion of the Sacramento valley which lies above the mouth of the Feather river, is called the upper Sacramento, and is, perhaps, the largest area of arable land in the State of California. The general course of the river, down to the junction, is about south 15 deg. east. Like the Mississippi, it runs on a ridge, and the valleys slope imperceptibly back for several miles. For about one hundred miles, on the east side, the high land is very narrow, in fact it is nearly all subject to overflow. In the winter of 1852–3, there was one vast sea, reaching from Feather river to the Sacramento, and from the junction to Sutter's Butte, which stands in the plain about fifty miles up the river. The Butte is about twelve hundred feet high, thirty miles in circumference, and very rugged and broken. On the west side it is very steep and difficult of ascent; but on the east, pleasure parties have gone most of the way to the top in buggies. In and around the Butte, there are many small valleys of great fertility, which are now settled and under cultivation. Between it and the Sacramento river there is a great deal of tule, or a kind of bulrush that grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. It never grows on any but low and rich land; hence our swamps are called tule land.

Butte Creek, a considerable stream which heads in the Sierra Nevada, and runs diagonally across the valley, loses itself in this tule.

Marysville is chiefly supplied with

hay from a kind of sea grass that grows around the tule, and up Butte Creek which overflows annually to within a few miles of the mountains. Along the foot of the Nevadas, however, and on the creeks, there is some fine farming land.

Chico is another small creek that heads near Butte, but runs square across the valley, and consequently mouths many miles above the other. On this creek Major Bidwell planted the pioneer orchard and vineyard in the Sacramento valley. Above here the valley is narrower, but higher and not so much subject to overflow. The road from Marysville to Shasta passes near the foot of the mountains, and crosses the Sacramento at the town of Tehama, situated on the western bank of the river.

There are at least three hundred square miles of land, on this side of the river, upon which it would be safe to sow wheat and barley; but there are not over three hundred settlers. Some of the swamp or tule land is easy of reclamation, and more might be turned to profit in the cultivation of rice.

There is a great deal more high land on the western side of the river than on the other, although from the junction of the two rivers, for a few miles up, the high land is very narrow. At Knight's landing, however, about ten or twelve miles up the river, there is some high land, and a passable road at all seasons, out to Cache creek, one of the oldest agricultural settlements in the valley. This creek heads in Clear Lake, situated high up in the Coast range of mountains, and runs almost due east until within a few miles of the river, and then is lost in the tule. There is some timber on the creek, good water in the wells, and it is considered a healthy location. The land is known to be good, and as it got its name up at an early day, it has long since been thickly settled.

The Sycamore slough, which runs out of the Sacramento some thirty miles above, puts into the river again at Knight's landing, and forms what is called Grand Island. This is a rich farming place, and is thicker settled, perhaps, than any other district of the the same size on the river. The banks of the slough are generally low, and there is a great quantity of overflowed land, and some tule, out back of the farms, on which the cattle of these Islanders can feed during the dry season.

Six miles above the head of the slough stands the town of Colusa, the most immoral place within the borders of the State. It might very properly be called the City of Loafers. Several ministers of the gospel have refused to try to get the stray flock into the pen of righteousness, because, as they aver, the place is too immoral for them to live in. Even the fire of September, 1856, failed to run out all the loafers, robbers, petty gamblers, fancy men, etc., that infest that place. The land around here is good, for I saw here, in the summer of 1850, hundreds of acres of wild oats, seven feet high. Back of Colusa, about three miles, there is a slough running parallel with the river, which overflows its banks in high water, and makes a sheet of water some two miles wide. It is fed by smaller sloughs that make out from the river at intervals, some of them as high up as thirty miles. Flowing down in a channel until within about four miles of a bend in

the Sycamore slough, about five miles from the river, it spreads out into a great tule pond. This is the last tule of consequence to be met with in going up the western side of the Sacramento.

Numerous small creeks, that are dry except in the spring of the year, run down from the Coast range, and spread out on the plains, forming some of the finest land in the world. The valley, from Cache creek to Stony creek, will average about fifteen miles wide. Of this there is enough outside of the sloughs or river lands, to make a strip five miles in width, which, if we call the two creeks eighty miles apart, make four hundred square miles, on which there are not at the present time one hundred settlers; and until within the last year there were not thirty-five.

Although there is a good deal of high land between Colusa and Stony creek, yet there is not a man to the square mile.

The causes of the sparse settlement of the valley are, first, the belief abroad that the valley is very unhealthy. Second, the unsettled state of the Spanish grants, which lie on both sides of the river, as high up and as low down as the land is good. Third, the great quantity of musquitos that inhabit the banks of the Sacramento during the spring and summer.

But now, since people begin to live a little more like white folks, they find that it is not so sickly as they at first were led to imagine. The grants are now being disposed of, and the cattle are fast beating down the undergrowth on the river, and the crop of musquitos is lessened every year. I think that the valley will soon be dotted over with farm houses and fences, and in a very few years the boats will go loaded down stream, instead of up, as they do at the present moment.

The plains, however, are not subject to the above objections; the only draw back there, being wood and water. For the former they go either to the mountains, where the scrub oak grows in abundance, or to the river; the latter can be had by digging from ten to thirty feet.

Along the river the timber is perhaps a mile in width; but it is poor and very brash—will warp double, if sawed—and makes but tolerably good fence rails.

The cheapest and best mode of building and fencing in this valley, will be to raft inch plank from the head waters of the Sacramento, or haul it across the valley, from the head of Butte creek.

Well water in the valley is generally good, and cool; but there are many places where the water tastes very strong of alkali; the river water is good except in summer, when it is too warm, or in winter, when it is too muddy.

Above Stony creek the valley changes in appearance—the low red hills come in near the river, and in some places quite to it; so that it presents a succession of smaller valleys, instead of one unbroken plain, like the valley below. Yet these hills are not so high as to obstruct the view, but at a distance it all looks like an unbroken tract. Although the red land is not fit for cultivation, yet it is an excellent range for stock.

There is some find land on Thom's creek, just below Tehama, and also on Elder creek, just above the same place. At Red Bluffs creek, three miles below the town of Red Bluffs, the valley may

be said to end, for here sets in a succession of low hills, over which the Shasta road passes. About twenty-five miles above the Bluffs there is a considerable valley on each side of the river, on which Major P. B. Reading's grant is located.

Clear creek, which mouths near Reading's, has some bottom land, but I don't consider it good. Cottonwood, however, which comes in lower down, has some good bottoms. Then up in the mountains, as it were, there are some eight or ten creeks coming into the river on the east side, all of which have some good valley lands.

When I first came to this valley, in the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having been very wet, vegetation of every kind grew to such a height and size that it would appear incredible to persons in the older States. They could not realize the fact that two men, six feet high, could be walking, not over one hundred feet apart, through annual grasses, and not be able to see each other; yet such might have been the case in 1850. Musquitos were so thick that it was almost impossible to get a morsel of food to the mouth without being obliged to admit more or less of them. Antelope, elk, and deer covered the plains, and grizzly bears were found in abundance in the thickets along the river; but now they have nearly all disappeared before the progress of civilization.

The Indian, too, is fast decaying under the barbarous influence of the civilized white man. In his natural state the Digger appeared happy, for his wants were few, and easily satisfied—the grass seed that grew in the plains—the acorns that grew on the oaks, and the fish that sported in the river, were all that he required for food—for raiment he needed nothing. Without a murmur he stood the winds of winter, the sun of summer, and worse than all, the musquitos of spring. The tule make his house, his boat, and his mat to sleep upon.

"QUAKER young ladies in Maine Law States, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, "Mr. A., the ladies believe you to be in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing—you must acquiesce."—She steps up to you gently, lays her soft white arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form on tip-toe, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, posy, pouty, sweet, strawberry, honey-suckle, sun-flower, rosebud, nectar lips against yours, and—blessings on you—kisses you! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

[It would be great sport for Californians, if a couple of hundred thousand, or so, would come here to *practice*. The *Maine Law*, under such auspices, would be carried by *main* force, and become the most popular of all *institutions*. Try it young ladies—even if you are not members of the Society of Friends; we are willing to guarantee you a very *friendly* reception!]

It has been said, we know not with what truth, that there are *four hundred and forty-four promises* in the Bible, and only *seven threats*. What a lesson should this be to parents, and teachers, forcibly telling them that words of kindness are always more effectual than those of harshness and severity. Remember this.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the mountain heights."

Could I but feel the same degree of inspiration now that stirred my soul on the eventful day that first brought Laramie Peak to my view, the highest point of land

LARAMIE PEAK.

among the Black Hills, I could hope to do better justice to my subject.

But well do I remember a frightful thunder storm that overtook us while camping in full view of this mountain of rock. I could see the lightnings dance along the craggy points, and gleaming over and around its summit, while the deep rumbling of the thunder struck home to the weary traveler's heart, as it died away along the defiles and dells of the mountain. It was after dark when we reached our encampment, and we were drenched to the skin with the rain which poured in torrents, and the poor fellows who guarded the cattle that night, went forth in the darkness and gloom, "to bide the pitiless pelting of the angry storm," with countenances looking as woe-begone, sad, and dejected as the bottom crust of a cherry pie.

But the following morn was beautiful, and so were nearly all our mornings upon the plains, and we rolled on among the Black Hills (so called on account of the dark verdured pines that grow upon them) as gaily as though the night storm had been sent upon us merely as a pastime.

Not only men but women, upon the plains, in many instances, create broils and disturbances, especially among themselves. As an instance, I suggested the idea, one morning, of throwing away a number of useless traps, such as wash-tubs, smoothing irons, stone jars, etc., as the roads were very rocky, and in many places the sand so deep that the cattle could scarcely haul the wagons. But another lady in the company raised a voice of remonstrance to my proposition, objecting to the sacrifice, saying she wanted the above named articles to keep hotel with in the mines, when she should have reached her place of destination. At that time everything in the line of household goods, was reported to be very high at San Francisco, and could rarely be purchased at any price.

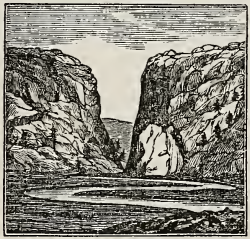
A vote was unanimously carried by the crowd in favor of lightening the load, and Mrs. Humphrey's household idols, with many of my own, were given to the roadside, and she, the capricious beauty, reluctantly acquiesced to the better judgment of the party, with pouting lips and swollen eyes. She could not bear such treatment, as she called it, without giving her liege lord a lecture in the tent before breakfast.

After emerging from the Black Hills, our course again lay along the banks of the Platte till we reached the upper crossing, or Mormon Ferry, as it was called. Here we leave the Platte for the last time; and passing over a country nearly destitute of all vegetation but sage brush, and here and there dotted with small lakes of alkaline waters, at length we strike the Sweet Water, a tributary of the Platte, a clear and beautiful stream.

One mile before reaching the Sweet Water river, and directly upon the emigrant road, is Independence Rock—deriving its name from the fact that some of the first emigrants who crossed the plains reached this rock on the 4th of July, and celebrated the day there, leaving their names upon the rock, and to which thousands have since been added. This rock stands out isolated and alone, rising abruptly from the plain, to the height of one hundred and twenty-

five feet, presenting a truly magnificent appearance.

Fording the Sweet Water, and leaving it for five or six miles, passing to the east and south of a spur of the Sweet Water range of mountains, we arrive at Devil's Gate, considered by many a great curi-



DEVIL'S GATE.

osity. As we turn the bluffs, we see the river to the right, apparently terminating against the base of the rocks; but, as we proceed, a gap or opening appears through which the river runs. The width of the chasm is about seventy-five feet at bottom and one hundred at top, and four hundred feet high. It is evident that a portion of the valley of the Sweet Water above Devil's Gate, was once a lake, but drawn out through this great chasm, evidently rent asunder by volcanic or other natural agencies.

Our route now lay along the valley of the Sweet Water, a distance of nearly ninety miles. It would be a totally barren country but for the wild sage and small alluvials of excellent grass along the windings of the river. Game is abundant, and wild flowers of great beauty and variety border the river's banks.

Our pathway along the valley of the Sweet Water was diversified by every variety of hill and dale, majestic heights and broad-reaching sage plains. Sometimes, threading along an extended and beautiful valley; at others, ascending the topmost peaks of hills so perfectly conical, it seemed as though art, and not nature alone, had put the finishing touch to their formation.

The mountains are isolated peaks or spurs of the great main range—the Rocky Mountains—whose tops, covered with everlasting snows, have been visible for several days.

Ten miles before reaching the South Pass, we leave the waters that flow into the Atlantic Ocean. The Pass, instead of being a narrow defile, or gorge between two mountains, is a broad, open plain, thirty miles in width. On the north, the Wind River range, distant fifteen miles, rises abruptly, quite into the clouds, by which it is almost always enveloped; while on the south, at about the same distance from the road, hills rise upon hills, till at length they assume the appearance and elevation of mountains.

But, for at least twenty miles in width, the Pass can easily be traversed with wagons.

OUR COMMERCIAL AND MERCANTILE INTERESTS.

Were we to base an opinion of the actual present condition and prosperity of California and her probable future upon impressions derived from the general tenor of the casual every day remarks of the mercantile portion of our cities, an erroneous opinion of her true condition might easily be formed.

This assertion may be deemed equivalent to saying that the opinions of a highly intelligent and influential class of our citizens are not reliable; or are calculated to mislead the judgment in reference to the true condition and progress of California; and to a certain extent in this connection, we mean just so much.

It is well known that by far the larger portion is continually giving currency to a mere supposition; but which to a considerable extent, both at home and abroad, has ripened into a belief, of a positive decline in business; a want or

absence of present prosperity throughout the State; when nothing can be wider from the truth. If the assertion so oft reiterated,—that business and consequent prosperity are greatly depressed—be true, then is it applicable to the mercantile and commercial classes *only*, and not to California.

We look upon this continued tendency to speak disparagingly of business prospects, as highly reprehensible, working a constant injury to California. With one breath we are told of a positive decline of business, and with the next, that we "want population." The commercial and mercantile classes are clamorous for "more population." That to make her present prosperous, and her future glorious, "California only needs *population*." These, and like declarations, have become patent in all our cities; and with nearly every business man of the metropolis.

But is population alone sure to give us that prosperity? Will a large, immediate increase of the mercantile, commercial or mechanical population of the cities, or the State, be likely to add to the prosperity of those now engaged in these and kindred pursuits?

Or would those, now so clamorous for "more population," desire an influx only of such as are consumers? If this be the immigration so much coveted, and nothing but this is to insure us a continuance of prosperity, then may we well doubt the present, and fear the future; for where in the whole range of civilization can there be found a country that has a larger proportion of non-agricultural and non-manufacturing population than California? Yet the voice of the mercantile and commercial interests of the cities, is vehement for "more population," to give renewed vigor and prosperity to California.

True, it would increase the aggregate wealth of the State, to add to its population; but it is doubtful whether it would add one iota to our individual prosperity, except to the holders of large grants of lands, or such as have much of other property on hand, which they greatly desire to sell.

We insist that California is prosperous now—at least this can be said of all *out* of the cities, if not *in* them,—prosperous beyond any other people on the face of the globe.

Her agriculturists are prospering everywhere, and yet to a great extent almost totally lacking one of the greatest auxiliaries that can attach to household independence and convenience; we mean orchards and fruit-trees—a deficiency now happily being supplied.

But would an immediate and rapid increase of the agriculturists of our State, to double or quadruple their present number, tend to the prosperity of the present tillers of California soil?

Is it not already made a question, in view of the greatly increased breadth of lands this year devoted to the cereals throughout the State. What is to be done with our probable agricultural surplus?

Can it then in any way add to the prosperity of our present agricultural producers, that their numbers be speedily and largely increased? With their present numbers, they are prospering even to the acquisition of wealth, and why? Because in no country except California can there be found a population so large a proportion of whom although laborers, are not produce

but immense consumers of agricultural products. This has given prosperity to, and will continue to enrich, the farmers of California.

Then the clamor for "more population" as a means of increasing our prosperity, can have no reference to the present agriculturists of the State, for they are even now largely prosperous.

But there is another and a very important class of our citizens—the miners—and which, with the agriculturists, go far toward making up the population of California. But suppose the present number to be at once doubled. Would this serve to increase the chances of those now struggling to dig out their fortunes with the pick and shovel? True, as we have said of the agriculturists, such augmentation would doubtless greatly increase the aggregate wealth of the State; but we seriously doubt its effecting favorably, present individual prosperity among that class of our population, now prosperous beyond all former precedent — we are speaking of the aggregate of our mining population.

If then, neither the agriculturists or miners of the State are lacking their wonted prosperity, to whom or to what class of our citizens will the oft reiterated assumption and declaration of "hard times"—"dull times"—and "a fearful stagnation of business" apply?

Surely the mere mercantile portion of our cities does not constitute a sufficiency of our population to make up the whole voice of California. And as we have shown that all outside the cities are prospering beyond precedent, can it be deemed conducive and to our interests, to be continually reiterating the cry of "more population," as the only expedient that can once more give to the State its wonted prosperity? We want population; but no more than other new States want it.

California has never retrograded; but on the contrary, has made such rapid strides toward greatness, as to distance all competitors; nor is she even checked in her career. More population would add to the wealth and power of the State, and a vastly increased population, together with the present, would doubtless prosper. No other country on earth offers more or greater inducements to immigrants, because no country presents a wider field for enterprise.

But the opinion entertained by some that an immediate and numerous immigration would add very materially to the welfare of any other class of our citizens than those engaged in commercial and mercantile pursuits, we believe to be erroneous; and even the good effect upon *them* as highly problematical; for the reason, that it is among these that we see the business of California overdone, or find too many to do it; and any great increase of population, would be sure to bring its proportionate surplus of these classes.

To wait for, and depend upon, a large increase of our population, as the only means of promoting materially our present prosperity, is waiting for, and trusting to, a mere phantom. We must provide for the present; the future always has, and always will, take care of itself. The time has been when almost the entire consumption of the State, passed through the single port of San Francisco, while California produced nothing, or next to nothing. This created a necessity for a commerce con-

centrating at one point; exceeding beyond all comparison what the world ever witnessed before. But with the developement of her agricultural as well as mineral resources, California became, in part, an exporting State. The millions of dollars exported for breadstuffs from abroad, were now retained at home, the very best and surest means of enriching any people. But this home production and consequent diminished importation, produced a corresponding decline or stagnation of the commercial interest, because it was in too many hands to be profitable to all; where it still remains. And it is this excess of numbers only, constituting the commercial and mercantile interests, that conduces so greatly to their own inconvenience.

It might be deemed an unwarranted assumption, were we to attribute to purely sinister motives, the earnestness with which the subject of an increased immigration is urged, as the only alternative of a return of the palmy days of 1850, '51 and '52. And yet it must be fresh in the recollection of all, that the commercial or mercantile prosperity of those days to a great extent, was at the expense of the immigrant masses. Much of hardship, privation, and suffering, inevitably follow as the result of a sudden redundancy of population in a new country, and particularly in one so isolated as California.

A steady, natural immigration to any country, is the surest guaranty of a healthy and continuous progress. This we shall have; and the general effect will be, to unfold the resources of the State, augment its wealth, and increase the happiness and general prosperity of its people.

TO E. I. H. N——

What echo calls forth that electrical start,
And rings like a chime of the past o'er my frame?
What tone so awakens my slumbering heart?
Oh! nothing *could* thrill like the sound of thy name.

It comes o'er my soul like the soft southern wind,
Where winter holds darkly his tyrannous sway,
Unloosing the fetters, the waters that bind,
And bidding them smile and flow sweetly away.

It brings to remembrance life long, long ago,
When youth's brightest visions first wove their sweet spell,—
When the heart was suffused with a wild overflow,
Of hopes it believed there was naught to dispel.

It recalls the sad day when the fathomless deep
Of my heart surged wild o'er its isolate doom,
When fiercely the storm o'er my spirit did sweep,
And drifted me here—on an ocean of gloom.

Oh! the long rayless years which have since intervened,
And darkened my path with their desolate shades,—
Leave me languishing still over love yet unweaned,—
Still clasping each phantom of hope as it fades.

For the little of life that remains to thee yet,
I invoke of the Fates their indulgent decree,—
And if o'er the past thou dost veil a regret,
Remember, Lost Star, I will share it with thee.

HARRY SINCLAIR.

San Francisco, April 25, 1857.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NUMBER FIVE.

When I pointed out the road for Joe to go, in getting him to write for the Magazine, I little thought I was directing a way which I should have to travel myself. But it is now plain that I was. No common thing could have induced me to travel it; but when Joe came, his eyes so heavy with constant watching, and asked me to write, only just this once, and Ben asked the same, I would have complied with their request if it had been to charge and take a twenty-four pounder well defended; and there would have been but little more temerity in the

undertaking than in this,—my trying to write a readable article.

The above will be partly unintelligible unless I tell you that Ben is very sick; so low that in some of his spells of exhaustion we have thought the spark of life had fled forever.

Joe has taken it wholly upon himself to nurse him, and thus, so sick, so weary, they asked me to write, and I have rashly done it. It seemed so odd when I read my piece to them, not that I read it myself, but that we were not all seated around the fire, as it was our wont to be. There was something in it so very sad—perhaps the thought of what it soon might be—that when I tried to hope for something happier, the flame was pale and weak, as the loved one for whom it was kindled. CHARLEY.

A HALF TOLD TALE.

This broken lute was all we knew
Of her he loved or him he slew.—*The Giaour.*

Nearly three years ago I was passing along one of the many rich gulches of our southern mines. This particular one, headed on the top of a very high mountain, and afforded water only during the rainy season. It had been almost exclusively worked by Mexicans, their mode of mining being most available with the scarcity of water. It was late in the Spring when I passed; the gulch was perfectly dry, and all the camps had been abandoned for the season.

The place was a lovely one indeed—hemmed completely in with the thick growth of low brush, which covers nearly all the mountains throughout the mining district.

I walked along the bed of the gulch, observing the notices that marked the limits of the claims, and whatever else that happened to attract my eye. At last my attention was particularly called to one notice by the fineness of the hand in which it was written. On closer examination it proved to be part of a letter, which had probably been placed there for want of materials to write a regular notice. It was written in Spanish, and the writing was evidently that of a woman. On one side it was written thus: "If she erred the temptation was great, and she was more to be regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment you inflicted. But that secret rests between you and me, and our Creator; do not fear that I shall ever betray it. But oh! for the memory of the love, which no one can doubt Lola had for you once, turn ——" on the other side it read as follows: "—— your revenge farther, for I fear it will lead to some fearful end. Oh! pray, dear brother, forbear. But with all of these dark deeds, do not think you can alienate your sister's love,—that will remain constant to you forever, how constant only the Virgin who daily hears ——."

I read and thought it was a very affectionate sister writing in a very sisterly way to a wild brother, and that that brother was not only perfectly heedless to her counsels, but so very careless of his own reputation as to indiscreetly place this significant portion of her letter before the rude gaze of all passers-by. Very natural conclusions any one will admit, under the circumstances. Perhaps, I wondered who this Lola was that was more to have been regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment she had met with. I might also have wondered who this brother was, whose name was associated with dark deeds, and who was now evidently bent on practising revenge. Such thoughts spring up around all such mysteries, and I might have had them. But, as I had been in the practice of collecting all notices curious for their style, orthography, or any other peculiarities, I unhesitatingly took this from the slit branch which held it and put it in my pocket, thinking it a rare specimen of that description of literature.

Shortly after the circumstances narrated above, among the strange forms which flit transiently to our knowledge, even as the wind,—no one knowing whence they

come or whither they go, there came to our village a stranger—young, genteelly dressed and good looking, if you except the sneering expression of his handsome features. A light, insincere gracefulness, characterized all his actions, which soon became the object of emulation of all the loafers of the place. He boasted much, in his same careless manner, of the power of his seductive arts; and showed many little tokens of female regard. Among them was one which he said was not burdensome to carry, and which reminded him pleasantly of his conquests in Mexico. It was a small casket which contained a gold cross laid on a braid of dark hair; on the lining of the cover was wrought the single word, "Lola." It immediately called to my memory the name on the curious notice, and, though it was a very common Spanish name, something irresistibly associated the two with the same person. One had evidently been the anguished party of a seduction conquest—the other had erred, and been the victim of some dark deed. They might easily be the same person. Who knew?

I had not much faith in the accidental revelation of a chain of romantic incidents, but I had certainly found the same name, if not the same character, in two capital parts of a romance. I wondered if I should ever find a sequel.

The summer months had not passed away, when late in the afternoon I rode into a strange mining camp.

The place seemed to be in an unusual state of excitement; a crowd was gathered around one building, and persons were hurrying to and fro in the streets as if their lives depended on their haste. On inquiry I learned that a man had been killed in the street by a Mexican, and that they were trying the murderer before a lynch court, and would probably hang him. They were both strangers in the place; the murdered man had been there but a few days, and the Mexican had not been seen before that day. They had met in the street, and the victim had tried to avoid the other when he saw him, but had been stabbed to the heart and died without speaking a word. The murderer had been arrested before he attempted to escape, and thus far had kept a dogged silence as to his motives for doing the deed.

I entered the room where the trial was going on. It was nearly like all other Lynch courts which I have ever seen. A judge and jury of rough looking men, apparently called directly from their work to sit upon the bench; who heed but little the sweet eloquence and nice technicalities of lawyers, but seek truth in a straightforward manner, and deal out justice sternly, according to their judgment. Two more of the same rough looking sort of men, were pleading the case in an earnest manner, without regard to polished speech.

The prisoner sat in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the floor, as regardless of what was going on around him as though it did not in the least concern his fate. He was young, but the savage expression of his features made him appear far from youthful He did not seem to want any sympathy or mercy, and no one seemed disposed to give him any. Not a single person of the whole crowd, by a look or word, showed compassion for him. His crime was foul, and apparently unprovoked, and, as he gave his counsel no grounds to sustain the defence, the trial was soon over. And when the sentence was pronounced that in one hour he should be hanged till dead, it was received with a general murmur of approval by the throng, and the same disregard by the prisoner.

In one hour to have the veil rent which hides the mysteries of the great hereafter, and have the inscrutable secrets which man through all ages has feared to learn, revealed to us! In one hour to leave all of life's goods and ills, of which at least we can say in our poor sense we know, to enter the dread uncertainty beyond the grave! It brings death awfully near; and must if realized, cause a chilling sensation. But he sat as calm and unmoved as if he did not comprehend the words. Justice was, in-

deed, about to be speedily and fearfully administered—murderer and victim, going almost hand in hand to the future world!

I went from the room to the house where the murdered man lay. What was my surprise to behold in the form stretched at that "fearful length," all that remained of the owner of the casket! I thought of my romance; I had found the sequel, and it was fast drawing to a close.

I hurried back—all excitement—to the room where the prisoner was kept; he was inditing a letter to his sister,—it was in answer to the one of which I had seen a part on the notice. I heard him tell the writer to say, that her fearful forebodings had come true; that it was the will of God and sentence of man that he should die; that he submitted to the decree without questioning its justice; that he had killed *him*, and he was ready to pay the price of his revenge; that he would not recall the sentence if he could, for all for which he had lived for years was gained, and life had no object for which to live. He did not say a single affectionate, brotherly word,—it was the message of one whose life had been concentrated into the one selfish passion of revenge. The hour wore slowly on. How long it seemed to me with all the thoughts of the hidden tale which formed the undercurrent of this rushing scene. What might it not be, since he, who believed in God and the Hereafter, could justify himself by it, for this dark deed?—Could it be something which, if known, would win sympathy for him from that stern throng? No one knew but himself, and he did not seem disposed to tell. The sun went down; and when the tall mountains had thrown their shadows far out upon the plain, the hour had come. The prisoner walked forth as firmly as any of the crowd that surrounded him to the tree where he was to be executed; mounted the horse, from which he was to fall, with as much lightness as if he was to ride freely away; helped to adjust the fatal noose; had the handkerchief tied around his face, and stood erect and firm as a statue,—all without a word or sign of fear. The horse was led from under him, and he swung in the air,—a few struggles, a few ineffectual gaspings for breath, and all was over; the body swung slowly about as any other inanimate thing would have done. One by one, as their curiosity became satisfied, the spectators went away, and when night had stolen on, and the moon came fearfully up and made her uncertain lights and shadows, none remained; but dimly in the shade of the old oak, I could see some object swinging to and fro, as the winds came in fitful gusts and moaned through the branches of the tree. Truly my tale had found a fearful sequel!

NOT ALL DESOLATE.

BY W. H. D.

"Moss will grow upon the grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistletoe spring from the dying branch; and God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the feelings, will twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart."

On the old crumbling grave-stones whose records have fled,
The soft, dark green mosses will grow,
While all that remain of the *forgotten* dead,
Is peacefully sleeping below.

O'er the old ruined wall and the mouldering pile,
The ivy most fondly will cling;
As their glories depart they seem sweetly to smile,
With the verdure and beauty of spring.

When the tall aged oak bares its arms to the skies,
As its branches begin to decay;
Then the mistletoe bough a fresh beauty supplies,
To hide its defects from the day.

So out of the sorrowing, desolate heart
That is dying in sadness and gloom,
Hopes eternal may spring that shall never depart,
And flowers immortal may bloom.

Sacramento, Cal., April, 1857.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

THE LAST OF JOLLY TOM.

BY DOINGS.

'T was in the month of April, of the year 1850, many long, long, and weary days had we plodded our way through and over valleys and mountains of snow, —long and weary miles were those—but on, on, we plodded, our destination we knew not where; we were hunting for gold! gold! bright, shiny, yellow lumps of gold. And with this glittering hope, this bright hallucination ever before us, we trudged and plodded on. At length our eyes were gladdened by the sight of terra firma; 't was a low peak of the Sierras, covered with a thick growth of pines—and here upon this peak, and beneath the trees, we pitched our tents, and we named our camping ground *Pine Peak*. From here we started upon our prospecting tours, often being out from one to two weeks, and oftentimes, after the first week, out of "grub," and obliged to subsist upon that highly nutritious beverage known to old miners as *spruce tea*. There were twelve of us, Tom, Bob, Jim, Bill, Phin, Doc, Bluff, one Maj., one Col., two Scaps, and your humble servant. The surnames we never knew, nor cared enough to ask—would to God we had.

Tom, or "Jolly Tom," as we called him, was the life of our party; his merry laugh was always first to greet our ears at morning, and the last "good night" we heard was chorussed with the same old pral. When nearly dead with fatigue and hunger, in our wanderings, he it was who bid us hope, and cheered our dying spirits with a joke; and when sitting about the camp-fire, after a hard day's work, 't was his story brought out the biggest laugh. He was the very soul of our party, and knowing it, we almost worshipped him.

* * * * *

It had stormed incessantly for five days—a storm of wind, snow, and rain, and such a storm that to be appreciated must be experienced. Nine of our party were on a prospecting tour, and had been out eleven days; old Bluff, the Col. and myself were keeping camp; during the last four days and nights we had been in a state of extreme anxiety, and each day added to our mental excitement; each night we had built huge bonfires, and at intervals discharged our fire-arms. On this, the afternoon of the fifth day of the storm, the rain and snow had ceased to fall, and the wind had moderated to light breezes, and we three were holding a silent council around the camp-fire; but the thoughts of each were occupied with the same principal topic—old Bluff was the first to speak.

"Eleven days, to-day; Tom said they could do it inside of a week; thy're lost, perhaps have famished; but what can we do? It's no use to go out, for we don't know which way to go. Poor fellows, I am afraid it is all up with 'um."

"Hark!" said the Col.

And imitating him we placed our hands behind our ears, as if to catch some far-off, distant sound; it came, at first scarcely perceptible, like an echo, far, far away; but it became stronger and louder, 'till we could distinguish a faint hallo—springing to our feet we answered with a shout, and bounded off to meet the wanderers. A wretched looking crowd they were, their footsteps slow and tottering; they had but little to say. Five days and nights had they been exposed to the storm, and three of those days without a scrap to eat; their matches had by accident become wet, and they had been without even a fire at night. "Hard time Tom," said I. "Yes, Doings, mighty tight; lucky for you you wasn't along—you see the rain had beat our trail out, and we were lost 'till last night, when we saw your fire—here, take my pack, I'm almost dead." "We'll soon be in now," said I, "and there is a splendid fire, lots of bread and beans, and a cup of coffee will put you all right."

Half an hour later, and we were all gathered around the camp-fire, armed with a pot of coffee and a plate of beans, and the fasting for the last three

days was being rapidly atoned for—*all*, did I say? All but Jolly Tom, and he was setting with his elbows upon his knees, his head buried between the palms of his hands. "Come, Tom, come!" said I, "eat, take hold here, take your regular beans." "No, I'm sick, I'm cold and shivering all over." "Yes," said old Bill, "Tom aint been well to-day, nor yesterday—he's knocked—he aint said nothing bright for two days, and he's sick, *sure*." "Come, Tom," said I, "take some coffee, and you will feel better." "No, no, I'm sick, I must turn in."

He attempted to rise, and but for my assistance would have fallen. He did indeed look sick, his face seemed to bear the impress of death, white, yet tinged with a purple hue; his eyes were sunken, and his lips quivered like an aspen leaf. With the assistance of Old Bluff, I carried him to the tent, stripped him of his wet clothes, and rolled him in dry blankets—we had no medicines—nor could we do anything to give him any relief. He was very, very sick, all night long his mind was wandering; he talked of home, and of his mother, and the smile that played upon those parched lips, bore witness of his love; sometimes he would be wandering in the woods, lost; again he would laugh wildly, and then smiling, murmur "beautiful! beautiful!"

All night, and until near night of the following day, I sat beside him moistening his parched lips and feverish brow. Towards evening he dropped into a fitful slumber. Leaving him in the care of the boys, and bidding them call me in case of any change, I retired to my own tent and turned in.

I had slept but a few hours, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was awakened. "Quick, Doings, quick! poor Tom is going off, he's asking for you." I sprang quickly up, the storm had recommenced, and was raging in all its fury. In a moment I was kneeling by the side of Tom. The night was intensely dark, but our fire furnished sufficient light for me to discern the objects beneath our canvass covering. Not a word was spoken; the dying man did not recognize me, he seemed to breathe with difficulty, and once or twice essayed to speak. After one or two ineffectual attempts, he spoke, and said "Where's little Doings, why don't he come?" "Here, Tom, here I am!" and I pressed his hands between mine; he smiled faintly, and with an effort said, "I shall soon be off, its hard to die so far away from home, don't forget poor Tom" Rising upon his elbow he exclaimed, "hark! how beautiful! it's not the wind, O, no, it's music! I'll soon be there. His head dropped back upon the rude pillow. "Tom! Tom! have you nothing to say? no word for *home?*" For an instant his eye brightened, convulsively he grasped my hand. "My mother, Doings, tell my moth—" "Her name! your name! where does she live? Speak! quick Tom, quick!" He grasped my hand more firmly, but death had sprung its rattle, and choked all utterance. His hand relaxed its grasp—he was dead.

O, God! dead, and left no name behind! with that blessed word playing upon his lips, his spirit passed into eternity. Blow, blow ye winds with all your might, speed on! Speed ye to the realms on high; a spirit pure and noble rides upon your breath, haste ye with it to the Heavens above! and ye, huge, towering pines, sing on; you're chanting requiems for a noble soul! chant on! chant on! and O ye rains, fall on—'tis fitting that the heavens weep, for we cannot—our eyes are dry with anguish, and our hearts are full of sorrow.

We knelt around the dead; no prayers were spoken, for prayers had long been strangers to us, but every heart was full, and the recording angel gave us credit for our heartfelt silence.

The morning sun rose clear and bright, but there was a sad and mournful duty to be done. From a fallen tree near by we split out slabs, and made a rude coffin. We robed him in a clean blue shirt, and upon his breast

we laid boughs of evergreens. Deep, deep we dug his grave, and we buried him beneath the shadows of a stately pine, and there rests the last of Jolly Tom.

In vain may the mother watch for the return of her son—in vain may she watch the coming of the steamers—but he comes not. In vain may she kneel in her solitary chamber, and pray to the Great Spirit of life and light to guard and protect her darling boy, and return him to her in safety. He sleeps his last sleep beneath the sod of the Sierras, and no sound shall awaken him. Peace to thy ashes, Tom, thy memory is hallowed in the hearts of all who knew thee. Without a name we knew thee—without a name we loved thee—and without a name, on memory's sacred pages we shall ever remember thee!

A GOSSIP'S SPECULATION ON DOMESTIC DRINKS.

We wonder if our breakfast bill of fare is always to be limited to tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate. Surely there is yet to be discovered, one leaf or berry more to add to the brief catalogue. What are travelers about that they do not experiment more upon what they botanize?

Why, tea has been in use more than two hundred years; surely that is long enough to give place to something else. Macpherson, in his beautiful history of European and Indian commerce, (we quote from memory) states, that tea was known as early as A. D. eight hundred and fifty, and this upon the authority of one Soliman, an Arab merchant; yet we find that Pepys in his Diary, relates—"I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before, and he dates this information 1661, so that if true, this universal potation must have made but little progress in popular favor for eight centuries previous.

We think it has had altogether a very fair run, and now ought to be satisfied with its celebrity, and not go on, year after year, engrossing the affections of two thirds of every community. What has conduced to its popularity amongst us Yankees?—Liebig perhaps can tell us; but he is so awfully scientific, that we need a pharmacopœian study to comprehend his meaning. We will endeavor to translate it. He says that there is a bile corrective-principle called theine, an alkaloid, that the sedentary and studious do well to partake, that it is a good substitute for animal food, and that is the reason why females, and literary persons, who take but little exercise, have so much partiality for it.

Our lively friends, the French, use it as a medicine, and phlegmatic people never take it, nor ought young children to indulge, in even a single cup.

The same learned chemist tells us that the first tea leaves were procured from the Chinese in exchange for those of the garden sage, *(salvia officitrslis)* so little did they at first know its value; but when, after a time, they became sage without this herb, they refused to barter it at all, and then it could only be purchased with solid coin.

We know of one old gentleman who affirms that he never tasted it in his life, to his knowledge, on account of the flavor having a peculiar effect upon his olfactories. He used to tell a droll story of a tea party, of which he made one. He began while it was brewing to banter the ladies present upon their silly patronage of the herb, told them how it browned their complexions and shrivelled their skin; in process of time, when the liquor was being poured out, it was observed to be as blue as the sky; all turned to him as the mischief-maker; but he declared his innocence. In vain were the tea pot, tea urn, and boiler, emptied of their contents and replenished; the blue obstinately prevailed; when he suggested the cause to be, the blue rag of the pump; (usually kept for the washerwoman's convenience, in some farm houses, on said pump's nose), this hav-

ing fallen into the boiler at the time of pumping.

Our washerwoman could drink an immense quantity of this beverage; she was a strong hale woman. We well remember, in our boyhood, losing our wager, *that she could not drink thirty cups of tea;* and our being foiled too, by the evidence of her having enjoyed the *tenth* after the task.

And what of coffee. This is well known by all good physicians to be little less than a slow poison to some constitutions. We have known more than one person invariably jaundiced by the habit of drinking it only twice a day.

In Jersey, one of the British Channel islands, several of the inhabitants have periodical attacks of this complaint; yet, such is their fondness for the drink, they still risk the disorder, despite its penalties.

Coffee has this alkaloid in an eminent degree. The coffee berry, which supplies, at the present time, almost all European demands, was first discovered in 1618, by an Arabian merchant; who sent it to Van Hoorn, Governor of Batavia, and who largely propagated it; and this happened twenty years after its discovery. The seeds were procured from Mocha, in Arabia. Niebhur says, that it was first brought from Abysinnia to Yemen by the Arabs, and sold as a family medicine.

During the ten years war between England and France, the duty on this berry was so high as almost to put it out of the power of the laboring classes to enjoy a single cup of it. Cobbet, of Register notoriety, suggested a substitute,—roasted barley, mixed with the common edible pea, scorched almost black, which proved to be a very palatable drink, and had many of the coffee's stimulating properties.

Doctor Johnson used to say—"Give me a cup of tea to make me think, but a cup of coffee to make me talk." Whether this gives the reputed loquacity to our friends the French, and their habitual taciturnity to the English and American, I leave others to settle to suit themselves.

The worthy Doctor's gossiping propensities were well known; and it is hard to say how many of his good sayings are to be attributed to this drink —tea. Dear old Goldey used to call him—*The Walking Teapot;* and when the Doctor was not in his hiatus, he used to ascribe it to the badness of the tea. Mrs. Thrall used to go to extraordinary expense to please the Doctor, who always honored her by saying that Mrs. Thrall was the only one who could suit his taste to a T. His memorable distich addressed to that lady is well known, and shows his greedy fondness for the article.

"O potent liquor, pour it out: nor pour it with a frown:
Thou canst not pour it out so fast as I can pour it down."

His dropsical temperament did not deter him from indulging in it; eight and ten cups, holding some quarter of a pint each, would upon a single occasion be introduced into his stomach. He said it was the only discovery for which the Chinese deserved the name of Celestial; yet, at times, he would call the slop as his most inveterate enemy, and declaim against it with the bitterest animosity.

In France everybody drinks coffee; and tea is there only taken medicinally, In England, the consumption between tea and coffee is almost equal among the men; but almost all English and American women take tea. In London, the coffee rooms where no beer or liquor is allowed to be sold, number seven hundred at the least; and each is frequented, upon an average, daily, by eight hundred persons. These houses unquestionably have been the means of displacing much drunkenness amongst the laboring classes. In 1844 the coffee imported into Great Britain, was upwards of fifty millions of lbs.; that of France, twenty-seven millions.

We do not append much faith to the sayings of the worthy Doctor, above quoted; for our own observations tend to quite a different experience in the property of tea-drinking amongst old maids. An old dame, arrived at the

ordinary years of discretion, will be found, after the first cup of tea, to have a very good opinion of her neighbors; after the second, she finds they are generous almost to a fault; after a third, that they would be better without certain faults; after a fourth, no better than they should be; after a fifth, the most scandalizing set that any innocent soul, like herself, can be worried with. In short, she becomes fault-finding and quarrelsome in her cups; the beverage when taken to excess, having the same effect upon her system, as any intoxicating liquor. There is doubtless a large amount of stimulating power in the two beverages; and nothing can be better administered as an antidote to any poisonous soporific than strong decoctions of one of these.

But truly, we repeat, these are not the only wholesome drinks nature's bountiful herbarium can supply. Travelers report favorably of the Maité, or Paraguay Tea;—why do we not give it a trial; almost all the aquifoliacœ (oxygenous plants) of which this is one, are harmless; and there is a numerous family of them.

This *Ilex* grows to about the size of an orange tree. The Chilians and Buenos Ayreans consume, amongst themselves, five million pounds of this tea, annually, so fond are they of it. The process is very simple; the boughs, with the leaves on, are merely laid upon a heated surface, and afterwards pulverized, and then prepared in bags for the market. The plant is steeped in boiling water, to which are added some coarse sugar, and a small portion of the juice of a lemon. The vessel used is something like a tea pot, called Maité, giving name to the drink. The Creoles are passionately fond of it, and never pass a meal without it.

So large a consumption could scarcely happen, unless some merit as a wholesome drink were attached to it.

Then there is the old fashioned drink, Mead, which the cockneys in the time of Queen Elizabeth, indulged in; why have we, in our degenerate days, discarded it? Honey (from which it is distilled, after undergoing the vinous fermentation) is wholesome and a great favorite in our days, with all classes. This metheglin, or hydromel, as the old beaux of the time were wont to designate it, was a most refreshing drink, when diluted with lukewarm water. It produced remarkable stoutness of limb and muscle. The wenches of those days, that were hired for service, used to barter their labor, first for their drinking mead, and next, of less consideration, their working meed—(excuse the pun fair reader, we cannot help it occasionally)—and where will you find now-a-days, more sturdy, wholesome, cherry-cheeked lasses, than those of that time. The pasty, thin-waste belles of the present day, form no comparison.

The sturdy yeoman, too, of that day, would drink down his quart of mead, and want little else for the remainder of the day; and where shall we look for such brawny arms and shoulders as those they possessed.

Come we now to the last of the meagre list — Cocoa or chocolate. The *Theobrama Cacao* of naturalists is a native of the West Indies, the Caracas, Guayaquil, and Brazil, where the tree grows wild, or is cultivated for its berries. When these are reduced to a paste, and mixed with sugar and vanilla, they become chocolate.

Their aroma is agreeable, and the fixed concrete oil they possess, is the only good property about them. It is said to be a very fattening drink; but few stomachs can be disciplined to a constant use of it; nevertheless the consumption in France is very considerable. Do, epicure travelers, make it an object in these dull days, to introduce a new breakfast drink; only think of the honor, fame, and wealth that await you.

Imagine, for a moment, the many sweet lips that would press, not yours, but your gift to a closer acquaintance! How your name would be extolled throughout the civilized world! How

small the saucy celestials would appear in their own eyes, when they, having heard of your *four-quarters of the globe*-fame, would come, cap in hand, to solicit the favor of your bartering some of their sip-slop trash of tea, which none but themselves can produce, for your *world renowned discovery.* Think, O ye travelers of California, think I beseech you, of these and other honors that await you. Your name, be it Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, would be no doubt trumpeted down to a grateful posterity in the great Smithine tea, the Brownine beverage, the Jonesian liquid, or the Robinsynite dilute. Look to it travelers! look to it!

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

The walls of your little cabin seem too close for you to-night, the logs look rougher and darker than ever; the atmosphere is heavy and oppressive—throw open the door. O, what a glorious flood of moonlight! You do not restrain the expression of rapturous delight which rises to your lips as you cross the threshold, and step out into the free, open air. Surely, Heaven itself cannot be more beautiful than the scene before you; even the rays reflected from the very presence of God cannot be more pure, than those which now bathe every leaf, tree, and flower around your lonely mountain home. You can almost feel the soft moonbeams, as they fall upon your forehead; angel fingers seem weaving them among the folds of your hair, and laying them gently upon your cheek.

You hear no sound, but music is floating all around you—felt, not heard; upon the outward ear falls not a note, but in your soul there is melody. A delicious calmness steals over your mind, and your nature seems refined and elevated as you listen to the music—hark to the theme! 'tis of the past!

Here, seat yourself upon the trunk of this fallen pine tree; lean back among the thickly clustering branches; from this place you have a good view of the rude cabin—your home.

Now memory with her magic glass is holding up pictures to your mind's eye; the music in your soul becomes joyous, and gleeful. You see a quiet farm house nestled among fragrant fruit trees; they are in full bloom for it is spring. Singing birds are flitting to and fro among the branches, and as the air gently moves the blossoms, a shower of snowy petals comes fluttering to the green grass beneath. Beyond, you see a field of clover—a perfect sea of rosy waves—and from the midst appears a little, ringletted head, and a pair of white, dimpled shoulders, while two chubby hands hold up great clusters of clover blossoms, and a childish voice shouts—"Willie! Willie! I'm lost! come take me!"

A laughing boy springs over the bars, and in another moment the little elf has her arms closely clasped around his neck, and he bears her in triumph to the smooth green sward in an adjoining field. Now comes a race through the yard, under the apple trees, to the kitchen door, which "sis" is gallantly permitted to reach first, and is nestled in mother's lap, resting her glowing little cheek against her shoulder, ere the tardy boy appears. You recognize the picture, and the music becomes slower—slower—dirge-like as you remember how that bright little head was laid beneath the cold sod; how you watched the light fade out from those loving eyes, and saw the lips grow pale and still in death; and how that first, great grief came crushing down upon your young heart, when that beautiful, only sister died.

The scene changes. Now the music in your soul has the sound of bells chiming. You see a village church. It is Sabbath morning, and crowds are hastening to the church door. You see a tall youth entering with the rest; the smile of hope and happiness is upon his lips, and the rich hue of health mantles his cheek.

He takes his place in the choir, but his eyes are not upon the aged minister as he reverently rises to invoke the blessing of God upon the opening services; they are resting in bashful admiration upon the young girl in white, who sits in an adjoining seat.

When the singers rise, the youth forgets to take his part, but is listening with enraptured ear to the rich, melodious alto, flowing from the rosy lips of the girl who has so enchained his attention. The tell-tale blood crimsons his forehead, as he catches a single glance from those blue eyes, and for a moment the alto seems tremulous.

The services ended, the congregation disperse; but by some strange accident the tall youth is walking beside the girl in white; very silent they are, but when they separate at the gate of an old fashioned farm house, he is holding a rose bud tremblingly purloined from the belt of the white dress.

The scene changes. The music suddenly becomes faint, low, muffled, like the hushed beating of an agonized heart; you see a bridal party, and in the bride recognize the alto singer of the village church. She is pale, very pale, and her lips quiver as she faintly pronounces the words which are to bind her forever to that cold, elegant man at her side. Standing at a little distance is a young man, with folded arms and compressed lips, not looking at the bride; apparently not listening to the marriage service, but every word is falling with leaden weight upon his soul; yet he calmly offers his congratulations, and none can see the bleeding, lacerated heart—thank God! none can see it! Now, for the first time, and *too late*, comes the conviction that the love, so long coveted is his. He reads it in the blanched cheek, and in the glistening eye of her, who is now the wife of another. Now, too late, he sees the fatal misunderstanding which has forever separated two loving hearts. Too late! too late!

This picture is more vivid than any other, and though long years have elapsed since it was first stamped upon your mind, the colors are still as fresh and distinctive as ever. But while you sigh, the scene again changes. You hear words of farewell. A father's hand is resting in blessing upon the head of a loved son; a mother's voice is tremblingly breathing a prayer for her darling boy. A moment his arms are around her neck, and tears, manly tears, of which he is not ashamed, are falling upon her forehead. A mute pressure of the hand, one last lingering kiss, and he is gone. A quick, firm step soon brings him to a great gate leading from the yard to the public road, here he pauses a moment, casts a hasty glance at the dear old place, brushes away a tear, and then turns his back upon his boyhood's home.

Now comes a long, moving panorama. You see a large company of travelers starting off on a journey. Bright hope, and glad anticipations are beaming from every face as the train moves along, the long continued cheers, and shouts of "off for California!" tell its destination. Over valley, mountain and plain you follow the company; you watch the gradual fading of joy and hope from familiar faces, as they pass through scenes of hardships, privations and danger; you see the strongest falling beneath hunger and disease, and mark many a lonely grave in the wilderness. The red glare of the campfire reveals pictures of misery and wretchedness, and often are the weary, longing eyes of the pilgrims turned back towards the homes now so far away. Now hope reigns, and bright dreams of wealth and happiness take the place of murmuring and despair, for the eagerly wished for El Dorado is in view; at last, though with numbers fearfully lessened, the sun-burnt, weather-beaten company reach the golden land.

You remember how many years have elapsed since then, and how few of that band have realized their bright anticipations. Some indeed, have returned to their homes laden with the glittering fruits of their toil; but many have found

a grave where they looked for wealth. For yourself, you have relinquished your golden dreams.

You have learned to love this beautiful land; these wild haunts, this rude cabin, these grand mountains, and lofty trees are dearer to your heart than all the world beside. Here you have the companionship of Nature in all her glorious perfections, and free from the restraints of society, you can worship God alone.

From your old home comes a voice of weeping: you know that beloved mother is no longer there to bless her child; you know that aged father has gone to his reward; you know the dear old homestead has passed into stranger hands; your first and only love is the wife of another; almost every tie that bound you to the old home has been broken by death, time, or change—why should you wish to return?

You do not; here you are happy—happy in your loneliness. Here you would live, and in death rest in these quiet shades.

But the moon setting behind the tree-tops warns you that the "noon of night" has passed, and you seek your little cabin, more in love than ever with your wild, beautiful, mountain home, and better prepared for the morrow's duties, from this evening's quiet lingering among the pictures of the past.

A DINNER WITH THE CHINESE.

We had determined upon discussing a dinner got up in the most approved style of the Celestials, laying aside everything like fastidiousness in regard to material or taste, conforming to, and partaking of, the full course, come as it might, whether fricasseed monkey or baked rats made any part of the bill of fare or not. It was to be a regular Chinese dinner, at a Chinese house, with Chinese cooks and attendants—and as the sequel will show we had all we bargained for. For calling on Lee Kan, Dupont street, near the corner of Washington, and making known our wishes, we were almost immediately informed that they would be complied with.

Lee Kan was our interpreter, and really, he speaks the English language painfully correct. We say *painfully*—because it is so very rare to find a Chinese gentleman speaking our language, even more correct than ourselves. Of course, out of politeness, he was one of our invited and honored guests.

The day and hour were appointed; there were seven of us in all, four claiming to be white—one a Maj. U. S. Army—two Capts.—and one legal gentleman; our invited guests were—the Gov. of See Yup Company—one Chinese merchant of immense business as well as corporeal extension, and Lee Kan.

Now, though we had resolved to "go it blind," on whatever might be set before us, and though so far as a *dinner* is concerned, we were probably as brave a four as ever grappled with one, still, as we had heard so much of the strange varieties of food in vogue with the Celestials, as well as some intimations of their peculiarities of taste, we were not wholly without misgivings, or as we chose to term it—*curiosity*, to look a little into the kind of material in preparation for us. So we visited, by permission, a few hours previous to dinner, the culinary department.

The first object that attracted our attention was, what appeared to us to be, strings of cockroaches hung up for drying, and as we thought, more than probable, in preparation for our especial use; but whether to be served in the form of a stew or a roast, or powdered and used as a flavoring ingredient, we could not well determine, but were given to understand, however, that they were "velly good! velly good!" But in justice to our caterer we will say, that what our imaginations had conjured into cockroaches, proved to be a species of edible root, cut into slips or chips, that when properly pre-

pared, made an exceedingly savory dish.

But fearing we might see something worse even than cockroaches, we beat a hasty retreat, determined to meet with a bold front and good relish, whatever Chinese ingenuity could devise, upon which to regale us. The hour arrived—we were ushered into a sumptuous dining-hall, furnished with all the elegancies and appurtenances believed by the Chinese to be indispensable to such an apartment.

The table in the middle of the floor, was covered with a fine, white linen cloth, and upon this, beautiful boquets, magnificent China ware, elegant goblets, and chop-sticks for seven.

The Chinese always consider the boquets a part of the entertainment, at the disposal of the guests; therefore at the conclusion of the dinner we availed ourselves of the privilege of the custom by appropriating them. And now to the Bill of Fare.

Soups—edible birds' nests; shark's fins. *Stew*—duck with water lily bulbs; chicken do. do.; pigeons with Chinese turnip; aulone or shell fish (China); calf's throat cut in imitation of mammoth centipedes—resemblance very striking—evidently done by an artist; quails with the young shoots of the bamboo; sharks' fins and eggs, (mixture); chickens' flesh &c. do.; ducks' feet with toadstools; fish balls prepared with flour, bamboo and peanuts; fish maws baked; beech le ma; crab balls with carrots and garlic; herrings' heads (yellowish green.)

We would here make a note of one fact. We had determined to show our almost religious devotion and preference to chop-sticks over knife and fork, in order to give to the whole thing a truly Chinese character. But our efforts were anything but satisfactory—for just the very instant that we supposed we had, or were about, to safely lodge a tit-bit within our lips—slip! would go the chop-sticks, one towards each ear, whilst our thumb would be sure to make the nearest approach of anything to our mouth.

So after repeated trials with the most lamentable success, and the evidence before us that our Chinese friends were getting sadly the advantage of us, we felt constrained to resort to knife, fork, and spoon, in self defense.

After the first course of sixteen dishes we were served with the following *dessert:*

Tea; cake made of rice flour; water nuts, called in Chinese Ma Tai and truly delicious; preserved water lily seeds; pomelo, a kind of orange, preserved; Chinese plums; jelly made from sea-weed; ducks' hearts and gizzards with shrimps; cakes of minced pork and other ingredients of doubtful character; fish gelatine; eggs preserved in ley and oil—very fine; almonds salted and baked; oranges; preserved water melon seeds; two other kinds of cake made of rice flour; cigars; white wine, made from rice; a third proof liquor made from rice; and finishing off with an opium smoke, and Chinese cigaritas. And yet down to the present moment, three days and nine hours since the event transpired, we are all alive! But as a warning to such as may be inclined to imitate our curiosity and example, we will state—that our *bill* on final rising and departure was just forty-two dollars—but as the dinner will probably last us as long as we live, we are inclined to believe it after all, a good investment. C. J. W. R.

Antidote for Poison.—A correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette*, alluding to the numerous cases of deaths from accidental poisoning, adds:

"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end.

THE VALE WHERE I WAS BORN.

BY G. T. S.

Oh! sweet was the spot, and pleasant the cot,
In that lovely and quiet vale,
Where the tall old trees, waved high in the breeze,
And danced in the evening gale;
Where each flower was a gem, for a diadem,
All radiant with dew at morn;
And the purple heaven, glowed bright at even,
In the vale where I was born.

Oh! the murmuring stream, flung back the beam,
Of the gentle moon at night;
And eve's bright star, glittered from far,
Gilding the heavens with light;
And the birds that sung, the bowers among,
Awoke me with the morn.
Sweet, sweet was their strain, as it echoed again,
In the vale where I was born.

The cottage stood, on the verge of a wood,
Where the old oaks used to grow;
The brook at the door, ran the smooth stones o'er,
And glided with music low.
The milkmaid was seen, tripping light o'er the green,
In the early hours of morn;
And the hunter's call, was heard in the hall,
In the vale where I was born.

Long years have flown, and the friends are gone,
Whom I loved in my youthful day;
Some sleep in the grave, and some 'neath the wave,
And others are far away;
But 'tis pleasant to gaze, through the mist and the haze,
That envelop life's early morn;
Where, undimmed by tears, the past all appears,—
In the vale where I was born.

San Francisco, April 12, 1857.

LEAP YEAR; OR, LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Well, I must confess that I'm surprised, indeed *astonished*, to see so many single ladies, and to think that Leap Year has just passed away!

Why, there is my old-maiden aunt, whom I know might, had she tried, have secured for herself a husband, because she has accomplishments which few other candidates for matrimony possess. True, she cannot perform astonishingly on the piano, nor "touch the harp gently," but I know that she can play wonderfully and with expression, on that domestic and necessary article—the *wash-board*. What tho' she can't preside with such grace at the luxuriantly spread table, or "trip on the light fantastic toe?" she can cook the victuals thereon, and engage in a good, common sense conversation, and is always a welcome guest at a "corn-husking," or "quilting," and no one can excel her in picking wool. Ah! but my aunt is not a fashionable, city lady, and of course if she can cook, is considered very common by such persons.

But, as I was saying before, why are there so many single ladies, and Leap Year just gone by? I'm sure I can't account for it, unless it is because the ladies who had the courage to pop the question, were decidedly rejected by the masculines who were so honored. If such be the case, of course many were discouraged thereby. But could it be so? Would not all of the fire in woman's nature be kindled, and if there was such a thing as a broomstick or a cudgel in reach, think you not that there would appear before the Recorder the next morning, a man with a black eye, and a much injured pouting female? For what would a woman not do for revenge? But here is another question. Would any man be so *ungallant* as to positively refuse a lady?

Well, that certainly depends upon who *she* is, and who *he* is. If he be a man who is supported by whalebones that confine his waist, one who lingers in the vicinity of a lunch table, has small hands and feet, curly hair, a moustache, and is what he would probably call himself—a "regular lady killer"—he perhaps would not be the one to refuse; provided the fair one possessed a beautiful countenance, a small bonnet, prodigious hoops, and *last*, but by no means *least*, a goodly amount of the "oro." That would be one match, but I should not want to look after them beyond the marriage ceremony.

On the other hand, was the gentleman a good, sensible individual, who possesses all the requirements that constitute a *man*, and were she a true-hearted, virtuous woman, most persons would coincide in saying that it was a match made in Heaven. However, such matches as the latter are seldom made, especially, during Leap Year.

But I expect the ladies have been too bashful to try their luck often, although they only have the opportunity of doing so once in four years.

Why, ladies, it's too bad, indeed! Just think, there are my old bachelor friends—Mr. A. and Mr. B., each of whom has seen about forty summers, but notwithstanding that, would look very well, as they wear wigs and false teeth, were it not for that awful and never-ending rheumatism, which they both are so afflicted with. Poor old gentlemen!

My old aunt is a great nurse, and therefore she has frequently prescribed remedies for their ailment, but they are such confirmed old bachelors that they know nothing about the culinary department, and consequently cannot prepare anything, as of course it would have to undergo divers cooking processes before it would be ready to apply.

Then they come in from their counting-rooms to their private apartments in a boarding house, and taking a cigar, sit down by the stove (which has no fire in it, because they are—as they say—too much fatigued to make one) and read till those mean, rheumatic pains come on, when they begin to lose their tempers; for although they both have good hearts, yet you seldom find two such inveterate scolders and grumblers, and if you should be so unfortunate as to step in to see them at that inauspicious moment when a stitch is taken in either of their necks, why, if the door is near, you had better —— well, I shouldn't envy you your situation, that's all.

Now suppose that some kind angels of mercy (as most women are) should have popped the question to Mr. A. or Mr. B., and all had passed off *serenely*, how those angels could have hovered round and smoothed the downy pillows of the old rheumatic bachelors! and moreover ——(just put your finger on your lip a minute) and *principally*, how they could have "dressed out" with Mr. A's and Mr. B's *forty thousand dollars*. Ah, *now* you hear me! but it's *too late—too late.*

Hereafter, ladies, I hope you will abide by my judgment, and when next Leap Year comes, select some of those old bachelors and take them "for better or for worse," because I am anxious that the city should be rid of them. Old maids are bad enough, but they can administer to the wants of the sick; but what are crusty old bachelors good for but to grumble? I don't know, I'm sure!

So, ladies, don't forget the *next time!*

EUGENIE.

TO "LITTLE BELLA," DEPARTED.

"Finished the pilgrimage, and begun the life."

Who said that death was fearful? Why, he came
Like some good angel, walking mid the stars,
With robes of light, and footsteps soft as air,
And set his signet on thee; and so thou
Didst pass, as melts the twilight at the close
Of the still, purple evening. Soft, adieu,
So thy lips seemed to say, and then were sealed [well!
In that still, breathless silence. Why, fare-
Farewell, sweet spirit; to the land of rest,
And songs, and beauty, go thou undefiled
And stainless, as the flowers that droop at eve,
To spring and bloom in the young morn.

We laid thee down to rest
In the dim forest, where the murmuring waves [song—
Shall sing upon the shore their low, sweet
Thy parting requiem—and the birds shall come [well!
And chant above thy grave. Farewell! fare-
Nor Spring's sweet breezes, nor the scented gales
Of golden Autumn, nor the thunder tones
Of parting Summer, nor fierce Winter's winds,
Shall break thy slumbers there. Farewell!
Beloved child, farewell!

G. T. S.

San Francisco, April, 1857.

BIRDS OF SONG; NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

Yes, reader, we have a few natives among us that have a very good idea of sky-larking; but we own the catalogue is not an extensive one. There is a species of Linnet, or at least one of the Linaria, that has some dozen notes, particularly sweet and cheerful; but their native wilds do not improve their voice, for the further we retire from the haunts of men, the less agreeable is their note. Sometimes it degenerates into a simple, stupid twitter. The fact that birds lose their song in regions where the rarification of the atmosphere affords a bad conductor of sound, is well attested. Some nightingales have been known to lose their song entirely from want of interchange of note, and no nightingale will live long near a sea shore, where the trees are too stunted for the habitation of birds. But what does California want with native songsters, when their place is so well supplied by the large importations of the lady's favorite—the merry little Canary. How much cultivation has done for this charming little family of songsters, may be imagined from the circumstance that in their native land—the Canary Islands—their brothers and sisters wear a green coat instead of a yellow one, and have no song at all. The islands themselves, which they inhabit, do not receive their patronymic from them, but from the native wild dog, which, in Portuguese, is *Canaris*. Our good friends, the Germans, have trained these little pets to be lovely solacers of our bachelor solitudes, and gay companions of our families.—There is scarcely a house in a street of San Francisco that has not one of these noisy, saucy little singers. Our own little fellow, just above the table where we are writing, knows his own worth as well as we do, and "plumes his feathers, and wipes his bill," with as much consequence as our charming California daughters prepare for an entertainment. We believe he knows when he is required to be silent, and when he is wanted to sing, as much as any cantatrice who bargains her voice for hire. When we want him to be particularly quiet, we give him a piece of sugar to crack; but his silence sometimes is not to be obtained at so cheap a price, for he will often turn his head on one side and the other, and eye it askant, without dropping from his perch, as much as to say—"I can be silent without a bribe; but it is going to be my pleasure to sing." But this is not the only feathered entertainer our city can boast; we have parrots here endowed with remarkable lingual powers. We have ourselves heard one that will speak a number of commonplace phrases in four different languages; English, German, French and Spanish. Not long ago we heard one of these remarkable birds imitating a boy's cry so naturally, that we ran to the door to rescue the poor fellow from his tyrant; when the following colloquy ensued:

"O dear! O dear! O dear! O, won't I just tell your mother, when I see her. I don't care. You are a thief, a dirty thief; there then, take that, and that, and that." These were accompanied with sounds like a smart slap in the face. The thing continued:

"There's a duddy, come kiss and make it up, that a good child, wipe your face now, and give me another kiss. Smack—smack—smack. But George, do tell me who stole the polony, and I won't teaze you any more. Do you smoke, George? for if ye do I'll tell your father, you know the gals don't like it, especially you know who. Does your anxious mother know you're out? Gone to see his sweetheart. Isn't she a pretty creature? Smack—smack—smack. Ha! how I do love ye! Is father at home? Is he though? Where shall I get? Into the cupboard? No, there's mother's cherry pie there. You'll eat it. Ah! George, you're a sad dog and no mistake. What's o'clock? Tell Polly what's o'clock. Polly wants to go to bed. Polly's tired of talking."

Besides parrots, the daw kind have a remarkable facility in imitating sounds, but very few of imitating speech so well as parrots.

We remember, when in our boyhood, taking a fancy to a jay; but in spite of our patience, the thing would not utter any other note than a quack or two. We kept it for years, but the thing was an arrant dunce, until a circumstance happened that proved it was as capable as other birds of being taught, had we hit upon the right method of training. Our help, one evening—she was a saucy lass—came running into our parlor, where our matron sat, all unconscious of the evil that had befallen the house; to complain of the place being haunted, and requiring the mistress to get a fresh help forthwith; for right sure was she, that the house was haunted. At all times—at all hours of the day—was the knocker of the door heard going, and many a time had we ourselves gone to satisfy our curiosity only to be foiled. Certainly it was haunted, for we could take our oaths we heard it, although we saw the knocker immovable. The master, he couldn't divine the cause, nor could any one of the household. The old help went, and our mother, like a prudent woman, got a deaf one to supply her place; still the knocker went on as much as before, and would have driven, eventually, every ghost believer and spirit rapper out of the place, if the merest chance had not discovered the evil doer in the feathers of our Jacob. I remember mother was for wringing the thing's neck when it was found out, but the father wouldn't hear of it, reserving it, I suppose, as a sensible present to their honors—the Spirit Rappers.

Good thoughts and noble actions are always a source of present happiness, and are often repaid promptly, with interest, in the day of trouble.

Fontenelle was ninety-eight years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lose all taste for gallantry? "Indeed," replied the old gentleman, "you must ask that question of one older than myself"

SPRING.

Fair pride of earth, thy praise I sing,
Unrivalled glories thou dost bring;
Thy skies assume a lovelier hue,
The distant mountains seem more blue,
The sun more bright;
The fields are robed in living green,
And modest wild flowers there are seen,
Opening their mild eyes to the day,
Whose dew-drop tears of joy display
Their sparkling light.

The streams, with bosoms full of glee,
Flow on in beauty to the sea,
And as their waters glide along,
Upon the sea a liquid song
Of music sweet,
In gentle, murmuring strains arise;
And while the cadence swells and dies,
Upon the margin of the stream,
I love to muse and musing dream,
There, fairies meet.

Over each tree and shrub, Spring weaves
Her garlands bright of flowers and leaves,
And there, within those chambers green,
The constant birds oft build unseen,
A home of love;
While from their shady, calm retreat,
Their melodies of love most sweet,
In joyous warbling strains arise,
Pure as the beauty of the skies,
That smile above.

O Spring, too soon thy charms depart,
Like buds of hope within the heart,
Or love's fair flowers of promise; all,
Too early withered, doomed to fall,
Their glory fade;
But Spring shall oft again arise,
With charms as fair for other eyes;
And birds again as sweetly sing,
Their notes of welcome to the Spring,
When mine are dead.

But youth's fair hopes no more return,
And love's pure flame but once will burn;
If quenched, its sacred fires depart
Forever from the lonely heart,
That dwells in gloom;
Life's bright spring-time returns no more;
Naught can those fleeting charms restore;
No more in beauty shall they share,
The glory of the earth and air,
From out their tomb.

Sweet Spring, I soon must say farewell,
To all the charms that with thee dwell,
And when thy glories all have fled,
And thou art numbered with the dead
Of other days,
Again thy garlands soon shall wave,
Perchance above my peaceful grave;
And if no more thy praise I sing,
Some bard a loftier strain shall bring,
And sweeter lays. *April.* W. H. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW YEARS AFTER—THE MINERS IN ENGLAND—GREAT CHANGES IN ALL THE FAMILIES.

A few years!—What mighty change do they effect? Youth becomes manhood, manhood assumes the patriarchal, the patriarch merges into imbecile age, age sinks into the grave. Many a King has it forced to become a wanderer, many a wanderer has it raised to the throne. Many a desert has it made to blossom as the rose, many a land of roses has it turned into a desert.

These reflections are suggested from the numerous changes in our history.

The miners mentioned in chapter eight, have sold out their claims and have visited England, and are now engaged in contesting the heirship to Earl Elmore's estate, for their young friend.

The young Earl, since his mother's death, has been left, uncontrolled, to follow the bent of his own inclinations; which have been fostered and made similar to those of his late worthy father. He has been the means of enlarging the parish poor-house, and the county jail; and by *his* influence, as a magistrate, has succeeded in enclosing, at last, the parish common, containing twelve acres.

The suit had been pending through the whole life of the late Earl, and the present possessor has had the gratification of fulfilling his father's wishes to leave no stone unturned until its accomplishment. An ugly pathway, which ran through his estate, only for the convenience of the villagers, he has succeeded in turning outside his property, giving the work-people a better road, although only half a mile longer. He is a very popular young peer in parliament, and has already given his name to several bills connected with Sunday transgressions and other unwarrantable popular licenses, and hopes, in time, to be able to fine every man who does not go to church on Sunday twice a day; to punish every man who is found twice a day tippling; and every man who has more than two children, who cannot show good and sufficient means of being able to support them.

He has doubled the number of his game-keepers, and has a posse of private constables, who have introduced such a code of strict morality and behavior in the place, that a young villager dares not cast his eye on one of his lordship's turnips, much less eat one. There is, notwithstanding, much unfortunate distress in the neighborhood, and the laborers migrate from starvation without the poor-house, to starvation within it; from petty larceny within it, to grand larceny without it; from grand larceny without the poor-house, to punishment within the prison; where they are well and comfortably provided for, and every attention administered to their corporal and spiritual state.

Messrs. Suit, Nabb & Smith are contesting lustily the claim of the young miner, and flatter his Lordship that the claimant has not a leg to stand on. They have succeeded in procuring witnesses who were present at the death of the eldest son of the Earl, and have traced out the first nurse who took charge of the two children. They have already involved themselves in considerable perplexity about some mines in Spain somewhere, which that government appeared determined to possess. Countless thousands of the firm have been sunk on these and other unfortunate speculations; but they hope, through the energy of Mr. Smith, who has manifested great ingenuity in introducing himself to his Lordship's notice, once more to right themselves through the nice pickings of this long-robe dispute. They calculate that it will last several years, and enable them to enrich themselves eventually, notwithstanding the present deplorable condition of the funds of the firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Hickleberry have experienced sad losses through a rogue of a lawyer at New York who had effected an exchange of the property in the States for a large mine in California that was proved to be nothing but gold, and with which Mr. H. was sadly disappointed on his arrival with his family in not finding the place walled in, and had no doubt, on account of this neglect, that most of the land had been robbed of its gold by travelers passing through it. He has therefore, sold that, and other property, for a little ranch in Sonoma, and is glad of the opportunity to forget all his troubles on his own farm, and to keep young Adam out of the town, who is very much inclined to become a fast young man.

WAKE THE HEART'S ECHOES.

Wake the heart's echoes! touch gently the strings,
That speak of the loved—and the lost;
Recall the gay visions, which swift to my heart,
On Fancy's bright waves once were tossed.

Wake the heart's echoes! deep, deep in its gloom
Are hidden the fountains of youth;—
Those bright living waters, which back on my heart,
Reflected the radiance of truth.

That Spring-time of love, to my spirit brought joy,
And I reared my bright castles of air;
But alas! that time sped, and the bright vision flew,
And left but the Autumn of care.

Then wake the heart's echoes! though sorrow and grief,
Have furrowed this once youthful brow,
And o'er my sad spirit dark changes have come;—
'Twas not alway so gloomy as now.

Then wake the heart's echoes! 'twill teach me to mourn
No longer for those who have gone;
For lightly they passed through the portals of death,
E'er the sorrows of earth they had known.

Yes, wake the heart's echoes! that its sweet strains may tell,
Of a home where no sorrow can come;
And teach me that soon, when life's cares are all o'er,
I shall meet all the loved ones at home.

M. A. H.

Benicia, April, 1857.

Daguerreotypes on Tombstones.—There is often—indeed, almost always—a feeling of sadness, which falls with gentle stealth upon the heart, when with slow and measured footsteps, we walk among the green hillocks of the dead. The cheerful looking flowers and shrubs, planted and watched by some loving-hearted mourner, may somewhat relieve the intensity and depth of its gloom; but, with this relief, it partakes too much of the "earth, earthy," and of the "cold, dark grave," than of the "mortal" having "put on immortality."

If on every tombstone there could be seen the life-likeness of the sleeper, as with sparkling eye, and noble mien, he walked "a man among men;" or of some gentle lady, whose kindly and generous impulses could be read in every feature of the "face divine;" or of the angel-child, whose joyous laugh, and innocent smile speaks of the loss to its bereaved and loving parents—and of its passage from earth to heaven—to be the guardian-spirit of the wandering and the disconsolate upon earth—how much more inviting would then be the last resting places of the departed,—could we thus seek the "living" among the "dead," and on every tombstone see the living representative of the sleeper.

If He Can.—Every man ought to get married—if he can.

Every man ought to do his work to suit his customers, if he can.

Every lawyer should tell the truth sometimes, if he can.

Every man ought to mind his own business, and let other people's alone, if he can.

Every man should take a newspaper, and pay for it. [This applies to *The California Magazine*—if he can only think so. We thought we would mention it.]

Whether he can or not.

STANZAS.

BY CONSTANCE.

I come, I come
To thy home,
Far o'er the blue, blue sea;
Come and meet me,
Wait to greet me,
For I come, I come to thee.

Friends I've left—
Of all bereft,
I come to be thy bride;
Not a tear,
Shall appear,
Now I am by thy side.

'Twas hard to part,
And my poor heart,
Grieved in my breast;
But thou art nigh,
And not a sigh,
Shall e'er disturb thy rest.

Oh! I bless thee,
Fondly press thee,
To my bounding heart;
Thou art mine,
I am thine,
No more, no more to part.

SHEET IRON PENSTOCKS FOR HYDRAULIC MINING.

Mr. W. A. Begole, Red Dog Diggings, Nevada Co., has recently invented, or adapted, the sheet iron hose (resembling a stove pipe) or "penstock" for the purposes of hydraulic mining, and which is not only much better, and much cheaper than the old fashioned and clumsy wooden "penstock," and "hydraulic telegraph," but is perfectly water-tight, and will bear a much greater pressure. We saw one of these in full operation on the claim of Mr. Mc Auley, at Walloupa, near Red Dog, that had a pressure of *two hundred and twenty feet*, requiring a hose of four thicknesses of the heaviest kind of cotton duck, attached at the lower end; but, when the water strikes the earth it makes the pebbles fly, although the cement in the ground is very strong and hard.

These "penstocks" are made of No. 20 sheet iron, with a slip of "duck" between the joints, and riveted every inch and a-half at the lower end, and every two inches at the upper end. The elbows are made of galvanized iron, and soldered together. The size of the pipe is almost eleven inches in diameter at the upper end, but it need not be as large at the lower end.

Being much more convenient, and less expensive than the others, we have no doubt but they will be generally used when they become known.

We would here suggest the utility and adaptability of such pipes, in every mining town, for supplying a sufficiency of water in cases of fire—or the conveyance of water across steep and deep ravines, for mining or other purposes. Try them.

SELF-EXPLOSIVE RASCALITY.

What a pity that the *organs* of rascality were not made *self-explosive*—we speak with reverence—so that when a man became a "bird of prey" among men, financially, socially, or morally, the top of his head might be taken completely off; what a reduction there would be in the population of California!—especially of those who never work, but always live high and dress well—of those who run after other mens' wives, and of those who do not pay the printer, or anybody else.

We know a *few* who would be numbered with the missing, and concerning whom there would be a paragraph in the newspapers, running thus: —

Found, with the upper section of his head blown off, J. L., or R. B., (as the case might be.) — Having no conscience! he is supposed to have died from his own self-explosive rascality. *Requiescat in pace.*

This would open a wide door for the right kind of immigrants, to such a goodly land as this; and as in climate, wealth, and enjoyment, it would be almost a heaven, men would have no desire to leave it for a better.

Juvenile Department.

LITTLE PICKLE.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.—NO. II.

Kate! Jenny! Tommy! Charley! Here comes Uncle John, along the garden walk. Open the door, stir up the fire, and wheel his chair round! Come in, Uncle, said all. Little Kate pulled off his hat, Jenny took his stick, Tommy his gloves, and Charley pushed him down in his chair, with all his might. Along toddled another little one, the least of Mr. Roberts' family, little Jacky, Uncle John's, and everybody's favorite, and on that account, named after his uncle. Now the little urchin's head and hands were almost buried in his great coat pockets, and out rolled a parcel of apples, oranges, and cakes; and then each strove to climb somewhere upon him, to make a seat. Brother, said Mrs. Roberts, I wonder you allow the children to take such liberties with you; they will torment you to death. Well Sister, when my death arrives, may I die in no other torments than such as these. Bless their little hearts; let them enjoy themselves in their youth; if they have the ordinary lot of mortals in after life, they will have plenty of misery to counterbalance this little happiness.

Now Uncle John, a story,—yes a story, a story,—yes, a tory, a tory, Uncle Don; echoed the least one, clapping his little hands.

Without more ado, "Uncle Don," seeing no means of getting out of it, began:—

In one of the back streets of Gravesend, in New York, there lived many years ago, a family of seven children. The poor things had witnessed many reverses of fortune, and at the time I am speaking of, they were in the utmost misery and want, the father had just been buried, and their mother had been prostrated on a "lingering bed of sickness," without one ray of hope or a bright prospect to cheer her; she had exhausted all her strength, at the occupation of shirt-making, and was now fairly broken down with over-exertion, incessant watching, and insufficient food. Her eldest girl was in nearly the same plight. With all her utmost exertions, bare bread, and that in scanty portion, she could only procure, by this shamefully paid work.

There was one little chubby faced girl, eight years old, amongst the number; a little audacious, forward, pert maid, as many called her, and as her name implied, Little Pickle, who saw their distress, and was always thinking how their condition could be remedied. Young as she was, there was given to her a heart more susceptible of sympathy than happens to most young children of her age. She was a singular child in other respects, and could take care of all her little brothers and sisters the whole day; and by her arts, amuse them and keep all the other little Pickles in good humor, and often by this means cheat them out of their sorrow and remembrance of an usual meal; so that amongst so many pickles, a jar of pickles was rarely seen. She knew many little arts whereby to amuse them, and when any of them happened to be ailing or complaining, Little Pickle was the only one who could quiet them—she would dry up their tears, settle their quarrels, kiss them all around, cut them out paper kites and paper carts, make them rag dolls, with a thousand other little arts—best loved of children. This little stir-about creature was the prettiest of the lot; she had large blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest expression in the world; the only thing that spoiled all, she was at times proud of a little mischief with other girls and boys in the neighborhood; but it was soon forgiven, for all knew what a good sister she was in her own little family.

One snowy morning, in the depth of winter, Mrs. Pickle felt herself so ill

as to be unable to rise from her bed. She and the eldest daughter had over-exerted themselves, shirt-making, the past week, depriving themselves of proper rest, and now felt unable to look after their little family. There was not a stick of wood to light a fire, and only a quarter of a loaf of bread in the house. Little Pickle at once saw how matters stood, and young as she was, anticipated the coming troubles of the day.—Alas! what will become of my poor children this day, said the anxious mother; God must provide for them, for I cannot.—Without saying a word, Little Pickle crept out of bed, and putting on her shoes, opened the street door and sallied out. The mother took no notice of the child, indeed she had hardly spirit enough to move out of the bed, even if the house were falling, and knowing what a queer girl she was to take care of herself, never asked her a question. The snow came falling down upon her head in huge flakes, so that she could scarcely see. She had no bonnet on, and finding her shoes let in the snow, and the ragged soles stopping her progress, she soon kicked them off, and braved the storm with uncovered head and naked feet. She had remembered that near Harris street, about a quarter mile off, some houses were building, and she bent her way thither. Walking up to the doorway on a plank, she dropped a courtesy before the carpenter at work, and said —If you please sir, will you be so good as to let me gather a few shavings to make a fire, for my mother is very poorly, and my brothers and sisters are too young to do anything for a living? No, no, said the man, in a gruff voice, we have no shavings to spare; we are poor ourselves, and have nothing to give to any beggars. How can you huff a poor little creature like that, Tom, said another man, on such a morning as this. Fancy your own child before you on such an errand, and receiving such an answer. Come here my dear, said he, I'll give you a plenty of shavings. What have you got to put them in? A rope, sir. A rope, that wont do. Here, take this sack and fill it full, and put any bits of wood amongst them that you can find. Thanking him a dozen times, she set to work, and filled a large sack, the man watching her, then said—Why, you can't carry all that? I'll try, sir, if you please, for it will make such a nice fire. She tried and couldn't lift it. But I can drag it, sir. With that she pulled it to the doorway, and the man led her by the hand over the plank, for it was a long one and very slippery, and then carried the bag for her out into the street. Poor child, said he, and then went to work. Little Pickle got along famously, except when she came to a crossing that was not trodden down, for the snow would so gather that she was obliged to stop and lift it over the heap, and then pull on again.

"My child, are you in a hurry with that work?" said a motherly voice, to Little Pickle. "No marm," she instantly and cheerfully replied. "Just fill these two kettles with water at the pump, for me, will you, and I'll give you something?"

She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals into the cellar.) I should like if you please, a bit of coal. "Well, take the biggest lump you can find." And off trudged Little Pickle with the coal.

"Child, which way are you going?" said a lady, popping her head out of the front door of a big house, standing ajar. "Are you going past Hammond street?" Yes marm, I go right by it. "Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." I can read a bit, marm, said Little Pickle. "O, can you? Then you will make no mistake." Any answer, marm? "No, child," said the lady, feeling her in pocket; "and here's a sixpence for you. Don't spend it all in sweets and make yourself sick, now." O, no, marm —thank ye, thank ye, a thousand thanks dear lady. You do not know how many

good things this will buy for us. "Have you no shoes this very cold weather?" No marm. "Come to me the day after to-morrow, and I'll give you an old pair of my Jane's." Poor child, said the lady as she shut the door, and soon forgot her.

What shall I do now with it? Her thoughts were interrupted by a man crying fish—new mackerel. O, how my poor mother would like a mackerel. Let me have five cents worth, if you please, said she to the man. He put down his basket and gave her one of the best he had, and put it on a string, and she hung it on her arm and trudged on with it and the big coal.

Who should she meet on her way but that saucy fellow, Harry Townly, and a great snow-ball on her rosy cheek was his first salute. Don't Harry, there 's a good fellow, for poor mother and sister are very sick in bed, and are waiting for me to light their fire and get their breakfast. Mother sick, I 'm sorry for that Susan. Here, let me carry that big lump for you home. You seem tired, and how precious wet you are. Aint you cold? O, no, but if you'll wait till I run back to that house you see at the end of the street, for a sack of shavings, I should think it very kind of you. O, no; I 'll go—you tramp on, and I 'll go for the shavings. Thank you, thank you.

On her way she bethought herself that her mother would want some butter for the fish, so she spent the remainder of her money on it, and then too late remembered there was no flour nor bread, scarcely. However, her good luck gave her courage, and so she went straight up to the first baker's store she saw open, and said—If you please marm, will you trust me for a little lot of flour or a loaf of bread, and I 'll pay you honestly, with the first money I have? Trust you? ye young minx, indeed. Why, judging from your appearance, you'll never have any money, but what you can steal; be off with you, you young brat. How can you speak that way, to a poor thing like that? Here, come back, take a loaf and some flour too, if you can carry it. Thank you, kind sir; be sure I shall pay you. No matter for that, said the baker, but how will you manage to carry it? Where did you get that big coal from? Why, she stole it, to be sure, said the woman, and such as you encourage thieves. Indeed, I did not, said Little Pickle, boldly—a woman gave it to me, for filling two large kettles with water, while it was snowing. O, here comes Harry. He can help me, if you please, sir. Here, Harry, put the loaf and the flour in the sack, and it wont be much heavier, you know. All right said the good natured little fellow. Come along Little Pickle. Do you know her, Harry? said the baker's woman, for his mother was a customer of the baker's. Know her, yes,—she's a little sweet-heart of mine. Come along, Susan. What have you done with your shoes? O, don't ask me Harry,—mother has become so poor lately that I havn't asked her for anything, for I know if she could give it me, I needn't ask for it. Well, I'll see mother, and she shall call. O, don't for goodness sake tell your folks any thing about it; mother would be so ashamed, and then I should get a scolding. We shall get along first rate, when mother and sister get well, I know.

You may judge, my dears, what a scene there was when Little Pickle spread her treasures before her mother and eldest sister. It had a wonderful effect upon Mrs. Pickle.

Well, above all things in the world, I should relish a bit of fish. I have dreamed about it these three nights. What a nice fire? Bless you, Susan said she, kissing the girl,—you are your mother's own treasure, and some day or other, will become a great woman. Mrs. Pickle little dreamt how these predictions were to be fulfilled.

Time wore on; shirt-making was a sorry business. Little Pickle never liked it, she was always wishing to be

out in the air, the free, joyous air. It seemed to expand her thoughts, while confinement cramped the energies of her mother and sister.

Thought she, if I could only get a good basket of oranges, I think I could sell them to good profit to many good people, so she took her little charge home, and told her brother that he was now old enough to take care of them, and that she would give him an orange every day for it, if he was a good boy. The next day she resolved to put in practice what she had proposed, and with basket in hand, presented herself before a large shop in which they were sold.

The benevolent old man who kept the store, thinking her earnest request to be trusted somewhat remarkable, patted her on the head and said, strike me lucky, but I think there is honesty in those blue eyes of yours, and I'll trust you. Come this way. So he filled her large basket with the best fruit he could find in his store, and told her for how much a piece she was to sell them, and what she was to bring back to him.

Her traffic was so successful, that for a whole fortnight she regularly brought him back his money yet, and supplied her mother and family with some time more than half of their necessary food. All this time her mother and sister could only guess of her business by the orange or two that she would bring home for her mother and sister, and the little ones. She was out all the day, but came home regularly at six o'clock every evening.

A lady who was passing that way in a carriage with her little invalid daughter, stopped to look at some oranges which Little Pickle had on a wooden tray before her. She handed to the poor weak child, several fine ones. What a nice pretty girl, Mamma, said the invalid. How I should like her to play with me. Should you, dearest? said her mother, regarding her with painful solicitude, for her illness had hitherto baffled all the skill of the best physicians of a highly cultivated community. Indeed she had been told that her amiable child was shortly destined for another world, and her gradually wasting little frame assured her of its truth.

I will consult the Doctor what he says about it. Should you like to come and attend upon my poor sick daughter, enquired she of Little Pickle, with tears in her eyes. O yes, madam, I think I could amuse her. Well then, you be here to-morrow at this time, and I will know where to send for you.

Little Pickle had now become an inmate in Mrs. St. George's family, (that was the name of the lady,)—and succeeded in pleasing everybody by her affable manners and gentle spirit. She moved about the sick room like a fairy, and her little patient grew so fond of her, that she would receive neither food nor medicine from any other hands. She had a little cot in the room, and slept by her side, and watched her often through the live-long, lonely night, nor did she forget in her prayers to ask, if it should please God, to recover her little friend, as well as to bless him for the happy change her good fortune had wrought in her own family.

Amongst her stories, wherewith she used to amuse the sick child, and beguile her of her pain, was that of her wonderful cat, Snowball, at home. Snowball was taught to sit up at a little table and to drink a cup of milk, holding it between her paws just like a human creature.

Little Pickle had made Snowball a dress, with a hoop to it, a bonnet and cap, and she had taught it to walk on its hind legs, and do many amusing tricks. So nothing would satisfy the patient, but she must see Snowball, and the young lady puss, was soon introduced, and located into the family of Mrs. St. George.

One morning, the first that Miss Snowball had to make her appearance before Miss St. George, the droll sight of her black face (she had not a spot of any other color than jet black about

her) purring underneath a fine edged little lace cap and bonnet, with flowers and flaunting ribbons, and a little green veil, was so comical that the little invalid burst out into a fit of laughter, and afterwards sank back so exhausted as to alarm both the nurses and Mrs. St. George, and all in the house. This was followed by a copious discharge from the stomach, of blood, mixed with other matter.

Oh what have I done, cried Little Pickle, wringing her hands in agony. Ah, what have you done indeed? It will be the death of the dear child, I fear, cried the elder nurse. What have you done? said the Doctor, who had been sent for in haste, and must have flown on wings to the child's bedside. What have you done? Why, in all probability you have saved the life of your little mistress, you little puss. Mrs. St. George, I now know what is the young lady's ailment—it is an internal cancer. It has broken, through the violence of her laughter, and discharged its pus copiously. I will send a gentle emetic, and I hope now, in less than a month her health will be established.

It was so, and Little Pickle became like one of Mrs. St. George's own children. They had the same teachers, the same dress, and lived together just like two sisters, and not many years after this event, Miss Clara St. George, and Miss Susan Pickle, married two brothers, the eminent bankers, * * * and * * * * of New York, and both of them adorned the sphere in which they moved, by active offices of benevolence and virtue.

Is that the history of Mrs. * * * so much talked of amongst the first circles of New York? I knew, brother, you were well acquainted with them, but never knew till now these events.

Yes, sister, these are facts, worthy of being placed before children, to teach them how to be kind to their parents, and follow the beloved of the Lord's precept.

Little children, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Editor's Table.

OUR PROSPERITY.—Were we to take the Agricultural and Mining population of California as the basis on which to ground our deductions, and opinion, of her present prosperity as compared with the past; we should feel compelled to declare our belief, that the present never had been equalled before, with never a brighter prospect in view, for the future, than is now presented.

The last Autumn and Winter, and now the Spring, have all been peculiarly propitious to agricultural operations, and never have the growing crops of our fields and gardens presented a more promising appearance than now; whilst fair and remunerative prices for farm produce have ruled with but little fluctuation for the last six months.

Of the Mining interest we can speak even more flatteringly if possible; for the present can be said emphatically to mark a distinctive era in the history of California gold mining operations. It arises from this.—The past year has been one fraught with great interest to the quartz rock operations. Experiments —for really they could be called nothing else— on a more extended scale than ever before, have been made to test the practicability of successfully working the numerous quartz veins that abound in all parts of our mining region, from San Bernardino to Oregon.

And now that these experiments have, almost without exception, proved the perfect feasibility and practicability of working them to great profit, a new and more certain impetus is being given to this species of gold mining, and which is to give permanent employment to, and become a great and perpetual source of prosperity to thousands and thousands of our citizens.

In placer mining, the extension of water

facilities to new and vast areas of surface and deep hill diggings, and their abundant yield, not only make the present, prosperous beyond precedent, but the fact that the same causes that are contributing to our present prosperity admit of an almost unlimited extension, gives us assurance doubly sure for the future. The miner, however, still labors under very many disadvantages, and not the least of which is, in not having his present supply of water *throughout the year;* a fact which we hope will meet with the consideration it deserves, that gold dust may pour into the coffers of the miner, and indirectly to many others—not for a few brief months in spring-time only, but throughout the year.

Why shall we be Prosperous?

Within the past few weeks, it has been our lot to journey to nearly every mining settlement in the counties of Nevada, Sierra, Butte, and Yuba, on business connected with this Magazine, and with heart-felt pleasure we record the belief that mining, this present spring, will be the most successful and the most prosperous, to a very large majority of men, that California has ever seen—not excluding the palmy days of 1849, '50 and '51. We have no doubt that the reader would like to know the data upon which we found such belief.

First, then, let us take "Placer" mining—this includes all kinds of mining in gulches, rivers, flats, hills, and all other places where gold is found chiefly among gravel; in contradistinction to that found in quartz;—and although all of these (we speak of "Placer" diggings,) have their workers, the most important and extensive are the "hill diggings." These are not only by far the most extensive, and the most lasting, but generally speaking, are the most permanently profitable. Now, those who live in cities and have not made themselves familiar with mountain scenes and life, cannot fully comprehend how the gold is found in these hills, or how worked, without great plainness of speech; others will therefore please excuse us for appearing "a little too particular" in describing them.

All of the hills in which mining is carried on, are composed of gravel, large water-washed boulders, and other substances, which lie upon what is called the "bed rock." The *outer edge* of this "bed rock"—or solid stone—is generally *higher than the centre*, and forms a kind of "basin." In order to work the gravel found on the hill and in these basins to advantage, it is generally necessary to make an "open cut," or "tunnel," through the solid rock, or outer rim of this "basin," by which to reach the gravel, and wash it down. The time required to run these tunnels through the solid rock is very great, and would discourage all but the strong of heart and will, before they were half completed; by way of example we will mention one instance, as but an illustration of hundreds of others, many of them being undertakings of far greater magnitude.

At Little York, Nevada county, we saw the Mansfield tunnel that was driven two hundred and ninety feet through solid rock—rock so hard that two men worked both day and night *for one week, without penetrating quite twelve inches.* Mr. John Stewart, formerly of Ohio, one of its owners, informed us, that they worked at their tunnel day and night for *two years, one month, and six days* before striking gravel. When they *did* strike it, they found it very rich, and now it is a large fortune to each of its owners. And such success all such earnest hearted and unceasing workers well deserve, yet, all are not quite as fortunate.

Now there are many, many hundreds of such tunnels completed, and men can now work their claims steadily for many years, and that working will help to make the present spring—and many more to come—very prosperous.

Next let us take Quartz Mining. At the present moment much attention is, and judicially, given to quartz mining; and which is not now at the mercy of uninformed operators, as it was in the years 1851, '52 and '53, and consequently in nearly every instance it is now becoming very profitable. The following table compiled chiefly from the *Mining Journal*, published by W. B. Ewer, Grass Valley, will show the majority of quartz mills now in successful operation:

Shasta	County.....	2
Plumas	"	1
Sierra	"	5
Butte	"	5
Yuba	"	1
Nevada	"	21
Placer	"	3

There are also about twenty Arastras now

running in the vicinity of Doten's Flat in this county.

El Dorado	County	14
Amador	"	15
Calaveras	"	7
Tuolumne	"	3
Mariposa	"	5

Besides thirty Arastras which are running independent of mills.

Santa Cruz	County	2
Kern River		1

And twenty Arastras all paying well.

By this we see that already there are eighty-five quartz mills—exclusive of Arastras—in successful operation, and which, with an average of ten stampers to each mill, give eight hundred and fifty stampers, each of which will average about three tons of quartz—some will not exceed one ton per day—crushed every twenty-four hours, when worked up to their full capacity, and which, at twenty dollars per ton—a low average—will give the produce of gold at about fifty thousand dollars per day.

These do not include the number of quartz leads which have been tested and known to be rich, and to work which arrangements are now being made for machinery, &c., and which, when completed, will more than double the number given in the above table.

In a future number we shall give some facts to prove that quartz is, and can be made, a very profitable investment, and must eventually become the great staple of mining, in California.

Again, next to this, we may mention, that nearly every mining district, just at the present time, is supplied, although to a very limited extent, with water; and for the few brief months it may last, will make the gold available to the miner:—but this, unfortunately, as the summer months advance, will decrease, or disappear entirely, until another winter's rains may renew the supply. As there is an abundant and never failing supply of water in every mountain stream, and in lakes upon the very tops of the Sierras, which could be introduced at a reasonable cost, we think it a very short-sighted policy that it should not be done—by canals and ditches.

These, then, are the data upon which we base our belief that the present will be the most prosperous year in California's chequered history.

MAY-DAY—In its annual round is at hand, reminding us of cherry-cheeked children, smiling faces, hearts buoyant with budding life, gayety, May-poles, May-queens and flowers.

And truly befitting it is and right, that in this world of passions, in which every year has its day or days devoted to special objects, purposes and pursuits, and nearly all of them to the worship of Mammon, that childhood too, should have its day.

And what can be more appropriate to the day, than "crowning the queen of May?" and the merry dance of childhood round the May-poles? bedecked with all the paraphernalia of innocence and purity; and what can be more becoming or a fitter emblem of their pure and guileless hearts than flowers, sweet flowers?

Then let us turn for a day and forget the world's sordid thoughts, in our devotion to the pleasures that arise from making glad the hearts of our children; let us at least for one day strew their pathway with pleasures and with flowers; yes, give to them a May-day, joyous and happy.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Manco.—We have received a very pleasant little note from you, in relation to the legitimacy of the "Boy Angel," of whom we said in our April No.—not that it was a plagiarism; but that—*it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of "Manco."* And these are our reasons—"Manco" says, in his accompanying note—"Enclosed with this is a manuscript copy of a poem," &c. Now we knew the moment we cast our eyes upon it, that it was "manuscript," and it being a "copy" of a poem, led us to suppose that it had been copied. And besides this, the "Boy Angel" came to us decked from head to foot with inverted commas, or quotation marks — nearly every stanza begins and ends with them. This also led us into error; and yet we can hardly see why "Manco" should thus quote an article which he claims as original, unless he, while making up his "Boy Angel," intended also making a "Bull." We are perfectly willing, however, to admit its originality; but as it is too lengthy for our columns entire, we propose to give, say two stanzas at a time, as in this way it will last the

longer, and so give an opportunity to make the whole "poem" intelligible!

"Neath the lithe willow, and hushed to deep slumber
By the murm'ring song of the river,
'Mong the soft flowers, which she scarce seemed to
As softly, that fair form they cover. [cumber,

"Lies hushed, and soft breathing, a fair maiden form;
She dreams; with her face turned to heaven,
And kneeling alone, in a fierce raging storm,
She prays that protection be given."

Now here we are led to understand that "a fair maiden *lies* hushed to deep slumber 'mong the soft flowers, she dreams, with her face turned to heaven—and *kneeling* alone in a fierce raging storm, she prays" &c. Now the question is, Manco, in which position will you have her; is she to be "lying" and dreaming, or "kneeling" and praying? as we wish to understand our subject as we go along. But we shall be happy to hear from Manco in some good short articles at any time, for we are persuaded that he can write well if he uses care.

C———.—We are sorry that you should have got in a pet. We really think more of your articles *now*, than you seem to yourself. But really, we ought to be permitted to make our own rules for our own governance, whether others please to conform to them or not; there is no compulsion on either part. We hope, however, that you will see the necessity of such a rule—as every name is sacred to privacy with us, and is never given to any one, without the consent of the author.

Florina.—If you will turn to Mrs. Hemans' Poems, you will find she wrote of summer thus:

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell."

And now as "original poetry," you write of Spring-time thus:

"Yes, withered are thy roses,
Spring-time, fare thee well!
We would listen to thy melodies
From every wood and dell."

And the same remarkable but unfortunate coincidence! runs through every stanza of *your poetry*. You ask to be excused for not giving your *real* name. Certainly—we have no desire to know it.

"*Something to Love.*"—Is very good—but—we would write you, if we had your address. See the notice to *C. D.*

C. D.—You say of "No Surrender,"—That if we think it good, we may publish it. Doubtless we *may*, as Newspaperdom has availed itself of the same privilege for years. But why did you sign it as original?

Epithalamium.—We really have not the "two square inches of space," for a thing so old.

R. W., Cedarville.—Your "Lines on the death of a Sister," are very beautiful and poetical, and we should have doubtless found them a place, but unfortunately they are so very long; we hope, however, you will soon favor us with something brief and Californian—something that a miner can read with pleasure when he goes to his cabin-home, weary with his day's toil. That is the kind we wish.

Aunt Caddy.—It is to our wanderings "over the hills and far away," that you must attribute our silence to your kind little note, and the accompanying articles. In answer to your question, "Who is Old Block?" permit us to say that we entertained the thought that the very ancient and respectable personage, generally known as "Everybody," knew him "like a book,"—but, as it appears that everybody don't know him, we might be violating the universal custom and etiquette editorial by revealing such secrets. Therefore we must not "commit" ourselves, by saying that a letter addressed to (!) A. Delano, Esq., Grass Valley, Nevada County, will go *direct* to "Old Block!" We approve your views of "A Tale with a Moral." Send along your "Incidents of Real Life in California."

Jane C———.—Oh! my eye and Elizabeth Mar—what a "vixen" you must be. We wish that poor fellow luck, who "binds his lot with thine;"—but whatever you may do, be sure and not "favor" us with any more of your "kind words," if those sent are any sample, "bekase we'd rayther not"—we would.

G. K. G.—Is received. *Only* eleven pages of closely written foolscap, to your article, and all of the account could have been better given in four. Oh fie!

Columbia,—*Buried by the Wayside,*—with several other articles, are unavoidably crowded out this month.

HUTCHINGS'

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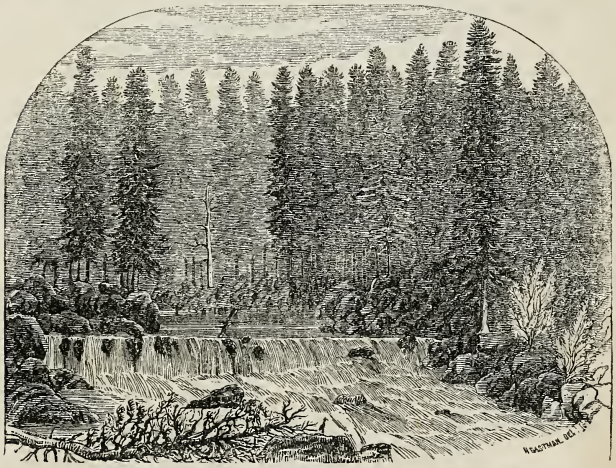


WATER-FALL ON THE MAIN NORTH FORK OF FEATHER RIVER.

A JAUNT TO HONEY LAKE VALLEY AND NOBLE'S PASS.

Late in the month of November, 1854, a party of three—only *one* of whom was a horseman—left the fertile and well settled American Valley, Plumas county, on a jaunt towards the then comparatively unknown country, lying on both sides of the Sierra Nevada range, in the vicinity of Noble's Pass: and as neither of the party was rich—except in prospect—(a very doubtful one at that) we adopted the primitive and independent method of "footing it," (with the exception mentioned) taking a horse with us to save the necessity of becoming our own pack animals.

After we had fairly left the settlements,

however, one of our party made a double discovery—one part of which was, that he, unfortunately, was "born tired," or, in other words, believed himself in every way capable of enduring a great amount of ease;—the other part being, that a few blankets, cooking utensils and something to cook, were but a very poor load for a horse—scarcely enough for ballast—and that by sitting upon the aforesaid blankets, and utensils, and articles to be cooked, so great an oversight might be entirely remedied; and as we thought the proposition was somewhat original, and in favor perhaps of the man, if not of the horse, the experiment was assented to, with what success these pages may occasionally relate.

Now we think that all will admit, that often in the dim and shadowy depths of an unknown country, or future, the adventurous spirit feels a peculiar charm; and in which there is a wondering yearning after its mysteries; with a speculative wish to fathom its untold secrets, and know of its unrevealed peculiarities, which nerves him against fatigue, exposure, and even danger; in which comfort and safety are for the time forgotten or overlooked.

It was with a feeling akin to this, that a party of three persons left the pleasant associations of American valley, and, after passing Judkins' Saw Mill, commenced ascending a good mountain trail, running in an east-of-north course, towards Indian Valley. Upon the top of the ridge, about two miles west of the trail, is a very beautiful, clear, and rock-bound lake, from whence a fine view can be obtained of the valley below.

The first point reached in Indian valley, was the ranch of Mr. Job Taylor, (the first settler in the valley,) about eleven miles from the American ranch, American valley. Here we not only saw some very fine wheat—grown on Mr. T.'s ranch—but partook of some good bread made from the same stock of wheat; and the finest flavored butter, without exception, that we have yet tasted in California.

This valley is beautifully picturesque and fertile, and about twenty-three miles in length—including the arms—by six in its greatest width; being about fifteen miles southwest of the great Sierra Nevada chain; and, (like most of these valleys,) runs nearly east and west. Surrounded, as it is, by high, bold, and pine covered mountains of irregular granite, over thirteen hundred feet in height from the valley; and which on the south side are nearly perpendicular. This valley is well sheltered, and is said to be several hundred feet less in altitude than the American, although many miles nearer the main chain.

Leaving these good things, we crossed to the north side of the valley, which at this point is about one and a half miles wide; then, turning northward, kept up it, by the banks of a beautiful stream, to the residence and ranch of Judge Ward, distant from Taylors, about seven miles.

Here we were kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ward and his amiable and pleasant family—a treat we did not dream could be in store for us, so far away, and almost on the very tops of the Sierras. As long as memory remains we shall treasure up the many kindnesses shown us during that visit.

At their fireside too, we met an intelligent Russian, named Isadore, who had been the frequent companion of Peter Lassen—now a resident in this valley—in his many rambles among the mountains, and to whom we were indebted for much interesting information concerning the country we were now about to visit.

Our good friends, believing it to be very desirable that we should here obtain a guide, in company with Isadore, we made our way to a group of Indians, which had formed at the corner of the corral, and who, evidently awaited with some anxiety, the cutting up of a beef, which had been killed that morning.

"Doctor," said Isadore, in the Indian dialect, as he put his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of an old weather-beaten In-

THE INDIANS "GUIDE" US.

dian, "these men want you to guide them to Honey Lake Valley, by the Big Meadows; do you understand?"

The old Indian looked at us, and then at the beef, and shrugging up his shoulders, drawled out, "See—me sabe."

"Well, what say you, Doctor, will you go with them, to show them the way?" He still kept his eyes upon the inside portions of the beef, which were now being taken out, without giving an answer.

"What say you Doctor, I ask—will you go? These men will give you plenty of meat; plenty for your wife and children, and plenty for you to eat all the way to Honey Lake Valley, and back again; now, what say you Doctor?"

At the mention of so many good things the old man turned gradually round, and looking thoughtfully about him, by way of reply said—

"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good," and then renewed his longing look at those portions of the beef so soon to be thrown away.

It appears that in the fall of 1851, the Pitt River Indians—called by these Indians "Pikas,"—made up a war party against the Indian Valley Indians, for the purpose of obtaining their squaws—the possession of the women being the only motive for the war—and the latter being by far the weaker party, lost a large number of their men in killed, and their women as prisoners.

When the news of this slaughter reached the whites who had made settlements in this valley; and who felt that these Indians were somewhat under their protection, they made up a party, thirteen in number, for the purpose of assisting the Indian Valley Indians in chastising the Pitt River Indians. This party, under the old pioneer Peter Lassen, left Indian valley, accompanied by all the able bodied Indians that could be found.

After being out a couple of days, according to his usual custom, "Old Peter," (as Mr. Lassen is familiarly called) awoke at daybreak, and was sitting quietly upon the ground smoking his pipe, when he saw Indians, with stealthy steps passing among the trees, and entirely away from his own party; quietly taking up his faithful rifle, he, with unerring aim, shot one of

the Indians in the head, muttering as he again reloaded his "old shooting iron:" "There's one wiped out." He again fired; "down he comes," said he, as he again quickly began reloading. "That fetches him," as a third fell, never to rise again. "This was but the work of a minute," said Isadore, as he related the narrative, "Old Peter shot down three of the Indians, without taking his pipe from his mouth."

By this time the whole camp was in motion; and, with this beginning, they eagerly followed up the advantage gained; and when "Old Peter" gave the characteristic order—"Pitch in Blueskins"—to the Indians, they, in company with their thirteen white friends, made sad havoc that day among their enemies, the Pikas, completely routing and conquering them.

This was the last time the Pitt Rivers' ever troubled the Indian Valley Indians; although the latter are ever in perpetual dread of the former.

This explains somewhat the cause of the old man's remark—"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good."

Promises of protection being given by Isadore, on our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the two-fold consideration of allowing another Indian to accompany him, and both being well fed and protected on the journey. This being satisfactorily arranged, and a liberal quantity of beef having been carried by the Indian to his family, after much delay, we left the kindly hospitalities of our pleasant host, on our somewhat perilous jaunt.

Making our way up the valley, in the direction of Lassen's Big Meadows, (which lie about fifteen miles, a little north of west, from Judge Ward's) the Indians *guided us* by remaining about one hundred yards behind, for about three miles; when on turning round we saw them rapidly disappearing among the trees. The louder we called for them to return, the faster they ran in the opposite direction, until they were entirely lost sight of among the bushes.

At first we thought that perhaps they had forgotten something which they wished to take with them, or to their families, and would soon return to us; but, although we went slowly on, we never saw the weather-beaten faces of our blue-skinned guides any more.

A SHORT VOYAGE IS UNDERTAKEN IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

Being thus left, we had either to return and procure other guides — which perhaps might prove to be equally valuable — or guide ourselves.— Two chances, however were open to us; Peter Lassen had left Indian Valley for the Big Meadows, with a two-horse team, for the purpose of obtaining some old iron, and we *might* meet with him; who, "would very willingly guide us all through that country." The other chance was in meeting with some Indians to guide us who were not afraid of "Pikas," — both very doubtful chances, truly.

A SLIGHT BACK-SET TO PRESENT COMFORT,

We came in sight of those broad and beautiful "Meadows," just as the sun was sinking below the dark belt of pines which girdles them in, and as we descended the gently sloping hills, to the edge of the valley, we saw the smoke of an Indian encampment curling up from among the willows of the river; so, considering that

"He is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just,"

we made boldly towards it. As we approached we discovered that the encampment was on the opposite side of a deep, clear stream—the eastern or main branch of Feather river—fortunately however, we saw an Indian coming rapidly down the river in his canoe, when we immediately hailed him; and he, without hesitation, made straight towards us, politely—for an Indian—proffering us the use of his canoe, in which to cross the stream if we wished. Two of us at once availed ourselves of the offer, but as this craft was not sufficiently commodious to accommodate a horse, he was necessarily taken by our ease-enduring hero to a more suitable crossing below.

Here however the thoughtful animal—perhaps foreseeing the probable result, or from some conscientious scruples lest he might accidentally, and unintentionally, be the cause of drowning himself and his rider, refused to enter the water until he had dismounted; and even then, was so unreasonable as to require the gentle coaxing of a small oak tree upon his back and sides, before showing any willingness to "take to the water." A reluctance afterwards appreciated by our hero when the stream was discovered to be too deep for the animal's crossing without swimming; thinking it

LASSEN'S BUTTE, FROM LASSEN'S MEADOWS, AND WEST END OF NOBLE'S PASS.

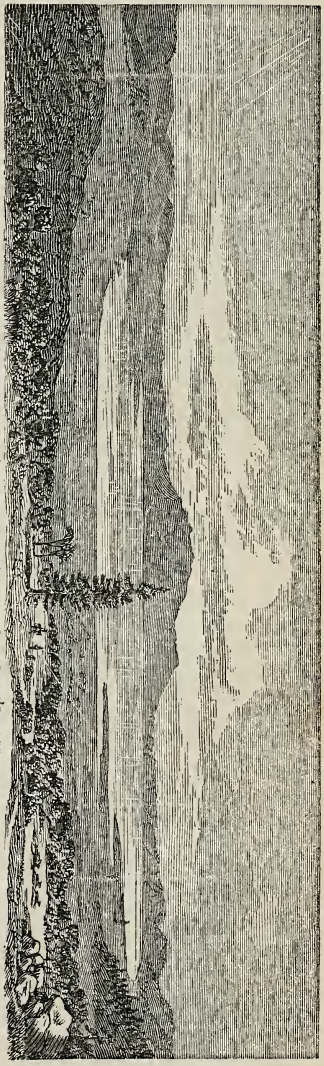
safer for himself, and quite as pleasant, to cross in an Indian canoe.

This task being accomplished, we pressed a dollar on the palm of the Indian, who not only seemed to know what it was for, but was almost beside himself with excitement as he opened and closed his hand again and again to take a peep at it, and be sure that it was a reality, and not the phantom of some tormenting dream!

As it was now nearly dark, we turned across a heavily timbered point towards the sheltered margin of the northwest branch of North Feather—and which is much lower, and much smaller than the one we had just left behind us. Here we found an excellent camping place for ourselves, and plenty of feed for our animal. Our evening meal being prepared and eaten, we spread our blankets beneath the outspreading branches of a lofty pine, and lay gazing upward at our gorgeous and star-lighted chamber, listening to the music of the evening breeze as it swelled and swept among the swaying tops of the surrounding forest pines, and were soon lulled by its soothing melody to sleep—sleep that was sweet, deep and refreshing.

About daybreak the following morning, the hoarse howling of a wolf, and the loud snapping and whining bark of some coyotes awoke us. Before us lay the broad Lassen's Meadows, entirely surrounded by low timbered ridges; and in the distance, bold, grand, and cold, towered Lassen's Butte; but, when the sun arose and gilded it with rosy, golden sun-light, it was gorgeous—it was magnificent.

A glance at the sketch of Lassen's Butte (from Lassen's Meadows) and west end of Noble's Pass on another page, will give the reader an accurate idea of this section of country. It is nearly level. There is scarcely a ridge between these many valleys, where a wagon would not almost remain without being locked, after the animals had been removed; and that too without ever being touched by the hand of man.



HONEY LAKE VALLEY, AND EAST END OF NOBLE'S PASS.

THE LAST FLAPJACK FRIED.

Being anxious to know about the depth of snow which falls here during a severe winter, we conversed with several of the most intelligent of the Indians, and the greatest depth given by them for several years past, was three feet and six inches,—and some winters it has not been over two feet in depth; and this is in valleys among the very tops of the Sierras.

About a quarter of a mile below the point seen in the left corner of the view mentioned, just above the forks of the river and on the east or main branch of the stream, there is a beautiful waterfall of about thirty five feet in height, and sixty feet in width, which would not only enable settlers to drain the whole valley—nearly thirty square miles in extent—but give the finest water-power in the world, and timber sufficient for the entire length of a railway from the Missouri to the Sacramento river. Indeed we wonder that these innumerable advantages are so generally unknown or almost entirely overlooked.

Lest we might weary the reader by relating the adventures and experiences of several days spent among the valleys and low hills between here and Honey Lake Valley, we will ask him, if he pleases, to accompany us to the shores of that lake. (See page 535.) It is a beautiful sheet of water, is it not?

It is said to be twenty miles in length by sixteen in width. The hills on the opposite, or northern side, are entirely without trees. To the right of the highest hill seen in the distance, are several large boiling springs, one of which is nearly two feet in diameter, and flows into the lake. Susan river, and several smaller streams, also empty into the lake, and either sink or evaporate.

In the summer of 1856, a company of men built a small boat for pleasure excursions, and on their first trip six of them were drowned;—one, unfortunately, being our good friend Isadore. Alas! Isadore, for thy gentleness and kindness, many loved thee, and for thy true-hearted manliness many respected thee; and—as always when the good die—Isadore, many mourn thy departure.

But a very limited and indefinite impres-

sion of the extent, or fertility, or even beauty of this valley can be formed by the view from the south shore of the lake, looking north, for while the hills in front are low and without timber of any kind, those behind you are high and bold, and covered to their summit with a dense growth of excellent timber. The hill to the west, being nearly in the center of the valley, including the lake, shuts out the most fertile portion of the valley.

Within the past two years a band of settlers have taken up the principal part of this valley, of whom Mr. I. Roop was the pioneer, and have put it under cultivation, and this spring Mr. Roop, in company with others, has taken there the necessary machinery for the erection of a saw and flouring mill.

Being without the limits of the State of California, a public meeting of the settlers of the entire district was convened, when it was unanimously voted to be called the Territory of Natauque.

Most persons are well aware that the emigration on what is known as Noble's Route—(Peter Lassen however it is claimed by the old settlers in Indian Valley, is entitled to that honor, having known it long before Mr. Noble ever saw it, and moreover was his guide all through this route, Mr. N. being entirely unacquainted with it. This Mr. Lassen himself solemnly affirmed in our hearing, and to us; and we make mention of it now that honor may be given where honor is most due.) Most persons, we repeat, are well aware that the emigration on what is known as "Noble's Route," enters the northern side of Honey Lake Valley, about three miles west of the lake (which, being shut out by the hill before mentioned, is not often seen by the

WE HAVE SEEN OUR COURSE.

emigrant, from the road,) and after traveling up this valley for about fifteen miles, enters Noble's Pass, and crosses the Sierra Nevadas almost without knowing it. This low ridge, known as the "Pass," is one continuous forest of magnificent pines the whole distance through it, and so level that one is puzzled to know whether it is up or down.

We have crossed the Sierra Nevadas in seven different places, and we unhesitatingly affirm, that this is the only good natural pass that we have yet seen. Indeed, from the top of "Pilot Peak," or "Slate Creek Point," the whole country both north and south of this pass, can be seen to descend gradually towards it.

This route, we believe, can be traveled at any and all seasons of the year, by the locomotive, without the least serious obstruction from the depth of snow, should such a boon ever be conferred upon California, and upon the Union.

Having seen all that we deemed desirable, (the provisions becoming low,) we determined on crossing the high mountainous ridge on the southern side of the valley, and thus strike Indian Valley in a direct line if possible: especially as black and heavy masses of clouds were gathering around the higher peaks of this mountain range, threatening to give us a little more moisture than we needed, just then.

Making our way up an arm of the valley towards the apparently lowest portion of the mountain, now lying between us and the goal of our present wishes, we met with a mishap—(at least our equestrian traveling companion did)—in the following manner: We (the pedestrians) had crossed a narrow and deep ravine and reached the hill beyond it, when suddenly we heard a splash and a struggling noise, and looking round found that the whole bank for several feet had given away, and "the horse with his rider had both gone below."

Of course it never does to desert a friend when in difficulties, and consequently we ran to his assistance, and are therefore happy in being able to say that by dint of patience, coupled with perseverance, he was "considerably dipped," but was not drowned. This somewhat dampened his clothes, while it fired his courage, and after some delay, and the use of several short, but very emphatic words, not generally expressed in saying one's prayers, he again mounted, and we resumed our journey.

Just after reaching the summit, snow commenced falling in large wide flakes, admonishing us to make all possible haste to some place of safety—an admonition most scrupulously regarded. The remembrance of the fate of the Donner party of emigrants, so many of whom perished but a few miles southeast of our present position, in 1846, did not decrease our desire to avoid a similar end.

In this dilemma night overtook us—night with its darkness, uncertainty, and storm. No cheering star to light and guide us; no well-worn road or trail by which we might, though slowly, grope our way amid the darkness, to some brightly glowing fireside in the most humble cabin.

Our position was no way improved by a knowledge of the fact that, in making our way among the bushes, we had lost our only compass. Not being able to do otherwise, we came to the praiseworthy conclusion to camp—if we could find a place level enough to sleep, without standing up; and were soon well (!) "accommodated," among some rocks by the side of a stream.

Having but little food left, the cooking of our supper was not the most difficult task ever accomplished. Our only duties therefore consisted in cutting bunch grass from among the bushes, by firelight, for our horse, and making the best of our circumstances by forgetting them in sleep.

Early the following morning we awoke; and as we fried our last "flapjack," we watched for the day—hoping that one sight of its first gray dawn would lift the clouds of doubt and uncertainty from our minds,

by indicating the course we must that day pursue, to reach Indian Valley.

At last day came, cloudy and heavy, casting no light, mentally, on our dubious way. We might be right, and, by the same rule, we might be wrong. Usually on such occasions, each individual member of a party holds a different opinion to the other. This rule was not departed from at this important juncture of our affairs, for being only three in number we had but three opinions. These however we agreed individually to hold, without remaining in camp, foodless, to debate them; consequently, we made our way onward as best we could, among snow, rocks, trees, and dense chapparal, when to our great joy a gleam of sunlight, (the only one we saw throughout the day, and only for a moment,) fell upon a tree, but, casting a shadow, *it told us our course.*

Now we have often been benighted, and as often, when we saw a distant light or camp-fire twinkling, though dimly, in the distance, we have been rejoiced—but now a thrill of wild delight electrified our hearts, such as we never felt before, or since.

How forcibly does this teach us, gentle reader, that however dark and doubtful may be our prospect now, that some welcome and long looked and perhaps prayed for ray of sunlight, may cast a guiding shadow upon our path, at a time too when it is most needed, and which, while it brightens and gladdens the present, may perhaps, determine a long and prosperous future. Therefore we say *Hope* and *Strive* ever—always.

Our course now being plain, we lost no time in taking advantage of the knowledge so providentially obtained, and before midnight we were striving to forget our long fast, and our many troubles, at the well furnished table and pleasant fireside of our amiable and hospitable friend, Judge Ward. The agreeable associations, pleasant converse, and sweet songs of that amiable family, and happy mountain home, will ever linger upon the heart, and be treasured among the most pleasant recollections of a jaunt to Honey Lake Valley.

The following description of the country and road from the Humboldt river to the Sacramento Valley, by Honey Lake Valley and Noble's Pass, from the pen of Mr. John A. Dreibelbis, who passed over the route several times during the summer and fall of 1853, will be read with interest, especially at the present time:

"*From the Humboldt to Cold Springs*, 14 *miles.*

Course west, road level; water sufficient for one hundred and fifty head of stock at a time; good bunch grass on the hill-sides and heads of cañons. Thence, to—

Rabbit Hole Springs, 18 *miles.*

Course north of west; road ascending about two miles, through a low gap of mountain range, then descending slightly eight miles; the rest nearly level to Rabbit Hole: bunch grass south east and south west for three miles; on left hand in ravine is water sufficient for from one to two hundred animals: Thence, to—

Black Rock Springs, 24 *miles.*

Course north west; road for the first eight miles has a few gulches, the remainder is then an entire desert, perfectly level and hard; very little of anything growing upon it; some good feed about the Spring, but not extensive; water hot, but cools somewhat in running off, and is healthy for animals; rye and salt grass in abundance one and a half miles north: Thence, to—

Granite Creek, 22 *miles.*

Course south of south west; road excellent over a perfect desert, as smooth as a planed floor and nearly as hard, and not a vestige of vegetation on it for twenty-two miles. This stream comes out of a notch of the mountain range on the right hand, pretty well at the end. Leave the desert by turning into this gap half a mile to camp; bunch grass on the foot hills. It will be readily seen that between this point and Rabbit Hole, a material cut-off could be effected, so that forty-six miles might be made in thirty, with fully as good road, but no water; the cut-off, however, would be but six miles longer than from Black Rock to Rabbit Hole. Thence, to—

Hot Spring Point, 3 *miles.*

Course south of south-west, road level, distance three miles; grass all along on the

left; boiling springs scattered all through which makes it dangerous to let stock range upon it. Thence, to—

Deep Springs, 7 *miles.*

Course north-west, road level. Here you double the extreme south end of mountain range; grass and water in abundance, of the very best quality; this is a good place to lie over a day or two. Thence, to—

Buffalo Springs, 16 *miles.*

Course west, road level. Directly after leaving the Springs, you enter a desert; after passing eight miles over an arm of it, then eight miles through sage, you come to the bed of a large dry creek, its banks covered with dry grass for some distance; some water in holes that will do no injury to stock; one half mile beyond this and about two hundred paces on the right hand, are the Springs. Thence, to—

Smoke Creek Meadows, 13 *miles.*

Course west six miles, level ground; then four miles over low hills to creek; thence up creek, along the cañon, three miles to camp. Here is an extensive valley, from three hundred yards to two miles wide; its length is not ascertained. This valley produces clover, bunch grass, &c., of the most luxuriant growth. Thence, to—

Mud Springs, 9 *miles.*

Course west: You travel up Smoke Creek Meadows two miles; then over the point of a low ridge into Rush Valley. This valley is two miles long, by half a mile wide, excellent grass and water. The road here is on table land, fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of the plains or desert, and is perfectly level. Thence, to—

Susan River, 9 *miles.*

Course west, six miles south-west, and three miles west, to camp. Emigrants should start early from Mud Springs, as the road is covered with cobble stones, which makes it slow and tedious; it is nearly level till you descend slightly to the valley of the stream, [known as Honey Lake Valley.] This is a delightful valley, its soil of the most productive kind, and is from five to seven miles wide, and covered with clover, blue-joint, red-top, and bunch grass, in great abundance. The stream abounds in mountain trout, which are easily taken with hook and line. Thence, to—

Head of this Valley, 14 *miles.*

Course west: You cross Willow Creek two miles after leaving camp on Susan River. This stream rises in the west, runs east out of the Sierra Nevada, into the valley, and about twenty or twenty-five miles down it, to Honey Lake. Thence, to—

Summit Springs, 18 *miles.*

Immediately after leaving the valley, you enter open, but heavy pine woods—not unwelcome to the sun-scorched emigrant—and commence ascending the Sierra Nevada gradually: Water four miles on the right, and some grass; and again five miles on the left, but no grass; the road somewhat stony in places; the ascent is so gradual that on slight observation it seems as much down as up; in fact, a great part is level, and enough timber on one mile on each side of the road, from the valley to the summit, to build a double railway track to the Missouri River. Course west, grass and water. Thence, to—

Pine Creek, 8 *miles.*

Course, north west, to avoid a cluster of buttes; road level, grass and water;—thence to—

Black Butte Creek, 12 *miles.*

Course, north-west four miles; then turning west to south-west; grass and water; road level. The country here, and for twenty miles back, must be considered the summit, as it is impossible to ascertain the precise place, owing to the flatness of the country. The small streams that rise on the buttes around and run down their sides, all sink, or form small lakes and marshes, there not being slope sufficient to run off their waters. Thence to—

Black Butte, 6 *miles.*

Course, south-west; road, heavy sand; thence to—

Pine Meadows, 4 *miles.*

Course, west; road level and good; water and grass. Thence to—

Hat Creek, 4 *miles.*

Course north-west; road gradually sloping; only about one hundred feet where a wagon wheel need be locked. Thence, to—

Lost Creek, 2 *miles.*

Course west, road nearly level. Thence, to—

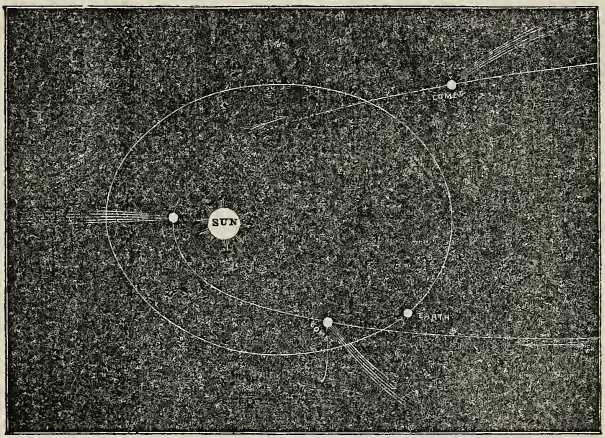
John Hill's Ranch on Deer Flat, 14 *miles.*

Course west; the two first miles slightly up hill, fifty or sixty feet only of which is steep; after a distance of forty miles, embracing the entire western slope of the Sierra Nevada, it is almost a perfect grade to the Sacramento River. Thence, to—

McCumber's Mills, 8 *miles; Shingle Town*, 3 *miles; Charley's Ranch*, 4 *miles; Payne and Smith's* 6 *miles; Dr. Bakers, on Bear*

Creek, 7 miles; Fort Reading on Cow Creek, 4 miles; Sacramento River 3 miles."

This estimate of distances, the whole route through, overrun those of Mr. Kleiser's, as measured by his road-ometer, about the same time.



ON COMETS.

Comets are those luminous bodies that in all ages have appeared at intervals, passing rapidly through the heavens, sometimes to the delight, but oftener—at least in the ages of superstition—to the terror of mankind.

Their name would signify them to be a *hairy star*, and they are generally accompanied by a luminous train which is called *the tail*,—the more dense portion is called the nucleus. The nucleus of a comet generally precedes the tail in its approach towards the sun, and follows it whilst receding therefrom; but this is not always the case.

In the above diagram we give the relative position of the Sun, the Earth and its orbit, and the approaching Comet and its orbit, as near as can be given by a diagram upon a plane surface; for the purpose of showing the utter fallacy of the declaration that the Comet will come in collision with the earth.

In the first place the Comet now seen approaching the sun, and the earth also, is not one of the remarkable ones, that prior to this have made their appearance; or if it is, it never has before attracted the attention of astronomers, unless the period of its revolution round the sun has been changed by external influences, during its last transit through the aphelion of its orbit, or that portion most distant from the sun.

The probability is, that it is one of the many millions of inferior comets that are known to exist within our own solar system; but as we would say of our ocean clippers, "there is really no one of any great importance now due, unless it be some stranger craft with which we are not acquainted." But admitting the approach of a Comet towards us and the sun, for there is seldom a month when there is not, though perhaps invisible to us, and that its exact position in the heavens is, as declared to be, or to have been at the time of its first discovery by Laensberg, and the ra-

pidity of its flight, just in accordance with his estimate; still there can be hardly a possibility of a collision; for should the earth be but a single day earlier or later arriving at the proper point, it would then be distant from the comet, over 1,640,000 miles, being the distance the earth moves in its orbit every twenty-four hours.

But there is one fact that places a collision beyond a possibility. The very track or direction of the Comet as indicated by Laensberg, is such as when extended towards the sun, is not upon the same level with the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit. In other words, it is not approaching the sun, in the direction of a right line drawn outward from the sun, and passing through the track or orbit of the earth; but if the term "above" or "below" can be applied to celestial bodies in infinite space, then the Comet on its way to the sun will pass the earth's orbit or track more than 3,000,000 of miles *above* it; so even supposing the earth to have reached this exact position of being directly *under* the Comet, it would still be more than 3,000,000 miles distant, so there can be no collision this time.

But suppose it were possible; the material of which Comets are composed, is believed to be the lightest, perhaps the most volatile in nature possessing a visible form, with little or no density, and utterly incapable of doing the slightest injury to a body with the density even of our atmosphere, with which it might come in contact. Upon this point Professor Olmstead says: "It is not probable, even were the earth to make its way directly through a Comet, that a particle of the Comet would reach the earth—that the highest clouds that float in our atmosphere, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a Comet."

Sir Isaac Newton was of the opinion that,—"If all the matter constituting the largest tail of a Comet, were to be compressed to the same density with atmospheric air, it would occupy no more than a cubic inch"

A very apt illustration of the probable effect of a Comet upon mankind in case of a collision, was given in a recent lecture at Musical Hall, in this city, by G. W. Minns. He said:

"The idea, therefore, that Comets are dangerous visitants to our system has more support from superstition than from reason or science. The air is to us what the waters are to fish. Some fish swim around in the deep, and others, like lobsters and oysters, keep on the bottom. So birds wing the air, while men and beasts are the lobsters that crawl around on the bottom. Now, there is no more probability that a comet would pass through the atmosphere and injure us upon the earth, than there is that a collection of fog or vapor thrown down upon the surface of the ocean, would pass through it and kill the lobsters on the bottom.

"Were the earth to meet a Comet, it would be something like a cannon ball meeting a cloud, and the earth would probably not suffer from the encounter. Indeed, it has been supposed that we have already passed through the tail of a Comet without knowing it; for, according to Laensberg, there is reason to think such was the case when the great Comet of 1843 revealed its splendor to our eyes."

If we have not already said enough to satisfy the most timid, as regards the utter absurdity of the supposition that our earth is to be destroyed by a comet, either now or in the future, at least until a long series of ages shall have rolled around, we can give nothing further or better in proof of our position, than to quote the language of Professor Dick, the Christian Philosopher and Astronomer, who says:

"Whatever opinions we may adopt as to the physical constitution of comets, we must admit that they serve some grand and important purpose in the economy of the universe; for we cannot suppose that the Almighty has created such an immense number of bodies, and set them in rapid motion according to established laws, without an end worthy of His perfections, and, on the whole, beneficial to the inhabitants of the system through which they move.

"They display the *wisdom* of their Creator *in the arrangements of their orbits and*

motions. As we have every reason to conclude that at least thousands of those bodies traverse the solar system in all directions, and are certain that their orbits are inclined in every possible degree to one another and to the orbit of the earth, so we find that they have been so admirably arranged by Divine Intelligence that no one of them interferes with another, or with the courses of the planets, so as to produce concussion or disorder.

"It is remarkable, that the announcement of a comet has generally been received with melancholy anticipations, and the effects attributed to its influence have uniformly been of a calamitous nature. But why should it not be the precursor of prosperous events; of peace, plenty, social tranquility, and genial seasons, as well as of wars, famines, revolutions, cold winters, and parched summers? It seems something like a reflection on the general benevolence of the Deity to imagine that he has created such a vast number of bodies, and directed their course through every part of the planetary regions, chiefly for the purpose of 'shaking from their horrid hair' wars, famine, and pestilence; for, if they produce such effects upon the earth, we might with equal reason believe that they produce similar effects on the other planets of our system as they pass along in their course towards the sun; and this would lead us to infer that the inhabitants of all the planetary orbs are liable to the same disasters, and calamities as the inhabitants of the earth, a position which seems scarcely consistent with the boundless benevolence of the Divine mind.

"When we consider that a Wise and Almighty Ruler superintends and directs the movements of all the great bodies in the universe, and the erratic motions of comets among the rest; and that no event can befall our world without his sovereign permission and appointment, we may repose ourselves in perfect security that no catastrophe from the impulse of celestial agents shall ever take place but in unison with his will, and for the accomplishment of the plans of his universal providence.

"If we recognize the Scriptures as a revelation from God, we may rest assured that no danger from such a cause can happen to our world for ages yet to come; for there are many important predictions contained in revelation which have not yet received their accomplishment, and must be fulfilled before any fatal catastrophe can happen to our globe. It is predicted that the Jews shall be brought into the Christian Church 'with the fulness of the gentiles;' that 'the idols of the nations shall be abolished;' that 'wars shall cease to the ends of the earth;' and that the kingdom of Messiah shall extend over all nations.

LINES TO * * * * * WITH SOME BEAUTIFUL SEA-MOSSES.

BY H. P. C.

As closely these sub-marine ferns
In their home—the diaphanous sea—
Have clung to their adamant pillow
So fastens my spirit to thee.
The billows have thundered upon them,
And winds from the ice-bounded skies;
Yet the storm-driven sea and the tempest—
But strengthened the delicate ties.

So ever I'll cling to the bosom,
That offers these temples repose;
Though life may toss *me*, as the sea does
The *moss*, on the rock where it grows.
And neither the rush of its battle,
Its surf or its pitiless storm,
Shall sever the link that connects me,
Like *life* to thy guardian form.

San Francisco, May 15th, 1857.

SONNET, ACROSTIC.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A WRITER.

Tune the harp to festive chorus,
Open Orpheus' gates before us.

Banners waive of Hymen's posies,
Every son of mirth and song;
Scatter all her paths with roses,
Sisters of the Muses' throng;
In the train Terpsichorean,
Every fay and fairy move;

Bring musician and his train—
Every one whose theme is love.

A sister calls you all to bless her,
Let none be far from her sight,
Lest your lingering distress her—

Judge if she deserve the slight.
Orpheus tune glad strains sonorous,
Ye who lov'd her, join in chorus.

Dr. D——n.

In your child, consider that you have not only a young creature to protect and feed, but a young spirit to educate for usefulness and heaven.

TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE MONTEZUMA HOUSE.

TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE MONTEZUMA HOUSE.

The above beautiful scene of Table Mountain, Tuolumne county, is taken from the Montezuma House, about four miles below Jamestown, on the stage road between Stockton and Sonora. This very singular mountain, a few years since only admired for its curious beauty—now has a fame which is world-wide, for the immense wealth taken from beneath its dark volcanic-formed crust.

The miner, with his usual prospecting curiosity, and iron will, came to the conclusion that "there must be *gold* in *that* hill," and at once determined to know it by immediately commencing a tunnel. The company entitled to the honor of this enterprise, we believe, was the Table Mountain Tunnnel Company, near Jamestown, who, after running one tunnel for over five hundred feet, was obliged to begin another, about twenty feet lower than the first, in order to drain off the water. The second, or lower tunnel, was run nine hundred feet through solid rock before reaching gravel, and upon which three thousand seven hundred and fifty-six days' labor were expended; besides the cost of tools, blasting powder, &c., &c.

This is another of the almost numberless instances of the unswerveing determination and perseverance of the miner, to obtain the reward so ardently desired for himself and family, and is the most expressive answer that can possibly be given to the oft repeated question—"Why does he tarry so long from his family and friends."

How very remunerative this proved but few ever heard, but sufficient was known to induce many others to follow the example, and now men are working with almost unparallelld success, from the one end of Table Mountain to the other, for a distance of over fifteen miles in length.

From its top a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained, including the mining towns of Chinese Camp, Campo Seco, Montezuma, Belvidere, Poverty Hill, and several others, forming a panoramic view of great beauty and extent, which amply repays the visitor for his trouble in ascending it.

YANKEE GIRLS.

On every rugged mountain side,
Their fairy forms are straying;
Like Artemis on Cynthus' top,
With wood nymphs round her playing;
And in the woodlands and the groves,
The gay, bewitching creatures,
Are sporting like the Oreades,
With elfin forms and features.

Upon their ruddy, blooming cheeks,
A roguish smile is dancing,
While from the depths of flashing eyes,
The light of love is glancing;
Their hearts are pure as stainless snow,
That robes the granite mountains;
Their feelings like the sparkling flow
Of crystal streams and fountains.

Not only does the "Spirit Smile,"
Descend upon the waters,
It plays upon the open brow,
Of all the Yankee daughters;
Like Syrens of enchanted land,
That lured the bold Ulysses,
They tempt each wandering Yankee son,
With promises of kisses!

San Francisco, May, 1857.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY "ALICE."

It is a bright, beautiful, invigorating morning, so place your hand in mine, and we will take a long ramble. We have now crossed the Big Sandy and Green rivers, and are at the Soda and Steamboat Springs. Take a good draught of this delightful beverage, for it may be the last we shall find.

Here are seen the unmistakable evidences of volcanic eruptions, where nature has some day played her curious pranks.

It was a bright morning, dear reader, when we started, but now the scene is changed, for the rain is pouring down, accompanied with sleet and hail, and the mountain's brow at the left, is overspread and hung around, with dark, lowering clouds, which fall far below the highest points of those craggy heights. Now don't shiver with the cold, for it is the Fourth of July, and the mention of that day, generally thaws one into enthusiasm.

We have stopped for the day, and pitched our tent on the banks of Stony Creek; and I am busy making preparations for the occasion. All hands are doing something to celebrate that cherished day, in memory of the struggles of our forefathers.

What means this? The boys yonder have their hats off, and their ears close to the earth! They are listening to the cannonading at Fort Hall, which sound comes over the wide stretch of plain to tell us they are having the *Fourth* among them. Every old rifle, shot gun, and pistol, is now brought forth to give a hearty response, for their souls are being fired with patriotism, though the bang of the noisy shot-gun, or the sharp crack of the rifle, may not be heard by those at the fort, so many miles to the northward.

Supper is ready on the little pine table in the tent yonder, so take a seat and help yourself to all the edibles that compose our no way sumptuous fare. Drink your coffee, take a slice of that frosted cake, brought all the way from home—it may taste all the better, for it was made by a mother's hand, and retains a home-like flavor, that makes me sigh to think of days past, never to return.

Eat hearty,—'tis the last jolly time, perhaps, for any and all of us, till we reach the *Mecca* of our hopes, California, that land of golden visions.

See there! the wind has blown the tent down, in spite of all the ox-yokes being piled around to keep it from capsizing; so take a handful from the wreck of tin-plates, basins, etc., for it is clearing off, and the sun is peering from behind those dark clouds, as a parting salutation, before retiring to his pink and purple pavillion in the west. A few hours' ride brings us to

CASTLE ROCK.

Castle Rock, or Pyramid Circle, as it is frequently denominated, from its fancied resemblance to an old deserted Oriental city, with its desolate looking watch-towers, abbey's, and deserted mansions, passing into rapid decay, and mouldering from the records of the Past.

Here too, Old Time is found, as everywhere else, with his effacing fingers, ever ready to destroy, not only the noble works of Art, but the massive masonry of the Great Builder.

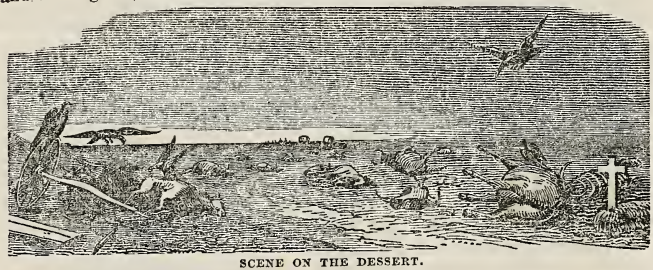
Well, here we are now, at the Cold Springs, while right beside them run those that would boil an egg, if you were the lucky "hombre" to have one. These boiling springs emit a sulphurous steam.

The Humboldt river is now crossed and recrossed, and following down the valley for many days, we are at the great meadows, where we shall have to do a little haying, preparatory to crossing an arm of the Great American Desert; so, reader, take a good rest on the green grass, as you will require all your recruited energy, for the morrow's travel, with its deep sand and broiling sun, which are to be our indispensable companions, ere the sight is gladdened with the bright foliage that skirts the Carson river beyond.

All is life, confusion, hurly-burly, and every chick and child are busy in making ready for "sandy stretch,"—all is tumult and noise. Men from Sacramento, San Francisco, Fiddletown, Muletown, Onehorsetown, and I don't know what town, are here looking with eager countenances for their families and friends; peering into this wagon and that, to be sure of the right ones, who have undoubtedly grown older, sadder, and dustier, since the last kiss was given at the cottage gate, so long ago.

Let us draw the curtain before these frequent scenes of meeting, for it is sacred to them alone, and is not for the vulgar gaze of the staring world.

Come let us haste away, for the sun is high up in the heavens. The writer and boy is in the wagon, so farewell to the dusty roads, the alkali of the Humboldt, the traders' labelled bottles, and the few stragglers that linger behind, for the goal of our happiness lies still beyond the snow-capped Sierras.



SCENE ON THE DESSERT.

Here we are, on the much dreaded Desert, with its many bleaching bones and countless cast-away conveyances. Some are lying as they fell, and with the ox-yoke upon their emaciated necks, and the horseman's noble and faithful companion, with the saddle still resting upon his back, and the bridle bit still in the mouth—alas, dead.

Those who have never broken down their last wagon, a thousand miles from "anywhere," don't know how to pity us, but as good luck would have it, just as we were about to abandon the wreck and take passage in "Foot & Walker's" line, a *God-send* came, in the shape of another conveyance which was offered by a stranger more fortu-

nate than ourselves. Wait a moment, what is this, among the dry bleaching bones by the wayside? Why, it is the grave of an infant, that sweetly rests its tiny head in the burning sands, away from earth's sorrows, till the good Angel of the Resurrection shall come to earth, to swear that time shall be no more. There, traced upon a small board, was this simple, but sweet inscription: "MARY, THE PET LAMB; OUR ONLY ONE."

Who could have stood by this little desolate mound, without brushing away the falling tear-drops, flowing from the fountain of sympathy and love? No grassy turf, with its wild flowers, to make a green and violet covering for the little one; nor the low moan of the sea, to chant a sad requiem above the lonely pillow;—naught but the wild scream of the vulture by day, and the hoarse growl of the prowling wolf by night. All is a dreary desolation, fit haunts for the spectres of gloom and despair.

What a volume that simple inscription contains. We know of one that moistened that sandy mound with tears, before leaving it alone in the darkness and gloom; and if that soul-tortured mother yet lives on the Pacific's broad coast, she still feels the heart's old blight, and grieves that Mary, the loved one, passed away so soon.

But now the Father of light comes circling up from his rosy chambers in the east, and Aurora is spreading her delicate blushes on the mountains. A bright, happy morning,—the 30th of July,—finds us in Ragtown, situated on the banks of the Carson River.

Ragtown! What a ragged name? methinks I hear you say—but don't be particular, it is rightly named, for a whole posse of ragged emigrants are here, and the traders' houses are made of tattered cloth,—the corrals, or enclosures, of log chains and wagon-tires.

Now, reader, if you are not too tired with the day's ramble, we will soon be upon those steep ascents, where hill after hill arises to shut out the glorious prospects before us; but be patient a moment longer. Hold on to your breath, for the hardships will soon be over, as the highest point is reached, and a glimpse of the Sacramento Valley cheers the eye and heart, for we can now feast the sight upon its beauty and loveliness, sleeping in calm repose so many thousand feet below.

After all the toil, vexation and strife, we are at last in front of Placer Hotel, and as sure as you are alive, we are in California—in Old Hangtown—now more euphoniously named Placerville.

So, reader, give me your hand before I get out of my traveling home, for new scenes in the drama of Life await me, and perchance we may never meet again. So accept my good wishes for your future welfare, for your kindness and patience in following me thus far, along the checkered PAGES OF THE PAST.

THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

Guard and guide us, Holy Father!
Thorns along the path lie sown,
And our feeble footsteps falter,
Thou canst guide us, Thou alone!

We are turning from earth's pleasures,
To the paths that saints have trod,
Seeking for eternal treasures,
In the city of our God.

Weak are we and very lowly,
Crushed by care and stained by sin,
Yet unto thy kingdom holy,
Gracious Saviour let us in!

With our broken, contrite spirit,
We would come in sweet accord,
As a band of weary pilgrims,
To the city of our God.

There the tree of Life is blooming,
By the river, pure and fair;
White-robed angel-forms are coming,
Oh! we hasten to be there!

We can hear sweet voices singing,—
Snowy wings around us wave,
And Thy arm about us flinging,—
Where's thy victory? oh grave!

Suncook, May, 1857. A. M. B.

Why are kisses like the creation? Because they are made of nothing, and are all very good.

EDWARD HAVEN.

BY W. B. S.

When I first went into the mines in the northern portion of this State, I could not prevail upon one of my friends to go with me, so I started alone; but I soon became acquainted with some as noble-hearted fellows as ever put a pick in the soil of California. Indeed I have never found such friends anywhere as I have found in the mountains among the miners; but I am wandering. Joe and Jake were my first partners in the mines, two as good boys as ever handled a pick or shovel. Having located some claims, we built our cabin on the side of a mountain fronting a deep cañon. There were no cabins within two miles of ours, and the wolves made the night hideous by their howlings; to which the night-bird joined his melancholy note.

It was on the night of the 12th of December, 1850; dark, angry clouds were floating in the blue above, and the wild winds were raving furiously through the deep cañons, and ever and anon some giant pine would give way beneath the too powerful blasts of the wind, and come down with a crash resembling distant thunder. The rain began to pour in torrents, and the wind increased in violence. That was a night long to be remembered. The roaring of the waters which came rolling and tumbling down the wild cañon, and the fury of the wind amid the tall trees of the mountain, made it a night of terror. Jake had retired, while Joe and I remained sitting by the fire, talking over scenes of other days, when with childish glee we chased the hare over the meadow, or watched the nimble squirrel leap from tree to tree, and lick the pearly dew-drops from the leaves at early morn; when the door opened, and a man rushed in and fell upon the floor speechless. We immediately spread a blanket before the fire, took off his wet clothes, and wrapped him up as comfortable as possible. We made him a cup of warm tea, and in two hours he was able to speak. In the morning he was quite revived, and told us he had started to go to a little town about ten miles distant, but the storm overtaking him he had lost his way, and had been wandering about until he accidentally discovered a light in our cabin. He was of delicate appearance, light blue eyes, and light hair, and looked as though he had seen better days, for his hands were white and soft, denoting that he had not been accustomed to labor. He had just arrived in the country—as hundreds of others did in the early times of California,—buoyant with hope of making a fortune in a few months, and returning to friends and kindred in his native land. He remained with us a few days, until the storm subsided, and then started on to his place of destination. I neither saw nor heard any more of him for more than a year, when, in the month of July, '51, as I was passing through Shasta, at the hotel where I was stopping for the night, I met him. He appeared very much pleased to see me, inquiring for Jake and Joe. He wished me to go to his room, as he had much to tell me. His room was well furnished for those times in California, and I came to the conclusion he must have plenty of money.

No one can realize the pleasure of meeting an old friend in the mines, unless he has experienced it. Although my acquaintance with Edward Haven —the name of the young man introduced to the reader—was very limited, yet I had formed an attachment for him which perhaps would not have been formed for some others upon years of acquaintance. Friendship matured in the mines is different from that in the cities, or even in the Atlantic states. There is a peculiar interest about it which lingers about the heart, making it more lasting. I can only account for this from the fact that we are thrown together here from all portions of the civilized world, and in a great measure deprived of female society, so that when we do find a congenial spirit, our at-

tachment is much stronger than under ordinary circumstances.

"Since I saw you last," said he, "I have been favored with unusual good luck, having made over nine thousand dollars; but it is now nearly all gone. I have been simple enough to think I could beat the game of faro, and for the last two weeks I have been betting against the game, and now have but a few hundred dollars left."

"Ed," said I, "I thought you a man of more sense than to think you can beat that game, or to gamble your money away upon any game. Have you no parents, brothers, or sisters, whom you respect, or whose name you do not wish to tarnish?"

"Will," said he, "were there not feelings dwelling in my heart as warm as those of a brother, since the time you were so kind to me the night I entered your cabin, what you have just said I should consider an insult, and be prepared to resent it; but since I know the words were spoken with the best of feelings, I thank you for the plain manner in which you uttered them. I have a brother and sister who reside in Boston, and from whom I have not heard a word since I have been in this country. My father was connected with a large importing house in that city, and it was through the California trade that the house became insolvent. Soon after the suspension he died, leaving his children nothing, with the exception of education. But there is yet another still dearer to my heart, of whom, to you, I have not spoken; one of earth's brightest jewels; one, in the light of whose eyes I could ever be happy.

"Emma Seawood and I were betrothed about a year before the death of my father; and when it was known that he was insolvent, it did not appear to have any effect upon her, and she loved me still with that warm, ardent affection which I thought she alone was capable of. Emma had many admirers, and among them some of the wealthiest of Boston; for, besides her many other charms, she was an heiress to considerable property, and her uncle was her guardian. She had a sister, who was married and lived in the city, and whose husband was connected with a house in Marysville in this country. After the suspension of the house my father was connected with, I entered a wholesale establishment as book-keeper. One morning soon after I entered the counting-room, the following note was handed me:—

"Boston, July 20th, 185—

"Dear Edward,

"Please consider our engagement broken off.

"Yours,

"Emma Seawood."

"I immediately sent an answer notifying her it should be as she requested. I never was so much astonished in my life as I was at this unexpected note, and could only account for it in this way:—There had been a young gentleman introduced to her about two months previous, who represented himself as a rich planter from Mississippi, and I imagined Emma was particularly fond of him, and cool towards me. A few days after I received the note, I was on my way to California, and you now know why I am in this country, and so reckless with my money and character. Life has lost all its charms for me; for the one that was dear to my heart is beyond the sea, and those smiles which were once for me are now for another."

When he had finished, I told him not to despair, for perhaps there was a brighter day awaiting him in the future. As I was about to start on my journey in the morning, he pressed my hand, wishing that good fortune might attend me.

Many months had passed away, and during that time I heard nothing from Edward Haven; in fact, I had almost forgotten him while mingling in the busy scenes of life. In March, 185—, I was stopping with a friend, a physician, who had an office on K street,

Sacramento. One morning, while we were sitting in the office, he had a call to go to the Orleans Hotel, to see a young man who had the evening previous arrived there on one of the coaches very much indisposed. The doctor asked me to accompany him, which I did, as I was doing nothing. When I entered the room I discovered at once that it was none other than Edward Haven, and as I approached the bed he reached out his hand, saying "I am happy to see you; and," continued he, "this is the third time we have met unexpectedly, and under very different circumstances. There is something in these meetings which I cannot account for, which must have some mysterious meaning."

I told him I could see nothing very strange about them, only that they were very unexpected to us both. The doctor prescribed for him, and we returned to the office; but before leaving I gave orders to the proprietors to see that he was supplied with all the necessaries to make him as comfortable as possible; for I learned from him that he was, to use a common phrase, "dead broke."

During my stay in Sacramento I called every day to see him, for he continued to grow worse, and on the ninth day of his illness I began to think his recovery doubtful. I had been with him all day, only leaving his bedside to get my meals, for there were none others who appeared to take any interest in him. On the night of the ninth, about ten o'clock, as I was sitting by his side, a gentleman and two ladies came home from the theatre, and as they passed the door, I heard one of the ladies say, "let us go in and see that sick young man." They came in, and one of them asked me if he was an old friend of mine. I told her how long I had known him, and how I first became acquainted with him.

"What is his name?"

"Edward Haven," I replied.

"Do you know where he is from?"

"He tells me he is from Boston, Massachusetts."

"Boston! Why we are from there, having just arrived on the last steamer. Has he no friends who came out with him?"

"None that I know; at least I have never heard him speak of any."

They soon retired; but a young man whom I had requested to come and sit up with him, soon came in and took my place, and I went to my room.

In the morning, when I returned, I found him much better, and from that day he began to recover, and in a short time was able to be about; and on his recovery he started for the mountains again, near Forest City, where he was interested in a tunnel; and when he arrived there, he found they had struck pay dirt, and that the shares were worth from five to six thousand dollars each. He sold out his interest, determined to return to the States to see his brother and sister, and also try if he could learn anything about Emma Seawood. He arrived in Marysville one afternoon, calculating to leave the next morning for San Francisco, but who should he meet on D street but Emma's brother-in-law, who was truly pleased to see him, and invited him to take tea with him, without saying a word about Emma being there, only telling him he had brought out his family. The reader can better imagine the pleasure of that meeting than I can describe it.

Edward Haven did not return to the States. Emma explained to him the note which he received, and which was written by the Mississippian, for, as she had refused him, he thought if he could get Edward out of the way he might prevail upon her to marry him; but she learned through one of the clerks in the house where Edward was, that he had received a note, which was the cause of his leaving so abruptly; so she at once came to the conclusion that it was written by the Mississippian, and the consequence was she would never speak to him again. When her brother-in-law and sister came to the conclusion to come to this country,

she determined to come with them, thinking she might hear something of Edward. The last hope had almost fled, when unexpectedly the one she cherished so dearly was ushered into her presence, and two fond hearts so long separated were again united.

They live in a neat cottage in the suburbs of the city of M——, and it has not been long since I visited them, and remained there several days; in fact I always make their house my home when I go to the city. But who were the two ladies and gentleman who visited the room of Edward during his illness on the night spoken of? None other than Emma and her sister and her sister's husband. But they had no idea who Edward Haven was, for it was not his real name. Long may they live, and happily.

A SKETCH.

She was very fair!—I saw her when a gay and happy
The bright curls flowing 'round a head, [child;
That would have matched, for beauty,
Art's most finished work; her sweet bright face
Made every heart seem gladder that approached her,
She was the light that shed a radiance through that
Quiet, graceful home—a very childlike child.

——Again I saw her; years had past since last I
She had grown a tall and graceful girl, [met her.
The chestnut hair that sparkl'd in the sun,
Was smoothly parted o'er her marble brow.
The bright and joyous laugh, was gone—
It seemed hushed forever;
A lovely sadness spread o'er her fair face.
It was the *spirit's* sadness,—it longed to leave its
Earthy tenement, and soar away.
Alone she stood amidst a world of gazers,
No state to point her out, and yet the mark
Of each attracted eye—the buzz of praise,
And wonder, heralded her matchless beauty.
She stood there radiant as the morning star,—
Conscious of her loveliness, yet almost cursing that
Which made her so. Pain of the body will admit
A comforter, but the mind, none!—It is so
Acute it flouts the love 'twould lull it.
So for love's pains, gives *Love* itself repulse;
So is its dulcet tongue harsh accents taught,
The least of which breaks its entrancing spell,
And wakens moods to love, as clouds to sun!
How pale she is!—and her eyes look,
If she would *let* them—they would drown her cheeks,
The doom is written on her brow. Oh! what are
Prayers, if holy rites are threats, and those
They bind, are joined against the will?
Or what is heaven, if of no more esteem
Than what 'tis witness to—to be pronounced
A fraud and nullity? 'Tis sacrilege!
If from the altar one abstract a mite, and the
Offender dies! but make a slave of
Woman's deepest jewel—her heart's first cherished
Her life blood will absorb, and she will die; [love,
While those who caused the *murder*,
Pass through life, courted by the heartless world
Because it moves their wonder, and they worship
That they wonder at. And I knew
She won, with patient aspect and undrooping mien,
More hearts to pity her, as she went forth,
Than tears and wringing of the hands had done.
Oh! she was beautiful beyond compare,
Can she be blind to what all others see,
And can she see it without prizing it?
Hark!—the doors are open thrown; an aged man
Approaches, he bowed his head to hers, but for an
instant,
And in that instant a voice fell on my ear—
As sweet and low as the last echo of a harp:
Father! you would sell your daughter's life for gold.
He answered not, but took her hand in his
To lead her forth; she did not speak
Again, but from her breast she took
A portrait, and gazed upon it strainingly.
I think she wept—for past her eyes
Her hand she drew,—then with both hands,
Joined in fervent clasp, she stood
The spirit, as I thought, of Prayer itself
Personified!
For o'er her face, the cast which artists' give,
To paint the act of beatific trance,
Spread, flooding it with light;
Whate'er she thought, the words were in
Her heart,—she breathed no sound;
But from the chambers of her heart, a deep drawn
Sigh, and it did seem to rend her soul.
Then pressed her lips, with fond affection, on the
picture.
With aspect, heavenly calm, as worshippers
That rise refreshed from the renewing altar,
She went forth to the sacrifice.

——Once again, I saw her. They had secured
The victim, but could not hold her;
The spirit broke its bonds, and roamed
At large. She was so sweetly beautiful,
As she lay there—cold and still as the
Frozen snow upon the mountain's brow.
A sweet smile shone calmly on her lips, as though
The soul in taking flight, had left that mark there,
To show the world that she was happy now.
In her hand was clasped the treasured likeness of
Her soul's idol. She clung to it in death—
They dared not rob her of it!

Rest! rest, sweet girl, with thy loved one's image
Clasped near a heart that loved him,
Even in death: He will join thee in the world of
Spirits!

CONSTANCE.

OUR NEIGHBOR AT THE CORNER

Is one of the old fashioned class of cobblers, who does not disdain to stitch per contract, or repair per order. The inundation of boots and shoes into the city at one time, regardless of the unerring rules of supply and demand, bade fair to drive him out of the field. He commenced operations as most of his brothers do,—

"In a stall,
Which served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all,"

but now has something of an imposing *emporium* to arrest the attention of the needy; his chief attraction, however, is the following sign board, which shows him to be something of a wag:

"Here works a man who mends the understanding,
Bad soles makes good, according to commanding.
He heels cits' low, bad manners, with or without tacks, (tax,)
Shoes them their proper way to honorable acts.
He works uninfluenced, with many an old screw.
He gives to you his awl,—none, generous more, can do.
He gives good measure: Try him with your bits,
He'll beat all other's understandings into fits.
And should you wish to know the important future,
Good Mrs. Strap, his wife, is sure to suit ye.
Altho' 'tis said to be a wicked trade,
Many 's the fortune, for others, she has made.
If oft she good to good refuses, and to bad rewards,
The fault lies not with her, but in the plaguey lawrs.
Come try your luck, you know not what's in store,
She lives at ——, ring at the first green door."

The latter calling is said to be the more thriving one, and of this only we would now relate,—more of the old cobbler anon.

"His ugly old wife and his tortoise shell cat," no doubt are capital stock in trade. I never shall forget what sensation the old crone made in our own circle. Passing by there one dull evening with a friend, he jocosely proposed that we should go in and have our fortunes told. The reader may believe the result or not, as he or she may please, but we heard information respecting ourselves perfectly astounding. Our friend bantering the old woman upon her impostures, she at once disclosed some secrets to him that eventually proved true, and displayed before him such a knowledge of his family affairs, as to call up something like horror in his face, as to the capabilities of the black art.

"Your daughter," she said, "is a sweet, pretty girl. You are about to marry her to a very rich old man of New York, now on his passage to California for that purpose. He has a wife already in New York, but brings out with him her release from all obligation; upon that he will sue her for a divorce, which you know, in San Francisco, is no difficult matter. Your daughter love's another—a young tradesman. I cannot exactly make out what his business is, but he is an honest, upright, hard-working fellow, and every way deserving her—"

Here my friend interrupted the ugly one:

"That I am sure is not the case, for she has never breathed to either of us that her affections are engaged to any one."

"O, yes, she has, often to her mother, who has kept the matter secret from you. She has been very ill of late, but seems resigned to her mother's wishes."

"Yes, that's a fact about her illness; but it was a severe cold."

"Yes, a chill of the heart. Now be advised by me, let her marry this young man; for his horoscope, both by cross and sign, are something very extraordinary, while this rich merchant, or whatever he is, will fail all to smash, as soon as he has married your daughter.—Shall I deal further, and tell you what her two fates are in marrying one or the other?"

"Let me ask you a question," said our friend, interrupting her. "How old is my daughter?"

"That I cannot say exactly,—somewhere between fourteen and eighteen; she appears, at all events, '*ower young to marry yet.*'"

"Well, I'll see you upon this matter another time. Go on with my friend's fortune. I'll enquire, and if I find what you say is true, I pledge myself to follow your recommendation."

"You had better. You will never regret the happiness you will have caused."

Then the old hag re-shuffled the cards, and set the horoscope page to work. After she dealt out the greasy

cards again, she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, making her more hideous looking than Hecate.

"What is there to laugh at," we said.

"The oddest fortune I ever dealt. You are a bachelor," addressing herself to the writer.

"Yes."

"You are beat, or you will be, by a handsome old widow. She has a wooden leg."

"That I know is false."

"She limps, doesn't she."

"Well, that is a good joke. I know whom you mean; I have scarcely spoken two words to her in my life."

"She hasn't a tooth in her head."

"She has the best set I ever saw."

"False! false! She wears false hair."

"That I know nothing of."

"How can you say so, when some barber here in town, has applied to you for her address, and mentioned the purpose for which he wanted it."

"Oh, now I remember. You are a witch and no mistake. Well, go on."

"The matter has gone so far as to engage her in knitting woolen socks for you; that's an earnest of her intentions. Is it not?"

"Well, I never! Go on."

"Have you a father living?"

"I leave you, by your art, to find that out."

"Well, 'tis only a little more trouble. I shall come to it presently."

"She has some property here,—in houses. O! as I live, you, or some one just like you, collects her rents. Is it so?"

"Go on." (Every word of this was truth only, my assertion of never having spoken two words to her was a fib.)

"O! shall I say what turns up."

"Anything, anything, our friend here knows all my affairs." (This latter he knew nothing of.)

Here the old wretch grinned, showing her toothless gums, and said:

"You have a father, I see; this gay old widow, having failed with the father, is about you see, to try the son. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What a compliment."

"Well, you may make a worse choice; for she will kill you with kindness, and be as jealous as any."

Our friend and self, not caring to hear more, left. We were both in a perfect maze of bewilderment as to her fore-knowledge and disclosures; and were, in despite of our better judgment, half converts to the art.

Three months after, my friend's daughter married a young carpenter, who had scarcely made his arrangements of comfortably settling down in California, than he received news of an uncle's death, by which he became entitled to an excellent property. I boarded with my friend, and upon the merry occasion of the wedding, his wife told us that she, about three months before, had her nativity cast, and every thing had fallen out just as the wise woman had told her; more than that, the help, her Sally, had things told her that were very wonderful, about the faithlessness of her lover, and how she would have been ruined and all her little pile of dollars spent, if she had not taken the old woman's advice. O, now the wonder's out! thought I: from the maid, the old crone has got what information she wanted about the mistress; from the mistress, what she wanted about the master; but how about myself? That was not long destined to be a poser. A young lad whom I kept to sweep up my office, and whom I had kicked out for having the impertinence and bad luck to be found at my desk reading my private letters, lodged with this old fortune-teller, and no doubt, for a consideration, poured into her ear these secrets about the false leg, and all,—the bill for it being among my papers, and which, until then, were known only to myself. After all, the old couple are not to be despised; and if he makes some shoes as well she makes some fortunes, few will have more occasion to find fault than we had

PROSPECTING.

BY DOINGS.

Did you ever go a prospecting? We do not mean, did you ever take a pick and shovel and scratch gravel half a mile from your cabin. But did you ever pack a mule, and take your chance in the mountains for a season? If you ever did, you have seen hard times, and very many pleasant ones. If you never did, you'll never know what you have lost.

Please go back with us to the summer of '50. And now we will, by a process altogether unknown to legerdemain or "Jacobs," save you the weary toil of weeks, and place you at once in a little valley amid the mountain peaks. Although morn, it is yet dark, but we can distinguish the forms of men moving about, and the camp-fire burns cheerfully. The men must be miners, for here lay picks, pans and shovels, and there a cradle; and although so early, the camp-kettle boils right merrily, and the pork in the fry-pan hisses and splutters away in good earnest. Some of the men are driving mules into camp,—others rolling up blankets and getting things together, ready for a start; this morning they leave the old camping ground on their way for—they know not where. But here! who's that down on his knees stirring batter in such a spiteful kind of a way? Shall I describe him and his dress? My extreme modesty almost forbids it, but having thus found him, and in such a picturesque position, 'twould be unfair to abandon him, and so I'll go on and describe those pants,—pants which have been identified with him since his earliest pilgrimage to the mines. Originally they were of good, firm, ribbed satinet, and boasted of their color, which was a bright blue,—but now, from long service, they have turned to a grayish hue, and those ribs which once did show so bold a front, have nearly worn away. As he is there upon his knees, the first attraction is a huge patch of bed-tick, faded and torn; beneath its tattered shreds, appears another patch of what was once white, and occupied the dignified position of the family flour bag. The batter is now of the right consistency, and as he has changed his position, we have a fair view of his knees, which present a similar appearance. The extremities of the "limbs," are much torn and worn away. But, for those old pants—torn, ragged, and bad as they are, he has an affection, and would be loth to part with them, for they are to him like an old tried friend,—they have stood by him in fair weather and in foul, and when the time comes that he and they must part, he will feel that he is parting with a good and true old friend, and 'twill be in sorrow. The remainder of his dress is in keeping with the pants. His hat, a round felt, well slouched; his boots—beyond description, but we will make affidavit that he has five toes upon each foot; his hair long and curly, and his face well browned. We have pictured ourself, and it was sure that our wardrobe exceeded all the others, inasmuch as we rejoiced in the ownership of an *extra* shirt.

Breakfast is over, the mules are packed, and with one last look at the old camping ground, the train moves on. Shall we go on with them, up and down those rugged mountains? and climb around those overhanging cliffs, bordering upon precipices frightful to only look at? We have not time—we will let them travel on, for with these "seven league boots" of ours, we can easily overtake them.

It is now several days since we parted with those rough friends of ours, and many a weary mile have they tramped since then—up and down steep mountain sides, through deep ravines, and immense patches of chapparel, and through glorious forests of majestic pines, whose tapering trunks stretch far towards the sky. And if when we left them, they presented a sorry appearance, they are even worse now, for chapparel is a great enemy to clothing.

As they travel along in Indian file, they cast furtive glances from their shadows to the sun, for it is afternoon, and they have traveled since early morn, and now feel tired and hungry, but they cannot camp yet, for there is no water here, nor have they seen any all day. But there must be water near—the mules have quickened their pace, and we can hear the gurgling of a running stream; there is water beyond this cliff. The cliff is past, the water is in sight; all thoughts of hunger and of wearied limbs are gone, each is eager for a drink from that refreshing stream. But look! there by the stream, and close beside those bushes, is a deer feeding—feeding thoughtfully, little thinking an enemy so near. Quick as thought old Bill has thrown his rifle to his shoulder, his finger is on the trigger—his is an unerring aim. Now, farewell to salt pork! vanish all thoughts of pork! to-night we'll feast on venison—we'll have a glorious time! Pork,—gross, fat, rusty pork, farewell! this morning we did love thee well, and smacked our lips over the scanty morsel of our allowance, cast imploring, wistful glances into the frying-pan for another rasher, but now the very name of pork fills us with disgust. Bah! thou wert never made to be eaten. Hark! never deer made noise like that; see! his antlers and skin have fallen off, and there standing erect is an—Indian! The band have gathered around him, he has seen "pale faces" before, and he has an old shirt wrapped about him. By gestures and a few Indian words, we discover that he is on a hunting excursion, and while disguised as a deer, is acting as a decoy to induce the genuine article to come up and feed with him, and in those bushes close by, two other Indians are concealed, with their bows and a bountiful supply of arrows, waiting the approach of a victim. Visions of imaginary venison have disappeared—to-night we sup on pork.

When eating supper, Tom, with a face immensely long and full of nothingness, says, "Bill, I'm very sorry that you didn't shoot when you had so good a chance, and as you could not kill a deer, why—I'm very fond of Indian." "What! did you ever eat Injun?" "To be sure, why the very best *meal* I ever ate was Indian." "Bravo!" shouts the Colonel, "give him another flap-jack." Bill couldn't see the point, and said that he'd "be blamed if he would shoot Injuns for any body, and he didn't think Tom was that kind of a feller."

The mules are picketed—supper is over, and all are gathered about the fire, none seem disposed to talk, but rather to enjoy that blissful, dreamy reverie which the evening camp-fire ever seems to inspire. And now is a fitting time for us to say "good night."

TOUCHING.—Here is a touching description of a moonlight scene. After whirling for some time in the ecstatic mazes of a delightful waltz, Cornelia and myself stepped out unobserved, to the balcony, to enjoy a few of those moments of solitude so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night, the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; the full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person, giving her almost an angelic appearance, and imparting to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft hands rested in mine, and ever and anon she met my ardent gaze with one of pure confiding love. Suddenly a change came over her soft features, her full, red lip trembled as if with suppressed emotion, a tear-drop rested on her long, drooping lashes, the muscles around her faultless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath—and snatched her hand from the warm pressure of my own, she turned suddenly away, buried her face in her white fine cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed!

Happiness is a perfume that one can not shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. VI.

Reader, did you ever say farewell, until the sound echoed through the heart, like the knell of all you loved the dearest?—If you did, oh! pity me.

I have said farewell to noble Ben, and laid his head to rest forever on the "lap of earth." I have said farewell, probably forever, to dear, light-hearted Charley; and now, when thy good bye is spoken, my heart will have lost all of its most loved objects, and I shall turn into my cabin,—oh! how desolate and lone,—without one to cheer me.

But ere we part, dear reader, let us look back together over our short acquaintance. Six short months ago we first invited you to our cabin,—and what a happy circle you found there, Ben, with all his quiet joy—Charley, so gay and cheerful, and I, in my dreamy happiness,—how bright it looks, seen from the present gloom! Month after month went past, and each brought the looked for meeting;—and we all looked forward with pleasure to the glad Spring, which should make our happiness more intense. But when it came, it brought not the expected gladness, but instead, a shadow, for sickness had settled on one of the loved ones of our little circle. Charley wrote you last month, how very sick Ben was, and how little we hoped for his recovery. Day by day, as we saw our companion grow steadily, yet ever patiently, more feeble, that hope grew fainter,—and one morning, after a restless night, the pain seemed to die away, as the glorious May day dawned; I opened the door of the cabin, and the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon the couch of the sufferer, and the old smiling look of quiet joy stole over his features; and saying, "it could not be better," he sank into a gentle repose, as if lulled to sleep by the sunlight. But he was very weak, and neighbors, who had called in, through all the long restless night had whispered him dying; and now, they said he was fast going. It was indeed true. The faint breathing grew fainter, and finally, without a struggle from the sleeper, ceased altogether,—and yet he seemed but sleeping, for the smile was there, and the faint tinge of color on the cheeks—all, as if but sleeping. I stood and gazed long on the calm repose of the wasted form, and could not realize that it was Death, but when the consciousness of the truth did come over me, and the wild thought rushed on my mind to awaken the sleeper, to cry in all the anguish of my grief: "Ben, dear Ben, for the sake of those who love you, awake from that fearful repose," a voice of the air, even as though the spirit still hovered near, repressed me, saying: "It could not be better."

Perchance it could not. From all the hardships of your lot—from all the toil, pain, and ills of life, to sink so gently to rest—"It could not be better." From all the longings, which make life one long, uneasy dream, to pass so calmly to where no dreams disturb the deep repose, "It could not be better." After all thy sad boyhood, when a happier life had come, (even as the bright morning after a restless night.) In the glad spring, when everything is gay, and life has more for which to cling to earth—to pass so peacefully away, "It could not be better," for thou hast gone to a place where our happiest life and most beautiful scenes, are surpassed by joys and scenes the most transcendent.

And then the dark grief, that none may know but those who have felt it, settled upon me, and I moved unconsciously about. Neighbors came in and dressed the form in white vestments, moving about noislessly, and speaking in whispers, as if Ben was but sleeping, and they feared to awake him. While that, which but a short time before was Ben, lay heedless of all—the color had gone, but the sweet smile still rested on the marble features.

And then one morning the neighbors formed in procession, and followed the remains out to the pine tree on the

knoll, beside the other grave. The coffin was lowered, the burial service read by a venerable old man, the dirt heaped in, and all was over.

And now I am to redeem my promise to thee, Ben. But how shall I speak of a subject so tender as the beloved departed. The memory of their virtues live with all of us; and thy virtues, Ben, form a bright wreath around the brow of thy memory, that sheds a halo o'er the gloom of death. Thy goodness and gentleness to those who knew thee, need no aid from my pen, and those who knew thee not would little heed me. But, beloved friend, of that for which thy nature fitted thee, and of what thou might have been under different circumstances, let me repeat over thy grave, that which has been beautifully said by him who wrote the "short and simple annals of the poor."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,—
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or woke to ecstacy the living lyre.

"But knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;—
Chill Penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul."

So the grave closed over the dearest member of our household, and Charley and I turned back into our cabin bound closer by our mutual grief. A few days passed and he in his deep sorrow, bethought him of a distant home, and smiling faces that longed to welcome him back, and he resolved to go. The preparations were finished, and one bright morning we parted by the grave of him whose memory bound us closer friends. There were tears in Charley's eyes—tears in mine, and through them I watched him hurry away. The sun was shining brightly on the flowers, and the birds all gay, but to me it was night—the starless night of the heart's grief; and I turned back to my cabin, now so lonely that I wished it were a tomb.

It is night while I am writing, the night on which we should all have been assembled here. But there are no generous friends to feel a lively interest in my poor efforts—they are gone and I sit here alone writing this farewell. I live alone now; and though I find it sad to be thus solitary, yet there is a pleasure in it which I would not have broken by strangers. Sometimes the memory of our old companionship grows so strong, that it seems almost real. And they are with me. It is even as the poet has beautifully sung of the departed:

"—— they do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

In the stillness of the night, I feel the presence of spirits, they commune with me in a speechless language, and I know at least one who loved this place, even as I.

As I pause from writing, and raise my eyes, they rest upon a pencil drawing of Charley's, and Ben's rifle—and I know that the hand which drew one, is far away over the seas, lost to me forever; and the eye which knew to take unerring sight, is dimmed, and hidden by the cold grave. And yet they seem with me still; for as I gaze, memory leads me back to the days of our companionship, and I live a life almost as intense as in those days.

But, kind reader, I fear I tire you,—one word more. If during our intercourse you have found one thing that awakened an interest which you have since lost, please unite me with it, and remember me at the best. The recollection of your kindness will ever be one of my dearest memories.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and has been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

Epitaph on a California money lender:—

"Here lies old thirty-five per cent.,
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved;
The more he made the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?"

"VIRTUE, ENERGY AND FAME."

A CHAPTER OF RESOLVES.

I.

Wealth and Honor, are my objects;
High ambition guides my aim;
But I scorn to touch dishonor;
E'en to win the proudest name.

II.

Wealth, although a key to Honor,
Ne'er unlocks the hidden door;
While one's hands are stained with lucre,
While the gold is ill-got ore.

III.

Honor never can be pleasure,
While the ghosts of bygone sin,
Haunt the mind, torment the fancy,
Keeping up an endless din.

IV.

Nor is Sin a fleeting phantom;
It doth e'er distress the heart;
And its victim struggles vainly—
It defies his subtlest art.

V.

E'en repentance fails to kill it;—
Thought can never, never die;—
For although he tries concealment,
To *his heart*, it speaks the lie.

VI.

But when each is ruled by Virtue,
When Religion sheds its light,
O'er the deeds of him who worketh,
Steadfastly by day and night.

VII.

Onward, upward, as the eagle,
Will his fame as proudly soar,
Till Ambition's toil is ended,
And he lives on earth, no more.

VIII.

Then his name, like stars at midnight,
Guides the mariners of life,
On their weary, stormy voyage,
Safe from shipwreck, safe from strife.

IX.

Oh! then may this golden motto,
"Virtue, energy, and fame,"
Teach me in the midst of danger,
How to carve a deathless name.

ANDREAS.

San Francisco, May 11, 1857.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready!
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady!
Give me the hand that has never foresworn it!
Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it!
Soft palm, or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is honest—forever.

HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

Often does the wayworn and weary over-land emigrant, in passing through Honey Lake Valley, turn his steps from the more beaten trail or wagon track, in order to get a nearer view of the lake, that makes so important a feature of the landscape there presented. And as he winds along the oft frequented foot-path, he will see yet another, and smaller than the one he is following, that seems to lead even more directly to the lake; but one in which the green grass of the valley is trampled down barely sufficient to mark it as a trail; but should he from curiosity follow it, as he approaches the low bank of the lake, he will, if he be a stranger there, come unexpectedly upon a little spot of ground, upon which Death's seal has been set; a grave has been marked, not made, for there is no grave there. And yet a head-board has been reared, and on it is this inscription—HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

To very many who have seen it and know nothing of the circumstances of its origin, it doubtless bears the impress of mystery; but of the import of that inscription, and the causes and circumstances attendant upon the erection of that frail monument, oh! would to Heaven it were all a mystery to me! that its history were but a myth to the reader, and to the world.

* * * * * * *

The over-land emigration to California in 1852 was immense, and marked its pathway by mementos that still exist, telling their tales of woe not only in characters of "camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine;" but unmarked graves that never can be numbered.

The company to which I was attached was made up mostly of young men, numbering twenty-two in all, and representing more than half the States of the Union. All but one of us were adventurers, on our first trip to the new El Dorado. The exception was a Tennesseean, and as he had once before made the over-land journey, he was supposed, and assumed, to know more of the route, and the requirements and duties necessary to a successful prosecution of the journey, than any one or all the rest of the company.

It was the general custom of companies that year on starting out, to designate one of their number to act as chief director or Captain; and as our Tennesseean, in connection with a fine physical development, possessed traits of character that seemed well calculated to adapt him to the position, he was unanimously elected our chief, with the title of Capt. Tenn,—as an abridgment of Tennessee,—his real name we never knew.

Ours was a pack-train; we had no wagon; but a tent for every five men, with the single exception of that of Capt. Tenn's, which was occupied by but two; himself, and one whom he claimed as a relative, and whom he called Lally; why, we never knew. He was but a youth, frail and delicate in appearance, and apparently in ill health, though ever appearing quite joyous and happy. And such was the interest taken by the Captain in his welfare, that he always cheerfully preferred doing double guard duty at night, rather than impose the hardship upon his tent companion.

I have said that Lally ever seemed joyous and happy; and so he was till nearly half the journey was accomplished. We had reached Pacific Springs, three miles west of the South Pass, and had encamped along the border of a boggy marsh, near the wayside, much earlier than usual, so that numerous other companies that thronged the way, passed by us. Among many horse-back riders, were several ladies, and of their number, one seemed to lag far behind the rest. As she passed our camp, Captain Tenn very pleasantly accosted her with—"You must hurry up madam, your friends are getting far ahead of you,"—to which she replied —"My husband is yet behind."

Every man of us who heard her, was struck with the peculiar tone of her voice, as one of sweetness and anxiety intermingled; while her face beamed with an expression that alone made her charming, despite a six weeks' exposure upon the the plains to parching winds and a glaring sunshine. Before passing entirely from view, she reined up her horse as if in waiting for her husband, and thus remained for a full half hour.

At this moment, Capt. Tenn, throwing a saddle upon his mule, and mounting, started towards her, which being observed by her, she too started though slowly on her way, but was soon overtaken by Tenn, who offered to escort her, as it was already getting dark, to her friends, who had pushed on to Pacific Creek, two miles beyond. She accepted his offer, though reluctantly, preferring and hoping every moment that her husband would arrive.

He had been out upon a hunt, leaving his company early in the morning upon the Sweet Water, and though eminently successful, had pursued his game further than he had supposed, and

it was not till ten in the evening that he passed our camp with a companion, and their two mules laden with the flesh of a noble elk, the fruits of their day's hunt. It was not alone in the heart of the wife, that anxiety was playing its fearful game that night.

From the moment that Lally noticed the departure of Tenn, he seemed like one who had lost his only friend. His anxiety and grief assumed a feature so closely bordering upon despair, that our utmost endeavors to reconcile him were utterly without avail, nor were we other than absolutely amazed at the depth of feeling he manifested; and when Tenn did return, which was near midnight, and had retired to his tent, a murmur of voices was continued therein, till the night-watch announced the coming morn.

Pale, feverish, and weak was Lally, as he mounted his animal that morning. Starting early, we came upon the camp of the hunter's company just as they were ready for a move, and more than one of us noticed something we thought as peculiar in the recognition that passed between Capt. Tenn and the hunter's wife; but owing to the circumstance of his gallantry the evening before, the apparent familiarity was thought of no more. Just then Lally was taken more violently ill, and with every symptom of that dreaded scourge, the cholera, that while it sported with, had decimated many a company.

We were compelled to stop and provide for our sick comrade as best we could. Between four and five in the afternoon, during a moment when Lally seemed to be sleeping, Tenn seized his rifle, and leaping upon his best mule, said: "Take good care of Lally when he wakes, for I intend to have an elk or antelope before I sleep." He then started back in the direction of Pacific Springs. But e'er an hour had elapsed our suffering friend awoke, and raising himself up and not seeing Tenn any where around, asked for him. On being told that he had gone for a short hunt, and would be back soon—with a wild shriek that sent a thrill to every heart around him, he exclaimed, as he fell back upon his blankets—"*He'll never come again!*"

Night came, but it brought only delirium to poor Lally, for Tenn *did not* return.

It was toward midnight, when racked by a terrible paroxysm, and his brain reeling under the pressure of delirium, that Lally first revealed the secret, now preying so heavily upon his soul; and what think you it was? It was not that he was a murderer—not that he was worse than this, a seducer—Lally's only crime was—being *woman!* the basely deceived, and now abandoned victim of Tenn.

For three days and nights more, did the lamp of life in poor Lally, flicker between reason and delirium, till at last it went faintly out, and though "Mother," and "Brother," were often upon her lips, she breathed no other name. Nor could we learn her name from her destroyer, for—*he never came again!*

* * * * * * *

Ten days since, while traveling in the interior, as I was casually remarking upon the probable entrance of one of the branches of the South Pass wagon road into California, by the Honey Lake Valley route, and was speaking of the local beauty of the valley and its advantages as a place for a settlement,

a stranger—occupying a seat in the stage with me—exclaimed, as it seemed, almost involuntarily—" Sir, you speak of Honey Lake Valley; there are reminiscences connected with that spot, that I would deem it a boon above any other gift, would Heaven but blot them from my memory!"

This was just enough to awaken my curiosity, and I remarked that I too was acquainted with one fact of interest as connected with that locality; and as all present seemed desirous of knowing what it was—quickly and without a thought I replied—a graveless tombstone! or rather a head-board without a grave—an inscription without a name!

All present noticed that something like a thrill of horror shook the frame of the stranger, he bowed his head but uttered not a word; while at the request of many present, I entertained them, or tried to do so, by a recital of scenes and events that occurred during our three months journey upon the plains, and among them the incident of Lally's desertion and death.

On arriving at the hotel and stopping for the night, the stranger called for a room, and asked me to accompany him thither. I followed without hesitation, believing from his demeanor that he had something which he wished, perhaps privately, to impart. Closing the door, he began at once by saying,—" You, sir, have related this day, that part of a tale of horror to which I was a stranger, and yet I am the only one living in possession of the full secret of its more terrible sequel; and strange as it may seem, I feel an almost irresistible desire to acquaint you with it, that as the world knows a part, it may also know the counter-part."

With this short introduction, the stranger continued—

" I was one," said he, " of that same company of emigrants to which the hunter of the Sweet Water belonged. Early in the morning following that on which we left you at Pacific Creek, Capt. Tenn, as you called him, came into camp, and said that he had had a 'falling out' with his company, for the reason that he alone of all, desired to go the Salt Lake route, while the rest of the company would take the cut-off. He determined therefore on leaving them, and had done so.

" Possessed of an easy address and pleasing manner, with his previous knowledge of the route, he was considered rather as an acquisition to our company, and being liberal in the use of his money, it made him many friends, and he was soon recognized as a kind of second captain of the company. A few days and we had reached Salt Lake City, and were encamped upon its borders, and nothing had transpired particularly to excite suspicion in regard to the true character of our new acquaintance. But during the few days that we remained near the city, an intimacy, beyond what propriety would clearly warrant, had been observed between Tenn and the hunter's wife. They would take long rides together, remaining away from camp for hours together. At the time however, but little was thought of it, as an expostulation on the part of the husband to the wife, touching her conduct in this particular, seemed to have set all things right.

" Before the day arrived on which we were to renew our journey, and whilst the hunter, true to his instinct and occupation, with others of the com-

pany, had gone to the mountains for a day in pursuit of game, his wife, accompanied by Tenn, ostensibly for the purpose of following in the train of the hunting party, also left the camp, on two of the finest horses that money could there procure, and took a route in the direction of the hunters.

"It was late at night before the party came in, and when it did come, Tenn and the wife were missing, and—*they never came again!*

"Stung to the heart's core by the now certain evidence of his wife's inconstancy, and burning with revenge, the hunter bid adieu to his company, and after a hasty preparation, followed alone in the direction he supposed the fugitives had taken. For days, with his inferior animal had he crowded on, and yet with no tidings of the guilty ones; he was about to despair, when on the evening of the tenth day from Salt Lake, having made an unusually long day's journey, as he was approaching an emigrant camp, he espied among other objects laying around, the favorite saddle of his wife, for though at a distance, he knew it by some peculiarity in its trappings.

"Urging his animal forward, it being twilight, he passed the camp unheeded, if not unnoticed, towards a camp-fire visible some distance ahead. There he stopped, and learned that among those who made up the company in the rear, were a stranger gentleman and lady, who on horseback were endeavoring by forced rides to overtake their friends whom they supposed were then but about two days in advance.

"This was the very information the hunter had been seeking for many a weary day, 'twas all he wished to know! And now like a demon thirsting for revenge, did he hang upon their trail, as day by day they continued their hurried flight. At length when they supposed pursuit had been given over, if any had been attempted, they joined another company. What reason they gave for not being attached to any other company, or for leaving the one to which they had belonged, I never knew, and again was Tenn doubtless ingratiating himself into the good graces of his newly adopted friends.

"But little did he know that there was one lurking upon his trail, in whose heart—

'One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins—
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.'

"And well did he at last compass his intentions. Days had passed, and the hunter had ascertained that it was the practice of Tenn to go on every afternoon in advance of the company, in order to seek out the best camping-ground, sometimes accompanied by his accredited wife, but not always. It was upon a time when from a distance in the rear, the hunter discovered that Tenn had left the train and had gone on alone, that he too came up and was soon passing the train of eight or ten wagons, when, just as he had reached the foremost of them all, he heard a shriek from within it—and such a shriek! but he heeded it not, and passing on only knew by casting a glance behind, that the train had stopped, and men, women and children were fast gathering round the wagon from whence the cry had come; but before the hunter had lost sight of the train, it seemed

moving on again as though nothing had occurred.

"Hours had now passed away, and the usual time had arrived at which the signal from Tenn should have been seen, denoting the chosen camp-ground; but on they plodded, amid the dust and heat of the upper Humboldt bottoms; night came; but Tenn had not been seen, and yet they could not have passed him without seeing him; so on again they went, till the growing darkness compelled them to stop. They had passed much good camping-ground, it was good where they then were; but Tenn was missing.

"There was deep wailing in that camp that night. The stranger lady in her great agony, would wander among the tents and wagons, like one half bewildered, and at times vehemently exclaiming: 'twas he! I know 'twas him! and oh! that look he gave me!' Again, as if her mind were upon the missing Tenn, when all else was still in the camp, save the low voices of her attendants; once more her cry rang out upon the night—'*Will he never come again?*' And as her voice died away along the valley, there came back an echo from the darkness, clear, distinct, ghoul like, as if from the very caverns of the night—'*He'll never come again!*'

"All were startled, strong men trembled; from that moment the stranger wife was a maniac!

"Sad and sorrowful did that company leave their camping-ground the next morning. All felt as though a great calamity had befallen them, and yet they hardly knew why.

"Search was made for the missing Tenn; word was passed and the circumstances related to the trains both in front and rear; but—*he never came again!*

"A weary, cheerless, day-after-day journey from the Humboldt towards the Sierras of California, and the company had reached the luxuriant meadows of Honey Lake Valley, and had encamped in full view of, and but a short distance from, the northeastern shore of the lake on the willow-fringed banks of Susan river.

"It was now night again; but all had not retired, and among them the maniac wife, now passive and mild in her madness, sat in the tent door looking at the stars, and as usual, repeating oft and again her constantly reiterated ejaculation and question—'My husband! *will he never come again?*' When suddenly springing to her feet, she bounded wildly from the tent, and uttering, as a prolonged shriek—'*He's come! yes, he's come again!*' she disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the lake.

"Search was made for her all that night and the following day; but to no purpose, for—*she never came again!* They traced her foot-steps through the, till then, untrodden grasses, to the shore of the lake, and there they placed a head-board; but as they never knew her name, they marked it thus:

'HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.'"

But why, I asked, should *you* feel so much interest in this memento, or the circumstances connected with its erection there?

"Because," said he, "in *me* you see the hunter of the plains. But more than this—she of whose foot-prints it makes record—*did see me once again!* I did stand before her tent-door, as I had often done before; but until then,

unnoticed—for I tried again to love her—I did pity her—but my love for her, until too late—*never came again!* For as she bounded with out stretched arms towards me, I eluded her embrace, yet led her in her flight, till the waters of the lake barred my further progress, when turning suddenly to one side, I heard a splash, a plunge, a half choked shriek, quickly I turned and would have saved her; but e'er I could arrive to rescue her—thrice I saw her rise and sink—*she did not rise, again!*

"For three cheerless weeks and lonely, I lingered around that lake, waiting and watching for her rising—*but she never rose again!*"

I now asked the stranger, the hunter of the plains, if he could tell me, what was really then, the fate of Tenn? to which he replied—"It is enough for *me* to know—*he'll never come again!*"

THE COMET.

Do you ask me, whence that Comet,
Where that Comet's native country,
Where the scarey creature came from,
Where he gets his fiery tail from,
Whether he's a Fili-buster,
Bent on cutting up a caper,
Pitching at us, as did Walker,
At the State of Nicaragua,
Spoiling everything about him,
Though he knows he never ought to?
I will answer, I will tell you,
All about the fiery creature;
Where he came from, where his home is,
What he's doing, why he does it.
In the early days of nature,
Ere the Earth by Man was peopled,
Ere the Angels ever heard of,
Such a thing as Man or Woman,
And for quite a time thereafter,
'Till they ate forbidden apples,
Apples from the middle garden;
Angels had no occupation,
Any that I ever heard of,
Any that I ever read of,
But to watch as guardian angels,
Watch the Man and watch the Woman.
Now Adam tried the boyish foible,
The trick of mixing soap and water,
And blowing through a hollow reed,
And blowing hard the air he breathed,
Blowed up bubbles from the water,
From his gourd of soap and water;
That rising in the noon-day's sun,
Showed the pure prismatic colors,
All the colors of the rainbow,
Though there ne'er had been a rainbow.
The sport so pleased the guardian angel,
Angel sent to guard and watch them,
That he asked to take a hand in,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine.
This so tickled Mrs. Adam,
(Eve was then the wife of Adam,)
The reed she handed to the Angel,
Her reed for blowing airy bubbles,
Pleased to see her guardian angel,
Blow a match with youthful Adam.
Then Eve agreed to give the word—
"Now dip," says she, "your hollow reeds,
Into this gourd of soap and water,"
"Now blow!" says she, "I'll hold the gourd."
And now the bubbles thickly flew,
Bubbles made of soap and water,
Airy bubbles! mighty bubbles!
Bubbles with their corners rounded.
But Adam blew the weaker bubble,
And could not blow by far as often,
For, being mortal, he was tickled,
By involuntary laughter;
'Twas thus the Angel got the start,
Of Eve's bubble blowing Adam;
His bubbles too, were lighter far,
Than bubbles blown by mortal;
Thus Adam's, floated round his head,
The Angel's, floated up and onward.
Says Eve, "My dear! just look up there,
I'm thinking that you cannot come it!
Your bubbles fall in spray around you,
His fly away to make the comets!"
Now I ask then, why this furor,
Why so scared about the Comets?
When they are but bubbles floating,
Floating in the starry heavens,
Bubbles made from soap and water,
Coming, going, then returning,
Flying through the farthest heavens,
Because they've nowhere else to wander,
Harmless, being only bubbles,
Bubbles blown by Guardian Angels!

"My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all your troubles, dar is one place where you can always find sympathy."

"Whar? whar?" cried several.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes upward.

THE THREE POWERS.—The press, the pulpit, and the petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, the third—considerably.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

CATACOMBS AT ROME.—EFFECTUAL RECLAMATION OF A DRUNKARD.

"So, Pierre, you are about to leave Italy—Madame well, and well married?"

"C'est vrai," said my valet—"next to being happy one's self, is the happiness of seeing those around us happy." Little Pierre looked supremely so. He had saved a little money, Madame much more. They were going to Paris, take a house, and let it out in apartments, where they would be happy to accommodate the good Doctor, our worthy self, should his wanderings call him again to Paris.

At ten o'clock I set out with the English physician, of whom I have before spoken, to explore the celebrated catacombs of Rome. Their entrance is at the Via Appia, a short distance from the city. Here are immensely long galleries branching right and left to an apparently interminable extent. They twist and turn in and out in the most singular manner. They are generally of a like height and breadth, the most capacious seldom measuring more than eight feet in height and five in width. The graves, or cells, are laid out in tiers, three abreast, lengthwise, so that the shells enclosing the remains are wholly seen. In some places you descend into another gallery below the one you have explored, and still another below that. Our guide told us it would take a month to see the whole of them, and assured us that as far as they have been explored, they measured six miles. In one spot, a few days before our visit, several relics of Christian altars had been found, proving that the caverns had been in extensive use as places of worship. One inscription, which I fancy I made out, carved on the rough stone, struck me as something remarkable. It was this:—

OPT. A
H. S. V. S. P.
MORT.

which I render thus:—*Hanc sedem viva sibi posuit optatissima morti.* He placed this sepulchre while living; very much wishing for death. Who knows, thought I, the anguish that lies buried there; the torn affections, disappointed hope brought about by parental or other tyranny. Another too deserved remark from the moralist:—I· ET· J· Usq. ad Mort — F· ET· P Utiq. in. Mort. which I took to mean—*Infidelis et Joculator usque ad Mortem —Fidelis et Pœnitens utique in Mortem* —An Infidel and Joker up to his death; but in his death, most truly a Believer and Penitent.

The rock or stone out of which these are hollowed is called *tufo*. It is of similar appearance to those of the Sicilian and Egyptian catacombs; just such a stone as might be easily sculptured, and yet of sufficient consistency as not to crumble. Those of Naples, which I visited, are not by any means so extensive. I should say they do not extend for more than two or three miles from their entrance, which is under the Cape di Monte hill. Those of Syracuse are the largest in extent I have visited. In many other places catacombs are found. In Palermo and Malta there are several; but the most extraordinary sight of the kind I ever witnessed, is that in a small mountain near Milo, one of the Cyclades' islands. It has the appearance of a wasp's nest, completely honey-combed throughout; labyrinths run into labyrinths without end, almost in every direction; a visit to these would much gratify the curious traveler. In Egypt, where-ever rock is found to any extent, these excavations have been found; but their form is very dissimilar to those supposed to have been worked during the Christian era, and they are by no means so numerous or extensive.

During our afternooon's walk in the city of Paris, who should I meet on the Boulevards but little Pierre's pauvre enfant; but what a fall was there my readers. Instead of the gay, tripping, laughing, chatting, rosy, plump little

creature, when Pierre married her, she was one of the most woe-begotten grisettes as can be found among the canaille. Deep lines of care had disfigured her once merry face. Her fingers were like tobacco pipes, and her once rotund model frame had shrunk into a mummy's. To my enquiry she gave me a long catalogue of her troubles, all brought about by the drunken little rascal Pierre, once her loving husband. My heart bled for the poor woman, for her attachment to him was still so great that she would not leave him, although all her daily earnings were dissipated by his drunken habits. It is very rarely one sees a Frenchman addicted to this habit; but when this vice takes full hold of him, he is the most furious and unmanageable of all sots. I was then seeking private apartments for myself and nephew, and we gladly availed ourselves of the poor woman's offer to take up our abode at her house, in the Rue Rivoli, which, though not in the pleasantest part of Paris, nevertheless suited well our purpose, as it was near the schools of Physic and Anatomy at which my nephew studied. It was our good luck to reform Master Pierre, and which was effected by the aid of my young scapegrace of a nephew, and a few of his choice spirits, students, that were full of fun of an innocent kind, of such as an old man, like myself, might conscientiously partake.

I shall never forget the circumstance, and should any of my nephew's fellow-students ever read this recital, they will bear testimony to the truth of it.

One night as Madame brought in our coffee, (I and my nephew preferred it in our cool and silent apartments to the stifling heat and noise of a café,) we observed Madame in tears, and on enquiring the cause, we heard that he had left her in company with some of his graceless boozers, for a drunken carouse. My nephew gave me the wink, and after our coffee, without saying more than that I was not to expect him that night, slipped out. All the next day Madame saw no Pierre, and I, no nephew; but the day after, to my surprise, I discovered Pierre on his knees imploring forgiveness, and vowing, only as a Frenchman in earnest can vow, by all the saints in and out, that were, that are, and that are to be, in the calendar, never, upon any consideration, while life shall last, to touch another drop of liquor, of any sort or kind whatsoever.

"But how was this miracle brought about?" said I to my nephew on his return.

"You shall hear," said he. "We followed the little sot to the Auberge de * * * a noted place for guzzlers, where the worst of wine and liquors are sold at a moderate price; we went in, unnoticed, and seating ourselves where we could observe without being observed, found Pierre one of a set of bon vivants, belonging to a company calling itself La Folie des Sages. It was a rule amongst them that he who drank the least always should pay for the *vin fumeux* of the rest. Pierre soon got beastly drunk, and the cabaretier soon turned him out, and he fell helplessly and unconsciously drunk in the street. So we put him in a sack that we had provided for the occasion, and after a little circumambulation, and a few interruptions from the police, deposited him at our *Anatomique*, locked him up among the human dismemberments that lay scattered about, and left him to his fate. The next morning early (there was no lecture for four days after, at the school) the attendant, who was in the joke, unlocked the theatre, and finding him still fast asleep, proceeded to strip him, and taking a piece of red ochre, drew several lines across his body, as if for marks preparatory for dissection. He then put him again, naked as he was, into the sack, took away his clothes, and again locked him up. After six and thirty hours incarceration, the attendant judged that he would like to be stirring, and that the bibber would have but few more

fumes left. So, unlocking the room, and finding him still fast asleep, he roused him by pulling the sack above the dissecting table. Pierre at last awoke.

"Hillo!" said the attendant, "what business have you to be alive? you ought to be dead. I bought you last night for dissection for one hundred francs; you were then as dead as any *lapin fricasse*—(stewed rabbit.) However, no matter; you will be all the fresher when you're wanted, and will keep the better this hot weather."

"Why, you don't mean to say you will murder me?" said Pierre, trembling.

"Murder you! how can cutting up a dead man be called murder?"

"But I'm not dead. I'm alive, alive, awake, alive, as much as ever I was in my life."

"No matter, you were dead enough last night, I swear. I bought you of a policeman in the Morgue, and you are already divided among the students; look at yourself and see if it is not so."

Pierre glanced at his nude body, and found himself scientifically marked off into lots, which the attendant assured him the students would be waiting for at ten that night.

"Parbleu! What, cut up a live man like a pig, and sell him out like a butcher!"

"Why yes, to be sure, or how can I get my hundred francs back?"

"Mon Dieu! Quelle mechanceté!"

"You're not the first that our science has so exalted. Think of the honor of your bones, arteries, nerves, flesh, muscles, &c., and all being preserved for the admiration of the learned for ages to come, instead of laying rotting like a stinking carcase in a dust hole."

"Eh bien! 'tis time enough to think about that when I am dead. Let me go—send for my wife—she will pay you your hundred francs no doubt."

"No, no. We'll send for her after you are dissected. It will be a great relief to her; for I hear she has often wished you were dead."

"You are not serious, Monsieur, in taking my life!"

"Am I not?" laying his hand on his shoulder with an iron grasp—(the attendant was a powerful giant compared to little Pierre.) "You just lay prostrate on that board, and I will have your head off before you can give one wink."

"Merci!" ejaculated Pierre — the cold perspiration settling in big drops on his face. "I did not think there could be found such men in the world so cool in murder."

"O, 'tis nothing; we must do it sometimes, when we can't get subjects. That's just the case now. This one"—said the attendant, lifting the leg of a dead man that had been half divested of its skin, and laying on the table before them—"this one, we have had now nearly a week; 'tis quite offensive, but I was ordered not to get rid of it until I got another."

"Monsieur! believe me; give me some clothes and let me go, and I will, sur l'honneur bring you back two hundred francs."

"No! no! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. You don't catch old birds with chaff, old fellow. You were dead enough last night; I'll swear it, and so will Monsieur the police-officer. I bought you with lawful money paid to him; 'tis a legal transaction."

"Est ce possible! Misericorde! and pay for—

Ma foi! Do you mean to contend that if I buy a dead pig, and it comes to life again, that that pig is not my lawful property?"

"But, Monsieur, I'm not a dead pig; I am a live man."

"Nor am I a murderer. Come, I will tell you what I will do with you; time is precious, and I can't afford to lose a hundred francs, and another subject I sha'nt be able to get now, and the students will all be making complaints to the professeur, and I shall lose my place—take this chloroform; you'll die as easy as you can get drunk.

'Tis prime stuff, better than *vin fumeux*. I'll polish you up, and set your old bones in a mahogany case. Madame shall see you; you will be happy yourself, make her happy, and I and the students and Monsieur le Professeur will not be disappointed;—make up your mind to this; I shall make short work of it with this knife."

"Horrible! le plus horrible!" groaned Pierre.

He said no more, but grasped Pierre by the throat, threw him down, and poured by force some liquid down his throat, when a thundering knock was heard at the door.

"Diable! to come at this time," said the attendant. The door opened; Pierre watched his opportunity, leaped over the attendant's shoulders, ran, naked as he was, out of the street, with the police and canaille in his trail, until he found a door open. There, snatching up a pair of pants that were hanging before the stove to dry, and a woman who was ironing a shirt discovered him, he bolted the door, fell on his knees before the affrighted creature and her terrified and screaming children, told her his story, and sought her protection.

It was the next morning, as we have said, that he was found again on his knees before his pauvre enfant, vowing to be in future all that a loving wife can wish for in a husband, and had her forgiveness.

Pierre does not, I believe, know to this day to what stratagem he was indebted for so thorough a reformation; but believes that he was not only dead drunk, but that he was drunk dead, and that the selling of his living body was a lawful transaction.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his own salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as a pillar of iron, or elastic as a steel spring, and almost invariably crowns its hero with success.

MY ABSENT CHILDREN.

BY G. T. S.

The twilight dews are falling,
The birds have gone to rest;
The infant is reposing,
Upon its mother's breast;
I sit within my chamber,
My books before me lay;
But when my eyes rove o'er them,
My thoughts are far away.

I see sweet smiling faces,
Ringlets and golden hair;
And soft blue eyes are smiling,
From out the picture there.
One sits within the parlor,
On dear grandpapa's knee,
Cooing, crowing, and lisping,
Sweet words of love for me.

Another sits by the fireside,
In his little rocking chair—
What are thy thoughts, my dear one?
Is thy mother with thee there?
One with a string and bobbin,
Scours the parlor round,
While puss and kits pursue him,
With playful spring and bound.

My children, my sweet children,
'Tis thus the hours depart;
'Tis thus asleep or waking,
Ye dwell within my heart.
'Tis thus within my memory,
At eve your place ye keep,
Till I lay me on my pillow,
And weep myself to sleep.

San Francisco, May 12, 1857.

WHERE IS "THE WEST?"

"The west" is a charmed term which has had its vast legion of worshippers since our recollection. From our infancy, we have pursued on, on, without reaching its embrace.

The father of the writer has for seventy years been upon this pilgrimage. Leaving New England's rock-bound shore, he was borne over hills, through valleys, across rude causeways of irregular logs, amid dense forests, and along the indistinct pathway indicated only by blazed trees, in search of "the west."

In the fertile valley of the Genesee, the emigrating party set itself down in the thick woods, where the fire of the Indian wigwam smoked, and the wild whoop and merry laugh of the

semi-savage resounded, to break the silence of the scene.

After many wanderings, and a great variety of vicissitudes, they were flattered with the idea that they had *found* "the west." They were so far content, and turned their attention to their future homes; trees were felled, log houses soon made their appearance, and their smoke gracefully curled among the green elms; giving tokens of advancing civilization.

A few years served to convert the wilderness into cultivated fields, and the log hut was superceded by comfortable dwellings, well filled barns and granaries, and all the comforts and luxuries of life.

Years rolled on, and the spirit of progress spread over the land—a living flood was pouring in—emigrants from all countries where civilization reigns, passed through the valley of the Genesee, westward ho! My father, then to manhood grown, caught the spirit of adventure anew from the wending multitude. He looked wistfully toward the setting sun, and his purpose was fixed.

He took to himself a "help meet for man,' and "old Ontario, the garden of the State," was next his home. I should say the garden of the world, for it seems to me the sun never shone upon a lovelier, fairer, or a more picturesque region. Perhaps I may look with a too partial eye upon the land of my birth.

Many sons and daughters of intelligence and genius, who have become "bright and shining lights" in the world, drew their infant breath among her hills and vales; and as I live over again the years that have intervened, and trace their wanderings, I see them occupying proud and conspicuous stations in life, as lawyers, orators, merchants, mechanics, missionaries, authors and artists, and I feel disposed to rise up and call her blessed.

The hand of the husbandman soon caused the wilderness to "bud and blossom as the rose;" temples of religion and education were scattered abroad in liberal profusion, and peace and plenty became abiding guests. But with my father, the conviction was irresistible, that he had not yet found "the west,"—he would make one more effort to attain it.

A purchaser was soon found for the beautiful home which had cost him the sweat and toil of years, and again he took up his line of march toward the setting sun, with no other earthly home than was furnished by his covered emigrant wagons.

We had heard and read much of what was then termed the "far west," the then Territory of Wisconsin—with its broad prairies; its majestic rivers; its beautiful lakes, which lay mirrored in the sun, and flashing back its brilliant rays upon the stately trees, and low-roofed cottages, that stood upon their lovely borders, and as the mind's eye ranged over the vast expanse, the more it saw to love and admire.

The hour of parting came! I remember how the lip quivered, and the manly breast heaved to and fro as his own grasped the friendly hands extended on all sides—a tear started to the eye, but it was brushed away, and the pioneer again took up his pilgrimage in search of "the west."

Weeks of toilsome journeyings satisfied him in this respect, and the soul of the weary wayfarer once more reveled in the belief that he had found it. We spread our tent upon the bank of a little rivulet that emerged from a silvery lake, where every thing was as the great Architect of the universe had made it. The music of the rustling leaves, as the June breeze played among the branches, blended harmoniously with my own free and happy thoughts. And as I retired to rest with the light-beaming moon, and a canopy of shining stars above me—the well-remembered objects of former years came with their "sweet and bitter fancies," and home and its old associations clustered around the heart, until it swelled with emotions too deep and powerful for utterance. I

peered into the future, and saw that uninhabited wild transformed into a thriving, populous country, and fancy, with her fairy pencil, sketched in glittering colors, with not a cloud to overshadow the bright horizon, an elysium in the distance.

Time has since shown that I was no vain prophetess, and a few years residence there has served to attach the heart more fondly and firmly to its wild and romantic scenery—its picturesque hills and dales, and the flower-crowned turf which, with little cultivation, yields such an ample supply of the good things of this life.

The primitive prairies have been reclaimed by the industry of man, and now add to the wealth of the country, by their luxuriant products. The arts flourish, commerce is fostered, enterprize is active, and the spirit of progress is stretching across its ample bosom. The iron rail, provoking the shrill whistle of the steam horse, awakes new echoes to remind us that "the west" is no longer there.

"Where lies the West?" Is it among the golden sands and towering pines of California, where a few years have sufficed to convert the wilderness into a garden? where towns and cities spring up like magic? where the rocky cliffs and rugged mountain defiles reverberate to the sound of miner's and mechanic's tools, as well as the church-going bell; where printing offices, (between ninety and one hundred in number) send out intellectual life; where splendid granite buildings rear their lofty fronts, and costly palaces glide over her silvery waters; where the prolific soil receives seed in spring time, and in harvest pays back a hundred fold! Nowhere does the teeming earth yield her treasures with a more bountiful hand than in our own "golden west;" her verdant pastures, fragrant meadows, golden wheat and corn fields, well cultivated gardens, thrifty orchards bending beneath their luscious burdens, blend with the hum of her manufactories, and speak well for the enterprize and intelligence of her inhabitants.

But is this the El Dorado? "Is there no more beyond?" Methinks wherever there is an acre of ground, there will the foot-print of the adventurer be found, and men—and women too—(for my father's daughter inherits his love for the untrodden wilds of the west,) will never yield their search, until they go hence to that land of silence, from whence there is no emigration.

BESSIE.

HAVE YOU SEEN LITTLE MARY?

[A poor mother who had lost her little daughter and become a maniac, was seen wandering amid the fields of a town in New England, looking among the flowers, and asking, "Have you seen little Mary?"]

Have you seen little Mary?
Her eye of light
Was like a star,
So pure and bright.
I saw her there,
One summer's day;
But she became
An angel bright,
And flew away—
I lost my little Mary!

Have you seen little Mary?
I looked all day,
Among the flowers,
Where the fountains play,
In the golden bowers;
She was not there—
I saw her hair,
Of ringlets and gold,
Floating where the mists are rolled,
But saw not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?
I looked all night,
Where the moonbeams play,
With their flickering light,
Through the woodlands gray,
I found her not—
Although I sought,
Through all the shade,
Where tall forms are like giants laid;
Yet found not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?
I looked all day,
Till the evening hours,
In the meadows gay,
On the banks of flowers,
Where the lilies hide,
By the deep brook's side,
And the violets bloom,
Wasting all their sweet perfume—
O! where is little Mary?

G. T. S.

San Francisco, March 12, 1857.

THE WAGON ROAD.

While in every portion of California, bordering upon Utah, efforts are being made for the construction of wagon roads to connect with the one that is to span the continent at the expense of the general government, it may be well to take a calm, dispassionate view of the subject, ere we go headlong into projects the success and benefit of which may prove to a great extent, provokingly illusive.

Wagon roads connecting California with western Utah, by which our inland transit may be quickened and the expenses lessened, will doubtless add much to the convenience and prosperity of communities on both sides of the Sierras; but particularly to those on the east, by opening out an available market for their dairy products; for it is almost exclusively this one product, that the agriculturists of Utah can hope to produce, as a paying export, for years to come.

True it is that large numbers of animals raised in the fertile valleys of western Utah, are to find a way to a California market; but it will hardly be urged that even well worked wagon roads, would aid much in the transmission of live stock, for there is hardly the slightest impediment in the way now. All transportable goods, can doubtless, over good wagon roads, be conveyed thither, at much less cost than now, but the cost falls upon Utah and not upon California; but so far as the trade is actually increased with California, so far will her merchants be benefitted, and no further.

But what is the great good likely to accrue from the immediate construction of these roads? Doubtless the answer will be, to secure a portion of the immense emigration, that the construction of a national wagon road across the plains, will be sure to bring to our State.

But will this road furnish the desired immigration? We are familiar with every mile of the route from Missouri to California, and believe that of the immense emigration that poured into California by way of the plains in 1849 '50, '51, and '52, and annually since that time till now, not a man ever hesitated, or was deterred from starting, or faltered for a moment on the journey, in view of any obstacle presented by the route or road to be passed over.

The difficulties to be encountered on the journey, arising simply from the condition of the roads, are never taken into account. All know that wagons and carriages of every description can be brought over the plains, with no other difficulty than that which arises from the great length of the journey; a scanty supply of feed in many places, with alkali or poisonous water along the route; all of which tend greatly to weaken and injure the animals; while all the larger streams—which are really the only formidable obstacles, are already supplied with good ferries.

True the mountains are in some few places laborious of ascent; but no one who desires to come the overland route, can hesitate a moment on this account. Our increased immigration then from this source over that of previous years, if we get it, must be looked for in the numbers that will be brought in by the National Wagon Road Stage Company's Stages.

And what are the facts as sustained by figures, in relation to the probable increase of our population from this source?

Suppose we have a line established, not this summer, but a year, or two years hence; and that a stage starts from the Missouri river every two weeks with eleven passengers besides the driver; (no man who has ever made the trip believes it can be traveled for ten years to come—if ever—more than six months of the year. The mails that left Independence on the 1st October and 1st November of last year did not reach Salt Lake last fall, if they have yet.) But suppose weekly trips were made for twenty-six weeks, and eleven passengers to a stage, and we have the numerous (!) emigration of two hundred and eighty-six persons in one year.

But suppose the number of stages and passengers to be doubled, still we should have only about half as many as the State now receives every two weeks by the steamers.

Then consider for a moment the number of animals that will be necessary for the trip—allowing one relay of four horses for every ten miles—which gives us forty animals for each one hundred miles, without any provision for occasional accident—and, allowing the distance to be one thousand eight hundred miles, makes the required number of seven hundred and twenty animals to a single stage load of passengers, for the journey through.

(If the number is doubled, we can easily make our own estimate). To obtain provender for this number, would be almost impossible, without its being grown at different points upon the line of the road. To make this enterprise at all profitable, will require a daily line of stages, and this might give us for those six months during which the road is open, less than two thousand persons.

There seems to be a class of men in California, who believe that emigrants are kept back from our shores and borders, by the obstacles presented upon the different routes of ingress, when nothing can be further from the truth. The question is not—can I possibly cross the plains with my flocks and my herds and household goods—can I reach California by steamship? but it is, will it pay to go there?"

To bring immigration to our shores, we must present inducements; and what better argument can we use than to say of such as are now here—they are all prospering. When we can call the world to witness the rapidly increasing prosperity of our present population, then may we expect to see the emigrant wending his way towards us; but so long as we are continually showing to the world an unwonted eagerness to induce emigration hither, that the prosperity of those already here may be enhanced thereby, so long will those who are yet undecided as to the policy of leaving their eastern homes, have their doubts increased and strengthened.

There is not a doubt but that with the eclat attendant upon the opening of a wagon road across the plains, under the auspices of the government, and the increased protection to the emigrant consequent thereon, that a larger number may be induced to emigrate overland, than otherwise would; but still we say, the fear is, we may greatly over-rate that emigration.

It is not that we would say one word to dampen the ardor of those who propose to make California their future home, and who have not yet reached our borders, because California does possess, in an eminent degree, every inducement to emigration; but simply that we may not see ourselves deceived, in the benefits likely to accrue to us, from that immigration.

The great mistake which nearly every man makes when coming to the golden State—is, not that he may enjoy the best of health, or make to himself a prosperous home, but that he may become rapidly rich, and then leave it. This idea, thank God, is nearly exploded, and the sooner it is entirely, the better will it be for California, and for her toiling sons; and the emigrant meet with a reward for his labor, greater by far than in any other state of the Union.

Literary Notices.

The State Register and Year Book of Facts, for the year 1857—Published annually—San Francisco: Henry G. Langley and Samuel A. Mathews—Sacramento: James Queen.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we invite the attention of our readers to the above named valuable volume of facts concerning California, just issued from the San Francisco press. To say that it is by far the most elaborate, complete, and reliable statistical work concerning California yet published, would be but a very questionable compliment; inasmuch as nothing has before appeared in any way worthy of the name.

The book before us however, is a full and complete compilation of facts upon every subject of interest to California, and those facts are not skipped over, or superficially stated; but obtained (as we know they must have been) with great labor and expense, are here given with excessive care, which makes it fully equal, if not superior to, the able "American Almanac," of Boston.

The work before us embraces the following subjects:

1st. *A good Almanac*, adapted to and giving the latitude and longitude of points on the Pacific coast; the tides at San Francisco; Meteorological observations; Earthquakes, &c.

2nd. *Officers of the United States*, with the salaries of each officer.

3rd. *California and the officers thereof*, pay of each, &c., &c.

4th. *Finances of the United States and of California;* Imports and exports of all kinds, at the port of San Francisco; Population; vote; Arrival and departures of passengers semi-monthly; Public Lands; Branch Mint; Post Offices, War, Navy, and Indian Departments of California; Light Houses; Hospitals and prisons of the Pacific; Railroads; Wagon roads; Newspaper and periodical press; Libraries of the State; Telegraph lines; Masons, Odd Fellows, and Sons of Temperance societies; Merchant Marine of the Pacific, &c., &c.

5th. *The Resources of the State;* Agricultural productions and crop of 1856; Fruit trees, and grape vines; Land in cultivation; Yield and price of grain; Live stock, &c.

6th. *Mining and Minerals in California*, giving the Gold Region and its extent; Quartz mining; Quartz Mills; Gold product of California; also the Silver, Copper, Iron, Sulphate-iron, Magnetic-iron, Platinum, Chromium, Gypsum, Nikel, Antimony, Cinnabar, Salt, Coal, Marble, Granite, and Buhr Stones; Mineral Springs, &c., &c., found in the State.

8th. *Whale and other Fisheries of the Pacific;* Canals and ditches, giving their location, length, cost, &c., &c., in every county of the State.

9th. *Manufactures and Machinery;* including Grist Mills; Lumber and Saw Mills; Sugar Refinery; Cordage and Oakum Manufactory; Paper Mill; Iron Foundries and Machine Shops; Leather Manufactories; Ferries and Bridges; Ship-building, &c., &c., &c.

We must confess that we have never seen 384 pages more usefully filled than those of THE STATE REGISTER, and we believe that there is not a man within the State who desires to be well informed concerning California, but will feel it a duty to himself and his adopted home, to find this "*Year Book of Facts*," upon his table, as it is in every way worthy of it, by its statistical completeness, and its beautiful typographical neatness.

Travels on the Western Slope of the Mexican Cordillera—By CINCINNATUS.

This work, containing some 438 pages, and six illustrations, gives a faithful delineation of a district of country but little known, comparatively, even at the present day, although lying upon the great passenger route between Panama and San Francisco—one of the most fertile and beautiful districts on the shores of the Pacific.

The author, by his industry, has collected much valuable information concerning the manners, customs and peculiarities of the people, products, mineral and agricultural resources, manufactures, commerce, &c., &c., of Western Mexico, and placed it before the public in a series of instructive Letters. This book is, moreover, a product of California, and we would commend it to the kindly notice of the public.

From such beginnings we hope to see a literature spring into being, that shall be a pride and glory to our great Pacific coast; and become no mean ally to the intellectual and social progress of that Future which the hand of Providence has evidently marked out for us in the scale of nations, by the illimitable resources placed at our disposal.

We are tempted to give the following extracts from this useful volume:

"Fruits of those kinds which would grow well in proximity to the city (Mazatlan) are rarely cultivated, either for ornament, beauty or use; notwithstanding, the public plaza is now tastefully laid out, with seats on the sides of the square, made of brick; having brick backs and painted red, with brick walks through the center, coinciding with either point of the compass, and with a circular brick walk inside the seats around the whole circuit of the plaza; and to enhance the beauty of this, every fifteen feet, orange trees are set on the inside edge of this circular walk, which truly adds a graceful beauty to the whole scene. Still, to complete this picture in the mind, in the center of the plaza *imagine* a beautiful fountain of crystal water, such as of the gods of yore, playing jetfully and mirthfully in the golden rays of the sun by day, or at night in the starry or silver moon beams.

Sunday morning, and before church time, is the particular juncture of time for Mexican countrymen, living at a distance in the interior. These boors come into town on Saturday, and having adjusted themselves for the occasion Saturday evening, both male and female, on the market ground, they remain there till morning, when a lively trade springs up by the citizens, or their servants, flocking to the market square, like so many hounds pursuing the sly fox or the lone hare, and purchasing articles and provisions, vegetables and fruits, to do them a week.

Corn, beans, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, eggs, red peppers, bananas, plantains, oranges, limes, several species of custard-apples, squashes, pumpkins, watermellons, musk-mellons, chickens, turkies, and a variety of gallinaceous birds, such as the (hoco or curassow,) penelopes and pheasants; also crockery ware, chairs, and other articles of artificial skill and workmanship, compose not unfrequently what are brought in to supply a Mexican market. If any of these productions or articles find no sale after the demand of the morning has passed, there are no few hucksters near at hand, like starved buzzards, ready to purchase at a reduced price, the balance unsold of the countrymens' labor, and vend this purchase through the week, to those who are unable to buy more than a day's supply ahead. The general prices of these provisions and articles, range nearly the same as in the cities of New York and New Orleans in the United States.

An industrious American might settle in the vicinity

of Mazatlan, and by following almost any pursuit, such as gardening, keeping a dairy, or even agriculture, would accumulate a snug fortune, and in a short time retire from a close applicancy to busines, living in comparative ease and affluence.

Corn is worth from fifty cents to one dollar per bushel; beans nine dollars a mule load, or three hundred pounds; oranges and limes, ten dollars per thousand, which are grown in the interior, and are of a fine quality; sweet potatoes, six to ten cents a pound; beef, pork, and mutton rate in prices from six to ten cents a pound; poultry and eggs are worth as much here as in the United States; and other articles of provision bear nearly the same price as in St. Louis and New Orleans."

The following extract also at the present time may be intercsting to our readers :

"The region of Tehuantepec, but a short time since at furthest two years, has been formed into an organized territory of the Mexican Confederation, occupying the Isthmus of its own name, with a population of near ninety thousand. Across this Isthmus, the distance is computed to be one hundred and forty-three and one-half miles in a straight line, connecting the Pacific ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. This distance is almost traversed by el Rio de Coatzacoalco; which rises near el Rio de Chicapa, emptying into the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

"The New Orleans Company, formed a few years since, for the Gulf of Mexico and Pacific ocean navigation, have procured a charter for the right of way from the Mexican Government, and have now nearly completed a plank road to connect Minatitlan on the Coatzacoalco, twenty miles from its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, with La Ventosa on the Gulf of Tehuantepec, near latitude sixteen degrees, twelve minutes and forty-nine seconds north. The advantages of this route over the others in operation, clearly demonstrate the important bearings which this link, so superabundant with golden fruit and capabilities, will afford to inter-oceanic navigation, from the fact of its lessening the distance between New Orleans and San Francisco, at least 1700 miles, as seen on the map; and consequently, a saving of one-third of the time now required; and upon the same basis of computation, one-third of the present expense of the traveling community at large.

Viewing this route as I have been led to, while visiting the Mexican Republic, I feel astonished that the capitalists of the United States do not penetrate more into its magnitude and importance than it has experienced from their sagacity and foresight, since its inception; as almost every investment judiciously made, and carefully guarded in this country, seems to pay well; though this route would seem to embody them all in the magnificence of its designs, and the paramount productiveness of its adoption, when completed.

There are other weighty considerations to be taken into account, in view of this route, besides a saving of time and expense herein mentioned. The most urgent and paramount of these, which now impress my pen, are coupled with the endeavor to induce a more steadfast immigration and settlement into California, as well as a more permanent state of commercial and agricultural affairs, which should make old dales and hills, valleys and mountains, re-echo with a healthful action and reaction of business, with the notes and songs of gay festivity; and also, reverberate from ocean to ocean, the arts and sciences in the transit of the shortest space of time practicable. Less speculation, but more industry, the State of California needs, in order to promote the best ends of her Commonwealth, which can be attained only by opening a cheap communication to the Atlantic States, that might rapidly facilitate the desire to emigrate West and settle on the Pacific shores."

Editor's Table.

Our First Volume.—This number completes the first volume of the California Magazine. We would now gratefully acknowledge, that from its incipiency many warm-hearted friends have taken almost as much interest in its welfare and success as we have done ourselves; and who, by their well timed commendations and contributions, have been largely instrumental in securing its present encouraging prosperity. Each kindly helper has evidently felt, with us, that a good magazine was needed on the Pacific coast; and which, while it illustrated our beautiful scenery, might be instrumental in cultivating a literature peculiarly our own, and become a stepping-stone to that progress so earnestly desired by all who expect to make this magnificent State the home of their adoption, and the hope of their future. These indeed have labored with us to make the California Magazine A HOUSEHOLD BOOK TO CALIFORNIANS, and we thank them, for ourselves and readers; and ask a continuance of their favors.

Relying upon our own industry in procuring subjects for illustration, and the courtesy and kindness of friends for interesting contributions, we have, we trust, been able to present to our readers a work, that, without adulation of its merits, has at least met with as kind and favorable a reception as our most sanguine hopes had anticipated; and we are happy in being able to state that it is our belief, as it shall be our endeavor, that with such improvements as a year's experience may suggest, and a constantly increasing fund of material placed at our command, enables us to give, we hope to add an increasing interest to our work; that by care and the number and superiority of our engravings, we may prove that we appreciate the encouragement so generously extended to our enterprize.

We would again cordially invite all those

who have been holding back, waiting to see if we shall succeed, or to know what will be the tone and standard of our articles, before they commit themselves to the work, now to come forward with their assistance;—assuring them that we have no prejudice, "to the best of our knowledge and belief," and shall consequently forgive them freely (!) for not helping us before, providing they make up for the past by the excellence and suitability of the contributions sent us in future.

THE LADIES.—One request after another has found its way to our Table, that we should give at least one fashion-plate in each number of the California Magazine. It always grieves our gallantry not to comply promptly with the request of a lady; but, unfortunately, before a plate could be engraved, in California, the fashion would be changed, and as a consequence our plate would be denominated "old-fashioned." Then again, those who are anxious to dress in the leading fashions of Paris or London, or New York, would not be satisfied, we fear, with only one plate, as a book full is hardly sufficient. Moreover, we are not desirous that California ladies should ruin their liege lords, as well as themselves, by becoming slaves to fashion—even in "calico." We must, however, at the same time confess our admiration for a neat dress and figure—but these arise from the good taste of the wearer, rather than from a study of the latest fashions.

We hope the ladies will excuse us, but we have an intense anxiety to see the ladies of our glorious young State, become something higher and nobler than simply dolls, or toys to illustrate the talents of the dress maker and milliner. We had rather see them cultivate any department of the Arts; and, as in a few brief months the State Agricultural Society, and Mechanic's Institute, will have exhibitions of the skill, industry and enterprize of California, we would suggest that every lady in the State commence something beautiful for exhibition on these occasions; and when they see, not only the elevating tendencies of these pursuits, but that their homes and their firesides are ornamented and made glad by the products of their own industry and skill, we are confident that they will then thank us for the suggestion.

THE COMET.—To this subject, which seems to have set half the world in a perfect furor of fear and trembling, and the other half in extacies at the antics and silly conjectures of the first half, we have given but little thought. Nor should we have referred to it, but for the following communication which we have received from a correspondent, who doubtless, is just about as near the truth in regard to the effects likely to be produced by its visit, as many others who have written upon this subject—of GAS.

"*Editor of Magazine*:—You are doubtless aware that Professor Phœnix in his lectures on astronomy, said—'On the subject of Comets, we should have desired to make a lengthy dissertation; but Professor Silliman in his late efforts to throw light upon it, has decided that these bodies are nothing but GAS; which sets the matter at rest forever, and renders discussion useless.'

"Now I have a perfect veneration for the opinions of the immortal Phœnix on this and all other subjects, upon which he has ever written; and the very conclusion at which he arrived, based upon Professor Silliman's opinion, would still render the greater part of mankind exceedingly uncomfortable in case a collision should occur between our earth and the approaching Comet.

"I have no doubt myself but that comets are large bodies of inflamable gas, that for several years to my knowledge, have been passing through large bodies of 'blue ether,' confined in 'regions of space.' These 'regions,' to stand the pressure are doubtless thoroughly 'hooped,' as nearly all creation now is—at least the 'bettter half.'

"The process is the same as that adopted at our city gas works, the materials only, a little varied. The object sought and obtained by this prolonged transmission of the comets through large bodies of ether, are two fold,—purification and concentration. To the latter quality our coal and rosin gas makers apply the term 'richness;" which simply means that they are getting rich, at the expense of those who burn it.

"Now all will admit, that a sufficient quantity of highly concentrated inflamable gas, such as the approaching comet consists of, mixed with the atmosphere of our earth, would render the whole inflamable, and would consequently make a very large fire on being ignited.

"The *modus operandi* for the destruction of our globe by the approaching comet, will then doubtless be this—the comet will first strike our atmosphere only, and being very much lighter than it, will immediately spread upon its surface as oil would upon water, completely surrounding it, and yet it may not even be visible, but at length it will become so mixed

with our atmosphere as to approach near enough to the earth to be set on fire by the electricity of the clouds, or some one of the higher volcanoes, when the whole earth will be at once wrapped in an 'ocean of flame;' then if it does'nt melt with fervent heat, and all that therein is be burned up, then it will be because comets are not gas, and Professor Phœnix has been 'sold' by no less a philosopher than Silliman of Yale." [!!]

We must admit our surprise that any sane person could for a moment suppose that comets of any kind are able to do us the least injury. We would refer such to the illustrated article in the present number of the magazine.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Manco.—Our sides are still somewhat uncomfortable from the perusal of your amusing letter. You can write a capital letter, Manco,—and we really like your correspondence much better than your poetry. Now, altho' we enjoy a good joke, we would not for a moment desire one at the cost of painful feelings in another; therefore, we shall content ourselves by only inserting the following quotation from your epistle, which will explain the whole matter:

"You say, "we propose to give, say two stanzas at a time, so as to make the whole thing *intelligible*." Do you mean to say that you will pass a criticism on every two stanzas, every two months? (Vide Cat vs. Mice.) Ye gods forbid! It puts me in mind of the anecdote that follows: A master ordered his servant "Pomp," to cut off the tail of a favorite dog. A few days passed and the master, wishing to use the dog, asked Pomp how the dog was getting along? "Oh, Massa," said he, "he won't be well dis sometime, for I be only just got five or six joints cut off yet." "Why, what do you mean by five or six joints?" asked the master. "Why, you see massa, when you told me to cut off him tail, I thought I'd do it so as not to hurt him much, so I've been cutting off a little piece at a time, and it's very wonderful how he stand it." You probably think that it won't hurt me quite so much by killing my poem "a little at a time." I only appreciate your pun, but I'll forgive you."

We thank you, Manco. But please don't send us any more "poetry,"—you *can* write good prose, then why not try?

F. E.—You say, "I *think* I do." We cannot for the life of us discover it in your piece. Declined.

Jessie.—We never had the least idea that anything so very uninteresting, could be written "On Strawberries." We much prefer eating the fruit—especially when in company with a witty and intelligent lady,—to either reading or inserting your stanzas. Now had you sent us a delicious, luscious, mouth-watering description of ripe fruit, or even the "real article" without the description, why—we should have given the former to our readers, and—well, you may guess the fate of the latter.

W. C. S., Placerville.—The Daguerreotypes came safely to hand. Thanks.

H. M., Boston Flat.—The view of cabin is received, and with others, will appear by-and-by.

L. A. G., Halley's Ranch.—Please inform us of your nearest P. O.

Polonius.—"Smuggers' Investigations into Table Turning," with comic sketches, came safely to hand. All right. Where can we send you the volume, now completed? and a Magazine each month? We regret we did not see you when in this city.

O. W. Morse, Claymont.—The prepared wood to prevent the ravages of the Timber Worm, did not accompany your article. We thank you for the suggestion, and shall "keep a good look out," as old salts say, for the wood. Please inform us of the whole process. You of course can have it patented first, if you wish it.

Exodus.—As your name would indicate, you are a wanderer, and an eccentric one at that, departing from all rules of logic or rhyme. The fact is, there are but few who can put common sense into poetry and make it *stay* there. This accounts for there being so *much* poetry with so *little* sense in it.

C. K. C.—We cannot give place to the first chapter of any article however meritorious it may appear, till we have received the whole of it. And we would greatly prefer that every article should be complete in one number.

Canto.—You say, "There's poetry in mountains." There may be, and doubtless is; but it lies in a different strata of gravel from any you have yet struck.

Stibs.—We have read your article carefully three ways: forward and backward, and then we commenced in the middle and read both ways,—perhaps that would make four. We find that it contains rather the most sense, when read on the latter plan; but after all, we would be much obliged if "Stibs" would just tell us, by a private note, what it is all about.

C. A. C.—Received.

Will *Eugenie* please inform us where a note would find her, within a few days. Yours is received, but just a little too late for this number.

Eagle Wing.—A Miner's Reverie, unavoidably deferred till next month.

The Redeemed Handkerchief.—Received in full.